THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JANUARY, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Concerning Moncure D. Conway

The late Moncure D. Conway was a man who somehow just fell short of real eminence. His name was a familiar one both here and in England. He knew almost everybody worth knowing in the two countries during his long life. He had his share in the so-called "liberal" religious movement by which conventional Unitarianism evaporated into a half-agnosticism. He left his native Virginia because of his abolitionist tendencies. He did a great deal of literary work, and preached successfully in a London chapel for many years. His life of Thomas Paine and his collection of that worthy's letters and other writings are excellent bits of work. He wrote some curious books on demonology and the Wandering Jew. Every one who knew him liked him. And yet, as we have said, he never seemed to amount to very much, lacking perhaps a certain capacity and force which are essential elements in every great career. Writing of himself, he once characterised his own nature as "aimless, morbid, passionately longing for it knew not what"; and though he delivered this judgment on his youth, it remained a true judgment to the very end. He should either have been more fanatical like Garrison and Phillips, whose associate he became, or else more normal. As it was, he halted between extremes and achieved only mediocrity. His opinions on men and things were always a little queer. Thus he declared in his autobiography that the masquerade balls in Cincinnati in 1858 were as brilliant as anything in Europe. In 1861, he thought that Lincoln was a mere duplicate of Buchanan; and to his dying day he was convinced that the Emancipation Proclamation ought to have been issued immediately after the battle of Bull Run! Comment upon such a view is hardly necessary. He used to attend abolition meetings at which negro orators described George Washington as "a scoundrel"; and Mr. Conway saw nothing objectionable in these rantings. It is worth recalling, at the present time, that just forty-nine years ago, in Cincinnati, he started the movement on behalf of "equal pay for equal work" among women teachers. Perhaps on the whole this is about the best thing that he ever did. His autobiography is a rather pleasantly garrulous medley of trivialities, and of reminiscences which an abler man would have contrived to make extremely interesting, but most of which are nerveless and insipid as Mr. Conway tells them. This on the whole is about as much as it is necessary to say.

The Fiction of 1907.

Changes, though in no sense striking changes, are taking place. For example, in writing the paragraphs on this subject three years ago we made a prediction, to which very little risk was attached, to the effect that the names of certain authors would be found in connection with the lists of best selling

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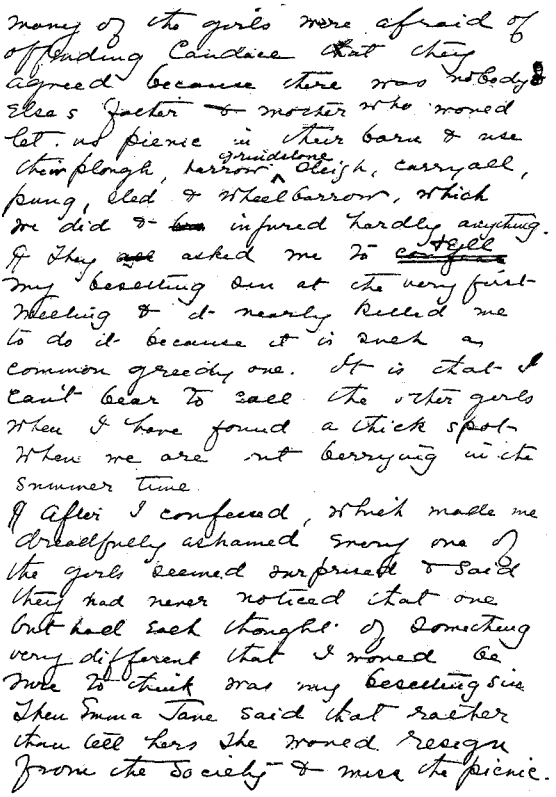

many of the girls were afraid of offending Candace that they agreed because there was nobody Eliza's father — mother who owned let us picnic in their barn & use their plough, harrow, sleigh, carryall, pung, sled & wheelbarrow, which we did & — injured hardly anything. & they — asked me to — my besetting sin at the very first meeting & it nearly killed me to do it because it is such a common greedy one. It is that I can't bear to tell the other girls when I have found a thick spot when we are out berrying in the summer time.

& after I confessed, which made me dreadfully ashamed every one of the girls seemed surprised & said they had never noticed that one but had each thought of something very different that I owned to make to think was my besetting sin Then Emma Jane said that rather than tell lies she owned resign from the society & miss the picnic.

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *New Chronicles of Rebecca*

books of the following year. We mentioned John Fox, Jr., Booth Tarkington, Kate Douglas Wiggin, George Barr McCutcheon, Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Stewart Edward White, Mary Johnston, Gertrude Atherton, Ellen Glasgow, and Gilbert Parker. While these names have not to the least degree lost the ring of familiarity, there are others which now must be taken seriously into consideration. For the successful fiction of the year that has just passed the men and women of whom we have spoken have been only in a measure responsible. Perhaps two or three years hence some of them will have been relegated to the shelf of dignified obscurity, where we now turn to look for George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Henry James, and William Dean Howells. On this point we do not wish to be misunderstood. We are speaking of successful fiction not as literature but purely in regard to its commercial side.

A striking feature of the fiction of 1907 was the number of entirely or comparatively new names that it brought to notice. In a way the most successful book of the year was that little volume *The Lady of the Decoration,* which although published in the spring of 1906 decidedly belonged to 1907. In its first month the sales amounted to only eight hundred copies. It moved very slowly for a time, and although steadily winning recognition, its popularity never reached its full swing until last summer. During the year *The Lady of the Decoration* had the unusual luck of appearing among the lists in seven consecutive numbers. Close behind *The Lady of the Decoration* was Mr. Meredith Nicholson's *The Port of Missing Men,* which

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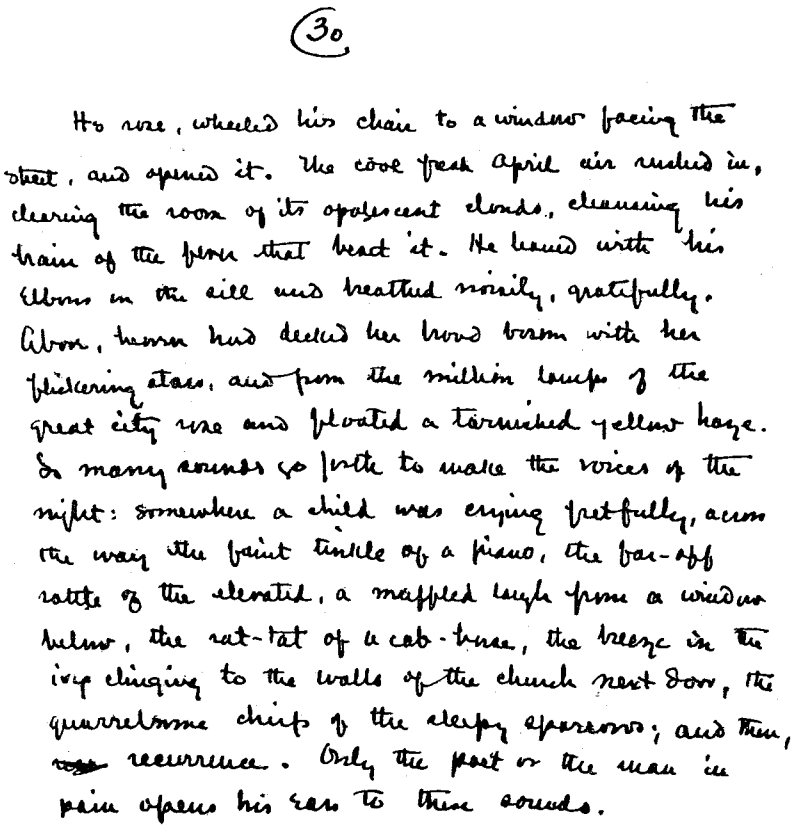

(30)

He rose, wheeled his chair to a window facing the street, and opened it. The cool fresh April air rushed in, clearing the room of its opalescent clouds, cleansing his brain of the fever that beset it. He leaned with his elbows on the sill and breathed slowly, gratefully. Above, heaven had decked her broad bosom with her flickering stars, and from the million lamps of the great city rose and floated a tarnished yellow haze. So many sounds go forth to make the voices of the night: somewhere a child was crying fretfully, across the way the faint tinkle of a piano, the far-off rattle of the elevated, a muffled laugh from a window below, the rat-tat of a cab-horse, the breeze in the ivy clinging to the walls of the church next door, the quarrelsome chirp of the sleepy sparrows; and then, ~~rose~~ recurrence. Only the poet or the man in pain opens his ears to these sounds.

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of Harold McGrath's *Half a Rogue*

on the score of popularity has proved a worthy successor of that author's *The House of a Thousand Candles.* This book was mentioned in the lists five times, and for three consecutive months occupied first place. Like *The Lady of the Decoration, The Brass Bowl* marked the success of an absolutely new writer, Mr. Joseph Vance. In fourth place was *Half a Rogue,* and then followed Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable,* Ralph Connor's *The Doctor,* Miss Rives's *Satan Sanderson,* Kate Douglas Wiggin's *New Chronicles of Rebecca* and Anna Katharine Green's *The Mayor's Wife.*

***

The lists for December, 1906, showed Mr. Chambers's *The Fighting Chance* and Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable* in a close struggle for first place. With the first month of the new year Mr. McCutcheon's book had taken a clear lead, while *The Fighting Chance* had dropped down to third position. *The Call of the Blood* was second and Mr. Churchill's long-lived *Coniston* fourth. Jack London's *White Fang* and Conan Doyle's *Sir Nigel,* while in the list, were a long distance below the leaders. In February Ralph Connor's *The Doctor* came with a rush, and led *Jane Cable,* the second book, by one hundred and six points. *Coniston* was third, but was closely pressed by Mr. MacGrath's newly published *Half a Rogue. The Doctor* led again in March, but had no great margin of superiority over *Half a Rogue.* Two new books, Mr. Oppenheim's *The Malefactor* and Lucas Malet's *The Far Horizon,* were in third and fourth positions, while the wavering *Jane Cable* had only five points advantage over *The Mystery. The Port of Missing Men* led in

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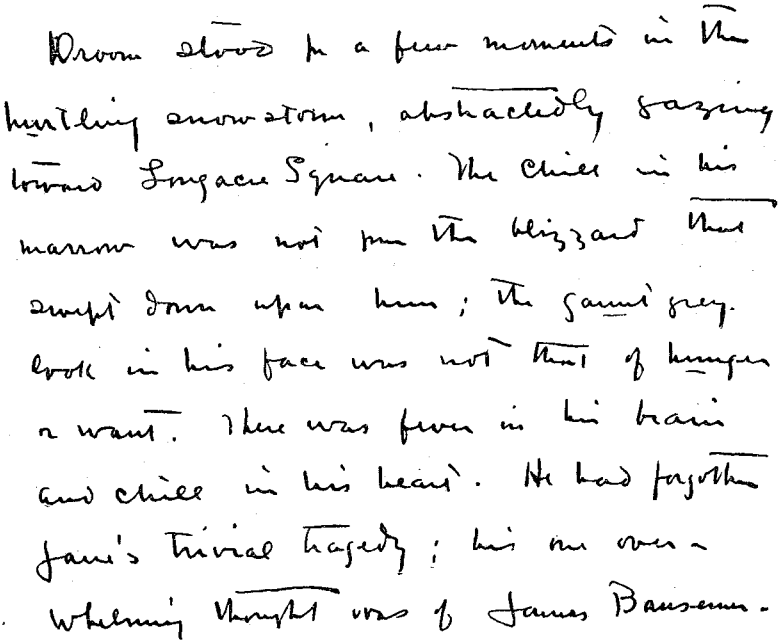
Drove slowly in a few moments in the
howling snowstorm, absentedly gazing
toward Longacre Square. The chief in his
manner was not the blizzard that
swept down upon him; the gaunt grey
look in his face was not that of hunger
or want. There was fever in his brain
and chill in his heart. He had forgotten
Jane's trivial tragedy; his one over-
whelming thought was of James Bausemer.

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of George Barr McCutcheon's *Jane Cable*

April with two hundred and eighty-two points, whereas its nearest competitors, *Half a Rogue* and *The Doctor,* had but one hundred and thirty-five and one hundred and twenty-eight points, respectively. *The Malefactor* was fourth, *The Far Horizon* fifth, and *The Second Generation* sixth. In May *The Port of Missing Men* not only held its advantage, but increased it, having a total of three hundred and twenty-eight points, which, despite the absolute figures, impresses us as being the best showing made by a book in any month of the year. In second place, but far behind, was Mr. Mason's *Running Water,* followed by Thomas Lawson's sensational but ephemeral *Friday the 13th.* The only new book the month brought forward was *Hilma.*

The Port of Missing Men held its lead in June, but by a diminished margin, with *Running Water* second and the *New Chronicles of Rebecca* third. The year-old *The Lady of the Decoration* was in fourth place, with *The Brass Bowl* fifth and Mr. McCutcheon's *The Flyers* sixth. Despite the fact that it had dropped to third place, the showing of *The Port of Missing Men* in the July lists was a good one. For the lead it was an exceedingly close fight between *The Brass Bowl* and *New Chronicles of Rebecca,* two points being all the advantage held by Mr. Vance's book. Number four was *The Lady of the Decoration,* while two new stories, *The Princess Virginia* and *The Mayor's Wife,* were fifth and sixth. The lead of *The Brass Bowl* was of but a single month's duration. In August it was in second place, twenty-five points behind *The Lady of the Decoration. The Mayor's Wife* was third and *The Port of Missing Men* fourth. *The Princess Virginia* and *New Chronicles of Rebecca* barely succeeded in qualifying for places among the six.

In the September lists there was no change from the previous month in the first two books. Of the four others, three were newcomers, these being Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *The Scarlet Car,* William De Morgan's *Alice-for-*

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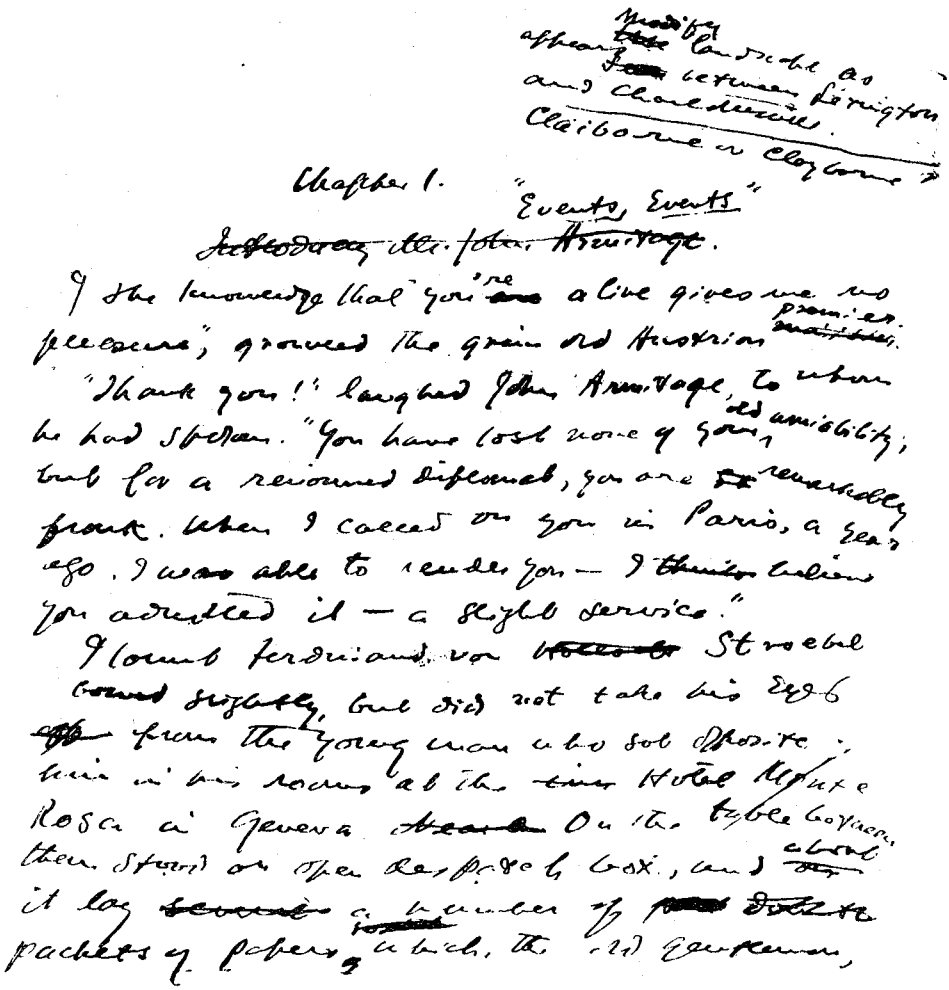

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of Meredith Nicholson's *The Port of Missing Men*

Short, and *Beatrix of Clare.* Of the older stories, Anna Katharine Green's book retained fifth place. In October *The Lady of the Decoration* held the lead for the third consecutive month. Following closely was Mr. Thomas Dixon's *The Traitor.* Miss Rives's *Satan Sanderson* was third, followed by *The Brass Bowl, Alice-for-Short* and *Beatrix of Clare.* With November three new books of inevitable strength entered the field. These were Mr. Chambers's *The Younger Set,* Mr. McCutcheon's *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* and Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers.* Mr. Chambers's book was in first place by a wide margin, with the surprising total of three hundred and thirty points. *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* was third, eleven points behind *Satan Sanderson. The Lady of the Decoration* was fourth, *The Weavers* fifth and *The Traitor,* which had held the second position the previous month, sixth. In the list for the closing month of the year *The Weavers* was first, with the record total of three hundred and sixty-six points. Too much importance must not be attached to this showing, as the number of reports to THE BOOKMAN has been materially increased of late, and *The Weavers's* total has not the significance of that of *The Port of Missing Men* in last May, to say nothing of *Coniston's*

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three hundred and sixty-three points in the lists for September, 1906. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle* was the second book for December, with two hundred and eighty-eight points, and Mr. McCutcheon's novel third. By taking sixth place *The Lady of the Decoration* made its seventh consecutive appearance in the list. Whether its career as one of the six best sellers be ended or not our readers may learn by referring to the lists at the end of the present issue.

JANUARY	POINTS
1. Jane Cable	152
2. The Call of the Blood	132
3. The Fighting Chance	118
4. Coniston	111
5. White Fang	84
6. Sir Nigel	71

FEBRUARY	
1. The Doctor	241
2. Jane Cable	135
3. Coniston	121
4. Half a Rogue	115
5. The Fighting Chance	96
6. White Fang	74

MARCH	
1. The Doctor	244
2. Half a Rogue	196
3. The Malefactor	138
4. The Far Horizon	128
5. Jane Cable	107
6. The Mystery	102

APRIL	
1. The Port of Missing Men	282
2. Half a Rogue	135
3. The Doctor	128
4. The Malefactor	112
5. The Far Horizon	84
6. The Second Generation	76

MAY	
1. The Port of Missing Men	328
2. Running Water	165
3. Friday the 13th	144
4. The Doctor	108
5. Hilma	73
6. Half a Rogue	68

JUNE	
1. The Port of Missing Men	229
2. Running Water	133
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca	113
4. The Lady of the Decoration	100
5. The Brass Bowl	94
6. The Flyers	86

JULY	
1. The Brass Bowl	136
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca	134
3. The Port of Missing Men	108
4. The Lady of the Decoration	103
5. The Princess Virginia	88
6. The Mayor's Wife	66

AUGUST	
1. The Lady of the Decoration	152
2. The Brass Bowl	127
3. The Mayor's Wife	110
4. The Port of Missing Men	103
5. The Princess Virginia	99
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca	73

SEPTEMBER	
1. The Lady of the Decoration	152
2. The Brass Bowl	131
3. The Scarlet Car	104
4. Alice-for-Short	100
5 The Mayor's Wife	90
6. Beatrix of Clare	87

OCTOBER	
1. The Lady of the Decoration	248
2. The Traitor	236
3. Satan Sanderson	158
4. The Brass Bowl	121
5. Alice-for-Short	106
6. Beatrix of Clare	73

NOVEMBER	
1. The Younger Set	330
2. Satan Sanderson	205
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow	194
4. The Lady of the Decoration	168
5. The Weavers	150
6. The Traitor	116

DECEMBER	
1. The Weavers	366
2. The Shuttle	288
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow	177
4. The Younger Set	155
5. Satan Sanderson	128
6. The Lady of the Decoration	103

The following is the result of comparisons with the above tables:

Seven Times Mentioned

The Lady of the Decoration.

Five Times Mentioned

The Port of Missing Men, The Brass Bowl.

Four Times Mentioned

Half a Rogue.

Three Times Mentioned

Jane Cable, The Doctor, Satan Sanderson, New Chronicles of Rebecca, The Mayor's Wife.

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Twice Mentioned

The Fighting Chance, Coniston, White Fang, The Malefactor, The Far Horizon, Running Water, The Princess Virginia, Alice-for-Short, The Traitor, Beatrix of Clare, The Daughter of Anderson Crow, The Younger Set, The Weavers.

Once Mentioned

The Call of the Blood, Sir Nigel, The Mystery, The Second Generation, Hilma, The Flyers, The Scarlet Car, The Shuttle.

One rather singular feature of these yearly compilations is the comparative absence of change in the number of books represented in the lists. There were thirty titles in 1907, and there were thirty titles in 1906. Going back year by year we find, respectively, twenty-nine, thirty-one, thirty-two, twenty-eight, and twenty-nine; or practically an average of thirty books a year for seven years. The question of sex in regard to the authorship of the best sellers, on the other hand, varies considerably. In 1906 it was almost an even break. In 1907 will be found the names of twenty-five men and seven women. In explanation it must be said that *The Mystery* was the result of a collaboration between two men and *The Princess Virginia* of the collaboration of a man and a woman. While American writers largely predominate, we are inclined to pass lightly over the question of nationality. It is better so. We are not entirely ready to concede Mrs. Burnett as an English author, nor can we expect Britons to relinquish all claims to Mrs. Williamson on account of her American birth. Then it is understood that the Canadian, while speaking of himself as a British subject, in his relations with his neighbours of the United States, is just as aggressive in proclaiming himself an American when on the other side of the Atlantic. So what should we say of Gilbert Parker and Ralph Connor?

We do not wish to discuss, from a religious standpoint, the attempt which has been rather unwisely made by certain Jewish residents of New York to exclude the name of Christ from all poems, carols and readings in the routine work of the public schools. That there should be no sectarian teaching in these schools, pretty nearly every one is quite agreed. But we are inclined to think that some of the Jewish element are pushing this matter beyond the bounds of ordinary common sense, not to say of decorum and propriety. A certain amount of fame, such as it is, has been gained by one Jewish teacher, a Miss Hirschberg. When her class was reading Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and came to the line:

Christ in the Public Schools

"Christ save us all from a death like this!"

Miss Hirschberg sat up straight and exclaimed, "Oh, cut that out!" Now let us see just what this sort of thing would mean if logically pushed. Miss Hirschberg objected to reading the name of Christ in a secular poem, because she herself is not a Christian. But suppose that Longfellow had been writing a poem about a Roman mariner and that the line had read:

Jove save us all from a death like this!

would it ever have occurred to her to say "Cut that out"? Will the Jewish teachers of the ancient classics desire to have the works of Homer and Vergil and Xenophon expurgated because they mention strange gods in whom none of them believe? If a class were reading a poem by Coleridge or some other poet in which a Mussulman should speak of Muhammad, would that also have to be "cut out"? Carry the thing a little further still. Do these Jewish objectors refrain from using the word "Christmas" and from speaking of the "Christmas" holidays? If they do not, then they are grossly inconsistent. Still another point. The Jewish children in the public schools are excused from attendance on all their very numerous holidays and fasts, and they are not required to make up the work which they have lost during these days. Is not this terribly "sectarian"? Ought these children not be compelled to work on Yom Kippur and Rosh Hoshannah, and the other times and seasons when they are now excused? And ought not the Jewish teachers to be forced to do the same? A

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little more logic and a little less bigotry would seem to be in order among our Semitic population. Meanwhile, we should be very glad to have a photograph of Miss Hirschberg to reproduce in the columns of this magazine.

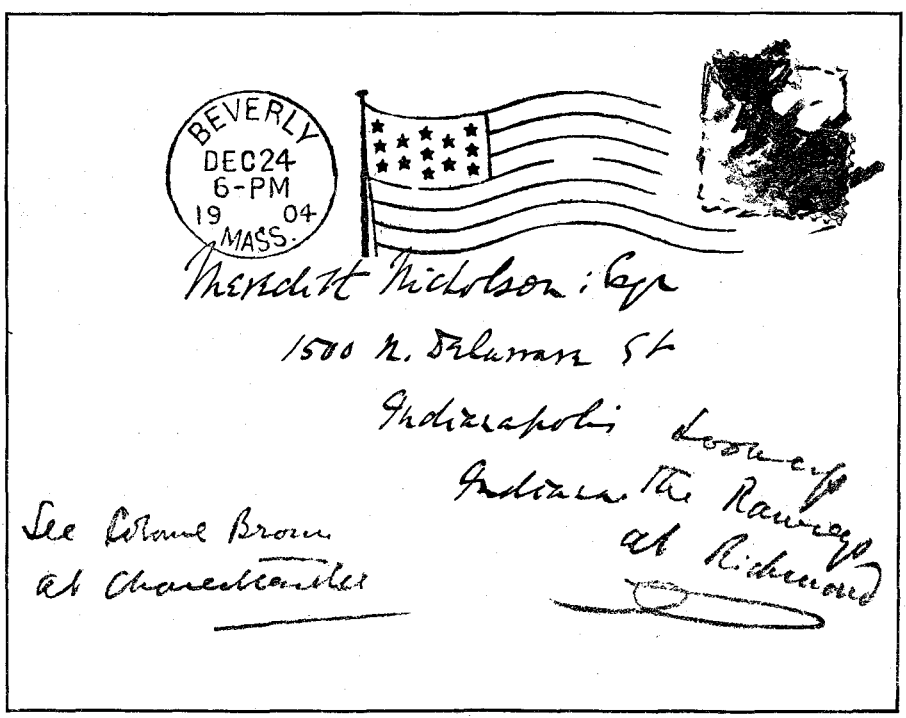
❧

Concerning a Bit of Manuscript

Elsewhere in this department we are reproducing the first page of the original draft of *The Port of Missing Men*, which has proved one of the striking successes of the fiction of 1907. Here we present the reverse of this page, showing an envelope postmarked Beverly, Massachusetts, and addressed to Mr. Nicholson at Indianapolis. There is a little story in the manner in which the back of this envelope came into use. Mr. Nicholson has a number of superstitions in regard to writing. For example, he will never begin a story on a new, clean piece of paper, but takes the back of an envelope or a piece of wrapping paper. He feels that it is good luck to begin on the back of a letter from a friend; that he thus gains a certain moral support. In beginning a story he will never sit down deliberately at his desk for the purpose. He fears that if he did so he would never finish the tale. This peculiar, haphazard method he continues till the end. Very often he will drop into the University Club in Indianapolis and write a page or two when the mood is on him. The first draft of his story is made entirely by hand. He then has it copied and makes a heroic revision, often discarding entire chapters. This process he repeats until he is satisfied with the result, frequently having the manuscript recopied three or four times.

❧

This first page of the manuscript of *The Port of Missing Men* was written in an abandoned log cabin in Virginia early in January, 1905. The upper part is an envelope, in which he had received a letter from Professor George E. Woodberry, of Beverly, Massachusetts. Mr. Nicholson had carried the scheme for this story in his head for a year, and had gone to Virginia to make notes for the landscape used in the story. The note in the left-hand corner is a memorandum made somewhat later on, reading, "The Recollections of



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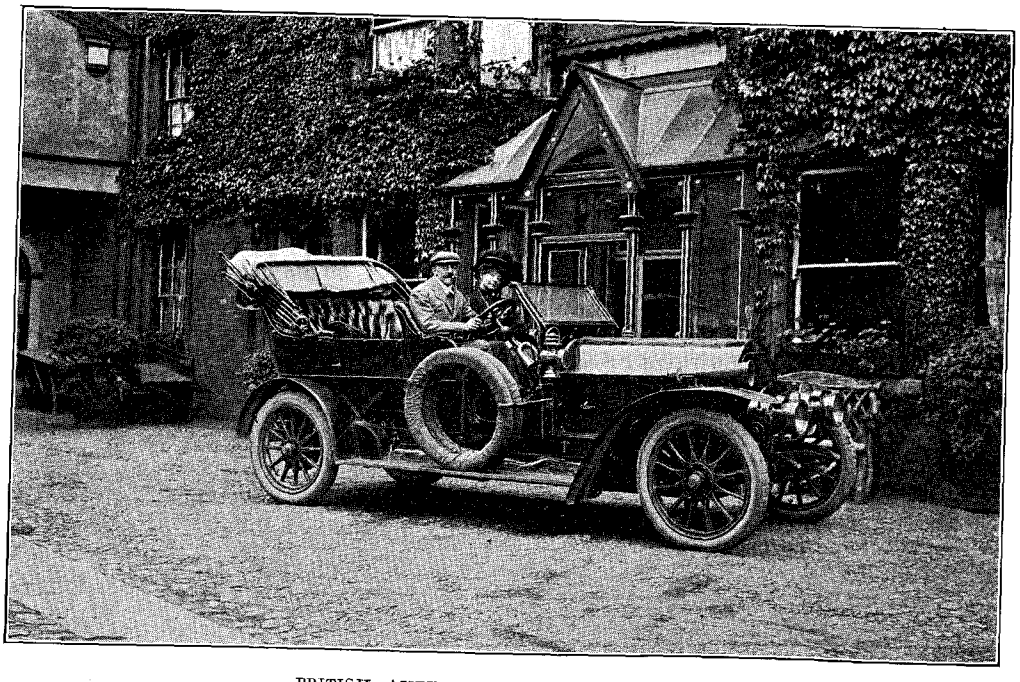
AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE
VII. George Barr McCutcheon and his electric

Robert E. Lee," by his son, and shows the first use of the title given the book. The note in the right-hand corner reads, "Modify landscape as appears between Lexington and Charlottesville," and beneath is a note in regard to the spelling



BRITISH AUTHORS AND THE AUTOMOBILE
I. Mr. and Mrs. Max Pemberton in their six-cylinder Darracq

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of one of the names employed in the tale —"Claiborne or Clayborne."

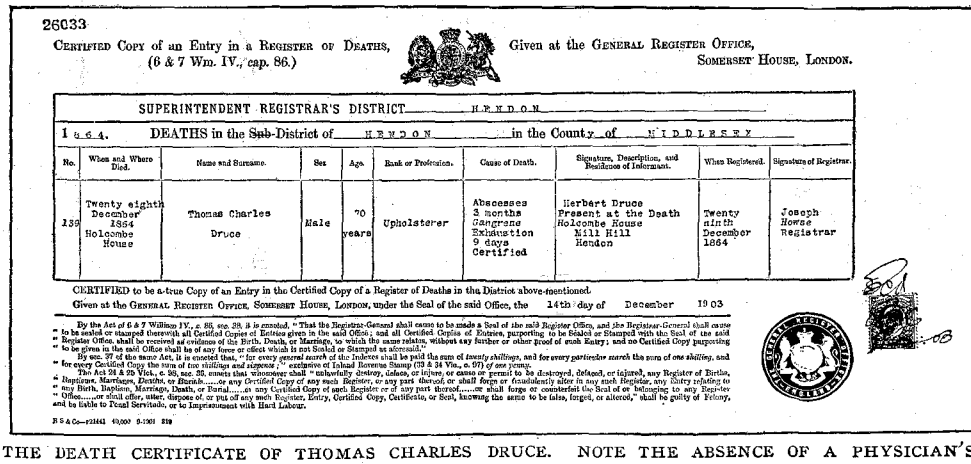
❧

"The Affair of the Portland Succession"

While there is little, if any, prospect of our ever hearing the stories of those cases which are recorded in the note-book of John Watson, M.D., under the titles of "The Adventure of the Tired Captain," "The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber," and "The Adventure of the Grice-Pattersons in the Island of Uffa," we are quite convinced that they contain no features more bizarre and outré, to use words so familiar in the conversation of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, than that story in real life which is being spoken of in the newspapers as the Druce case, but which sounds more impressive when called "The Affair of the Portland Succession." If, as an entirely new problem for solution, it were to be taken to 222 Upper Baker Street and submitted to the creator of the science of deduction, we are quite sure that the queer tangle could not be unravelled under three pipesful of shag. Of course, there are phases of the affair which are by no means new. For example, that tunnel, half a mile in length, under one of the busiest parts of London, connecting the town house of the Dukes of Portland and the bazaar of Thomas Charles Druce. Mr. Sherlock Holmes undoubtedly would have quickly discovered that by means of the expedient which he employed in "The Adventure of the Red-Headed League." Then, as Holmes would inevitably indicate to Watson, there were other analogous points to be found in "The Adventure of the Man with the Twisted Lip" and "A Case of Identity." But being unable to enlist to practical purpose the services of Sherlock Holmes, we are obliged to regard "The Affair of the Portland Succession" as a mystery and as one of the great incredible true stories of real life. Even the most careful reading does not smooth out some of the puzzling knots, and it is with this explanation we present the story as we understand it.

❧

The first Duke of Portland was a Dutchman by the name of Bentinck, who came over to England with William of Orange. The English home of the family for generations has been Welbeck Abbey, in Oxfordshire, which to-day is regarded as one of the great show estates of Great Britain. This is largely on account of the vast underground chambers and passages, which were constructed at an enormous cost by the fifth duke, who is the leading figure in the grim mystery. A few weeks ago, when King Alfonso and Queen Victoria were visiting England, a feature of their entertainment was a great ball given in the subterranean ballroom of Welbeck Abbey. The third Duke of Portland died in 1808, and the estate passed to the fourth duke, William



26033

CERTIFIED COPY of an Entry in a REGISTER OF DEATHS, (6 & 7 Wm. IV., cap. 86.)

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT HENDON

1864. DEATHS in the ~~Sub~~-District of HENDON in the County of MIDDLESEX

No.	When and Where Died.	Name and Surname.	Sex	Age	Rank or Profession.	Cause of Death.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.
139	Twenty eighth December 1864 Holcombe House	Thomas Charles Druce	Male	70 years	Upholsterer	Abscesses 3 months Gangrene Exhaustion 9 days Certified	Herbert Druce Present at the Death Holcombe House Mill Hill Hendon	Twenty ninth December 1864	Joseph Howse Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true Copy of an Entry in the Certified Copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above-mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the 14th day of December 1903

By the Act of 6 & 7 William IV., c. 86, sec. 38, it is enacted, "That the Registrar-General shall cause to be made a Seal of the said Register Office, and the Registrar-General shall cause to be sealed or stamped therewith all Certified Copies of Entries given in the said Office; and all Certified Copies of Entries, purporting to be Sealed or Stamped with the Seal of the said Register Office, shall be received as evidence of the Birth, Death, or Marriage, to which the same relates, without any further or other proof of such Entry; and no Certified Copy purporting to be given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect which is not Sealed or Stamped as aforesaid."

By sec. 27 of the same Act, it is enacted that, "for every general search of the Indexes shall be paid the sum of twenty shillings, and for every particular search the sum of one shilling, and for every Certified Copy the sum of two shillings and sixpence;" exclusive of Inland Revenue Stamp (33 & 34 Vic., c. 97) of one penny.

The Act 24 & 25 Vict., c. 98, sec. 35, enacts that whosoever shall "unlawfully destroy, deface, or injure, or cause or permit to be destroyed, defaced, or injured, any Register of Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Deaths, or Burials.....or any Certified Copy of any such Register, or any part thereof, or shall forge or fraudulently alter in any such Register, any Entry relating to any Birth, Baptism, Marriage, Death, or Burial.....or any Certified Copy of such Register or of any part thereof.....or shall forge or counterfeit the Seal of or belonging to any Register Office.....or shall offer, utter, dispose of, or put off any such Register, Entry, Certified Copy, Certificate, or Seal, knowing the same to be false, forged, or altered," shall be guilty of Felony, and be liable to Penal Servitude, or to Imprisonment with Hard Labour.

B S & Co—72161 40,000 9-1901 819

THE DEATH CERTIFICATE OF THOMAS CHARLES DRUCE. NOTE THE ABSENCE OF A PHYSICIAN'S SIGNATURE

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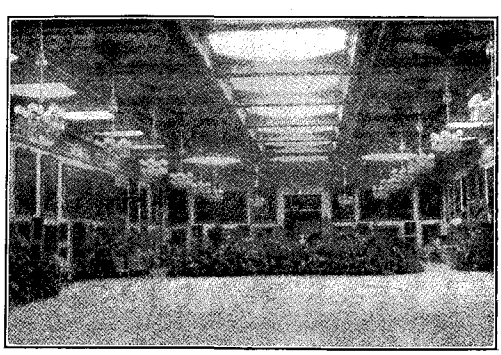
THE FIFTH DUKE OF PORTLAND

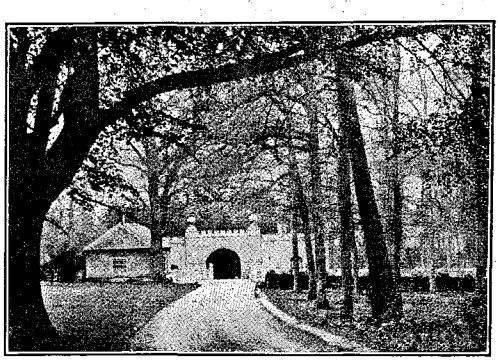
T. C. DRUCE

Henry Bentinck, who had two sons, William John and George, the latter of whom was for a time a conspicuous figure in politics and on the English turf. Between the brothers there seems never to have been any great amount of love. Their frequent disagreements were recalled and given an ugly interpretation when, in 1848, Lord George's body was found near Welbeck Abbey. The physicians ascribed his death to a spasm of the heart. Yet people claimed to know better. There was a circumstantial story that was vehemently affirmed and denied. The outline of this story was that the brothers loved the same woman, Annie May Berkeley, a natural daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, that there had been a violent quarrel on her account, that Lord George had taunted his elder brother with being a leper, and that the death was directly brought about by blows struck in retaliation.

Upon the death of his father, in 1854, William John Bentinck, who had before been known as the Marquis Titchfield, became the fifth Duke of Portland. Even before there were any whisperings of his alleged double life he was known as the eccentric duke, and certainly the English peerage during the nineteenth century presents no more extraordinary figure. He was as queer as the mad King of Bavaria. One form which his eccentricity took was the matter of his attire. He was in the habit of wearing a top hat fully two feet in height, and would put on seven or eight coats at a time. His life was that of a hermit; either on account of the skin disease with which he was known to be afflicted, or, as it was darkly suggested, because of his responsibility for the death of his brother, he lived below the ground. To gratify his taste in this respect, he constructed the immense subterranean chambers of Welbeck Abbey. This work was begun about 1864 and continued until his death, in 1879. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. As the Duke of Portland he had never married, and the greater part of the vast estates, which include not only Welbeck Abbey, but London property yielding a rent-roll of half a million sterling a year, came into possession of a cousin, the sixth and present duke.



AN UNDERGROUND ROOM AT WELBECK ABBEY



ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE AT WELBECK ABBEY

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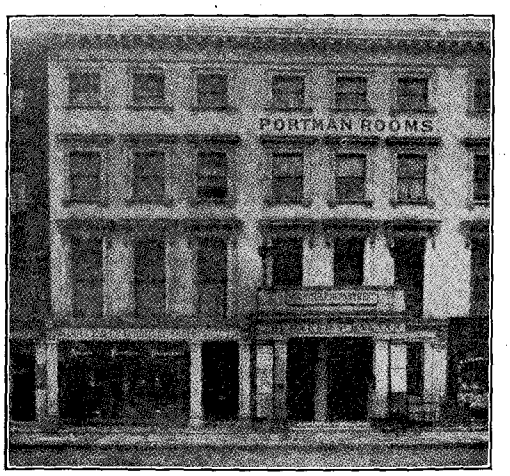
From the early thirties until 1864 there was a furnishing bazaar in Baker Street, London, conducted by a man known as Thomas Charles Druce. As a boy of sixteen this Druce had married one Elizabeth Crickmer, but abandoned her and their children in 1824. This was the year in which the future duke succeeded his elder brother as the Marquis of Titchfield. For some years previously there is no record of the movements of Lord William John. From this time until 1835 Druce disappears; but the Marquis of Titchfield is much in evidence. In 1835 Druce reappears. He is found by his wife in the Baker Street bazaar. He refuses to live with her, but allows her a weekly sum for maintenance. From 1835 until 1864 Druce is almost in daily attendance at the Baker Street bazaar, and after the death of Elizabeth Crickmer marries the same Annie May Berkeley who was said to have been the cause of the disastrous quarrel between the Marquis of Titchfield and his brother. The contention of those who hold to the theory that the duke and Druce were one and the same person is that when Druce was in evidence the duke was always out of sight, and that when the duke occupied the stage there were never any traces of Druce. Ostensibly, the furnisher Druce died in 1864. At any rate, a burial was gone through with. Yet there is the significant fact that the death certificate is unsigned by a physician.



THE BAKER STREET BAZAAR

POINTS OF EVIDENCE

In 1898, thirty-four years after the alleged death of Thomas Charles Druce, and nineteen years after the death of the fifth Duke of Portland, Mrs. Anna Maria Druce, the widow of Walter Thomas Druce, a son of the Baker Street furnisher by his second wife, came forward as the claimant of the Portland estates for her son, on the ground that the duke and Druce were one and the same person. She petitioned to have the grave of Druce in Highgate Cemetery opened, contending that the coffin contained only lead and brass. The opening of the Highgate vault was for a time the great issue of the case. As in the Tichborne case, popular sympathy was with the claimant, and the failure of Mrs. Anna Druce's long fight for exhumation was ascribed to the alleged hostile influence of the House of Lords. The present case has grown out of charges of perjury made by the new claimant, George Hollamby Druce, a son of George Druce, who was in turn a son of Thomas Charles Druce by his first wife, Elizabeth Crickmer, against Herbert Druce, who, as the son of Druce and Annie May Berkeley, is the present owner of the Baker Street bazaar.

Ignoring entirely the more sensational statements which have been made in connection with the affair, such as the alleged knowledge of the secret on the part of Charles Dickens and the extravagant episode of the stolen diary of Mary Robinson, the strong points in favour of the theory that the duke and Druce were identical are substantially as follows:

1. The tunnel connecting the town house of the Dukes of Portland with the Baker Street bazaar. This fact considered in connection with the duke's passion for subterranean excavation.

2. The curious part which Annie May

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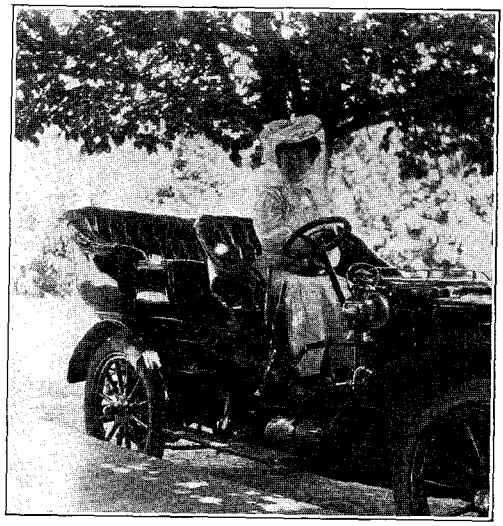
EVA MADDEN

Author of *Two Royal Foes*

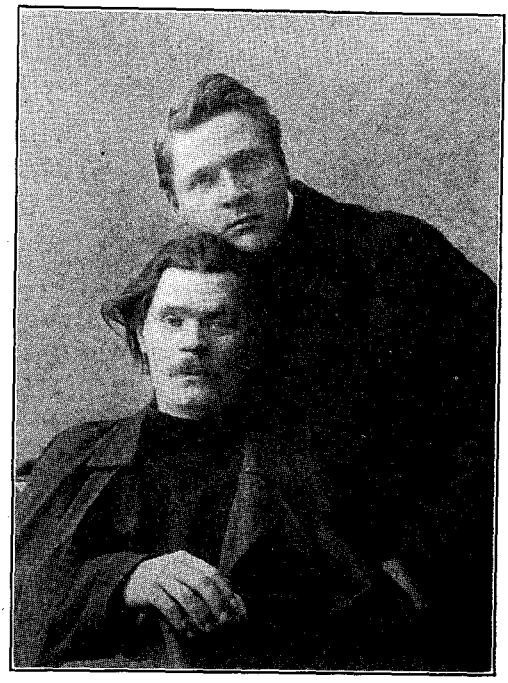


AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

VIII. Mrs. Fremont Older

PROFESSOR A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

Whose *Persia, Past and Present* is reviewed in this issue



THE SLAV TEMPERAMENT

[Maxim Gorky and the Russian basso Chaliapine]

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THE LATE E. P. ROE

Berkeley is known to have played in the lives of the duke when he was the Marquis of Titchfield and of Thomas Charles Druce.

3. The discovery (unearthed by Anna Maria Druce) that Thomas Charles Druce had transferred enormous tracts of land to a member of the Bentinck family for the sum of ten shillings.

4. The vast amount of evidence going to show (and the comparative absence of evidence to the contrary) that the reappearances of Druce were always simultaneous with the disappearances of the duke, and *vice versâ*.

5. The very extraordinary resemblance existing between the portraits of the fifth Duke of Portland and of Thomas Charles Druce. This resemblance is heightened by eliminating those features, such as the beard, which serve to increase the possibility of disguise.

❧

"Best Sellers" Yesterday and To-day

The recent death of Mary J. Holmes, recorded in our last issue, now leaves Augusta J. Evans Wilson the only remaining figure in the group of old-time popular authors. We are fond in these days of talking about our "best sellers," yet few of the modern writers of fiction —indeed, perhaps none—can show records equal to Mrs. Holmes, E. P. Roe and Mrs. Wilson. The sales of each of these authors' novels were phenomenal, and still continue to astonish their pub-

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AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

The last survivor of the "Best Sellers" of yesterday

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MRS. ATHERTON

Whose new novel *Ancestors* is reviewed in this issue

lishers. At the time when these writers were enjoying the height of their fame, it must be remembered that they had few rivals, and the magazine field was decidedly limited. Everybody read one particular book, and talked of it incessantly.

Mrs. Wilson's first novel, *Inez,* met with little favour; but an interesting story is told of *Beulah,* her second novel. The author was a very young girl then, and she left her bulky manuscript with the Harpers one afternoon. Three or four days later, when she had been promised

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ELISE LATHROP
Author of *Sunny Days in Italy*

LILIAN WHITING
Author of *Italy, the Magic Land*

HELEN ARCHIBALD CLARKE
Author of *Browning's Italy*

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HARRISON RHODES

Whose novel *The Flight to Eden* is reviewed in this issue

a decision, she called to inquire about her fate, and was blandly told that the manuscript had been lost in the office. She explained that there was no other copy of it in existence and insisted that a thorough search be made for it, stating that if it was not restored to her on the following morning at her hotel she would take some action against the publishers. That very evening she found a large package in her room—the precious story had been recovered. She then took it to Mr. Carleton, who accepted it at once; and in a few months Mrs. Wilson (then Miss Evans) found herself famous. For her next novel, *Vashti,* Mr. Carleton paid her the enormous sum of $25,000 before the manuscript was even read; and to-day, after so many years have elapsed, Mrs. Wilson's royalties amount to $4,000. E. P. Roe is said to have earned $25,000 from *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr* alone. Mrs. Holmes died a rich woman, and so did Mrs. Southworth. To-day an author is fortunate and "popular" if he makes $10,000 a year—for two years!

Monsieur Claude

From time to time we have expressed our exasperation at the sloppy translator, who, for reasons of indolence or incompetence, renders some fine book of Continental origin in such a manner as completely to spoil its flavour and distort its meaning. Twenty or thirty years ago the hoof of this creature was to be found everywhere. It was not unusual for a publisher in the heat of competition to turn over some masterpiece from the French or German to fifteen or twenty

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RENÉ BAZIN

The distinguished French man of letters whose novel *Le Blé Qui Lève* is reviewed in this issue

hacks of an evening, assigning to each a portion, and the next morning sending the amorphous English version to the printer. Happily there is very little of that sort of thing done nowadays. The business of translation has assumed a certain amount of dignity. There are men and women known only as translators, whose names inspire positive confidence. We have been told that the romances of Henry Sienkiewicz read much better in the original Polish. That may be; nevertheless, it does not seriously impair our faith in Mr. Jeremiah Curtin. Then there is Katharine Prescott Wormeley. There are times when we do not agree with Miss Wormeley, but we have never had occasion to doubt her earnestness and her conscientiousness. These very qualities have at times carried her to amusing extremes. For example, in the case of Balzac. Miss Wormeley had so wrapped herself up in the work of translating the *Comédie Humaine* that she apparently came to look upon its author as a personal charge. When the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul a

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Some weeks ago the newspapers made the very interesting announcement that Madame Alla Nazimova had decided to forsake, temporarily at least, the rôles of Ibsen, and was to present a work by a young American playwright. The play selected for this purpose was *The Comet*, by Mr. Owen Johnson, who has hitherto been known entirely as a novelist. The above unique drawing represents Mr. Frederick Dorr Steele's conception of Madame Nazimova in the title rôle

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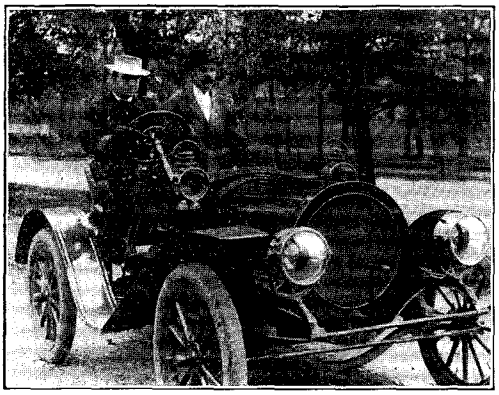

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE
IX. Burton E. Stevenson in the Logan

few years ago expressed the opinion that the personal Balzac was very much of a man, with a man's frailties, Miss Wormeley, like a new Joan of Arc, dashed impetuously, and, shall we say a little hysterically, to the rescue. There was no doubt whatever of her opinion of the poor Belgian gentleman.

Miss Wormeley's latest translation is *The Memoirs of Monsieur Claude,* the famous chief of the French secret police during the second empire. This book originally appeared in French in 1881, five years after the resignation of Monsieur Claude from his office. In French it is ten volumes in length, and in her preface Miss Wormeley gives as an explanation for this condensation into a single volume the excuse that many parts of the original are out of date, such as, for instance, the chapters on police regulation and the prisons of peril. This is a point upon which we are not entirely in accord with the translator. Miss Wormeley seems to have taken entirely too much for granted. Those stringent police regulations were in a measure the very keystone of Napoleon III.'s throne for the eighteen years of his reign. As we are told in one chapter on the subject which has not been excluded, the police were everywhere—in the army, in the press, among the bourgeoisie, as well as among the lowest Parisian classes. They formed an invisible but unbroken chain, which led from the lowest dens to the Tuileries itself. Through Paris was spread a vast crowd of spies, both men and women, whose mission it was to discover the personal enemies of the Empire. There is an interesting picture of the *chambre noire,* which was installed in the palace as soon as Napoleon III. took possession of it. It was not unusual to find the emperor himself there. "The informers and plotters who came to get their pay in this secret room for services rendered had a

WALTER TITTLE
The illustrator of *The First Nantucket Tea Party*

singular way of presenting an order for the sum due. They breathed on a glass of the door of the *chambre noire* and then wrote their names on the mist left there, together with the sum to be paid. Reading this novel cheque, the cashier of his Majesty paid the money, the creditor wiped off the mist with the sleeve of his coat, and no trace remained of the passage of the spy, who was never, at the Tuileries, a personage of low order."

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Elizabeth, N. J., in Fiction.

Perhaps, in the course of years, a million or two Americans have noted with interest the unusual meeting of the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey Central Railroads in Elizabeth, New Jersey. At the present time the tracks of the former are elevated and pass diagonally those of the Central, thirty or forty feet above. The station of the Pennsylvania is an attractive one, and a brilliant imagination has written of it as "looming up like a Rhenish fortress." But in the days when Burton Egbert Stevenson was an undergraduate at Princeton, and used to pass through Elizabeth on his trips to New York, the tracks of the two railroads crossed each other on the level. To a stranger, and sometimes to a native, the situation was often puzzling, and in moments of absent-mindedness many travellers have allowed themselves to be carried off on the wrong road. As Mr. Stevenson contends, the scene of *That Affair at Elizabeth* had to be laid in Elizabeth, because no other city in the vicinity of New York so strategically fitted the plot. Those puzzling, interesting tracks of the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey Central were absolutely necessary. *That Affair at Elizabeth,* by the way, possesses a heroine who, in one sense at least, is unique. From one end of the book to the other she does not speak a single word.

COURTING AN AUTHORESS

I worship at a cultured shrine,
My love has literary views,
And only such regard is mine
As is left over from the Muse;
For oft my patience she'll abuse,
And check my speech ere I begin it,
Pleading her rudeness to excuse,—
She's struck a thought with copy in it.

At times, amid some sylvan scene,
Her gaze with favour on me glows;
Then suddenly will supervene
That strange and absent-minded pose.
The symptoms I can diagnose
That mark the psychologic minute,—
The rapt, seraphic look that shows
She's struck a thought with copy in it.
Discomfiting it is to find,
When I have called into her eyes
A light quite personal and kind,
That swiftly her attention dies,—
I turn to see if there arise
Some rival song of lark or linnet,
But at a glance I recognise
She's struck a thought with copy in it.

L'ENVOI

Prince, when you pleadingly propose
For her consent and wait to win it,
May her expression not disclose
She's struck a thought with copy in it!

Katharine Perry.

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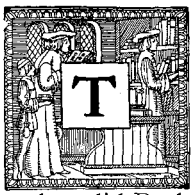
HOW KIPLING DISCOVERED AMERICA



HAT "inglorious Columbus" of whom Mr. Vining wrote so convincingly discovered America while sailing over the blue Pacific from the Asiatic side of the world, and so did Rudyard Kipling. The maker of Mulvaney made his discovery of us in 1889, when he landed in San Francisco from the Pacific mail steamer *City of Peking,* and, like a true Britisher, walked all the way from the dock to the Palace Hotel.

Being the first American to welcome Mr. Kipling to this country, and to assist him in its discovery, I feel that these jottings of mine, made after seventeen years of his glorious upward progress, may possess some interest to those younglings who have run wild with Mowgli in the jungle, and to those oldlings who have sat on the throne with "The Man Who Would Be King." When I speak of "welcoming" Mr. Kipling, I do not use the word in any special sense; San Francisco welcomes everybody. None of us had ever heard of Kipling, but he, with a few other Anglo-Indians, had heard of himself, and, being a very young writer, he was wondering why the whole world was not ready to rise and hail him. I am afraid, therefore, that I, at that time what he would call a "pressman," did not approach him with becoming deference when, after seeing the entry, "Rudyard Kipling, Allahabad, India," on the hotel register one evening, and firing a random card up at him, I met and proceeded to exploit him in the smoking-room. As I bore in those days the burden of "covering" the hotels, this was all in the day's work, and the likelihood of getting anything worth while out of an obscure and doubtless barnacled Britisher was small; for, not being a Simla barrack-room man, to whom this local oracle had spoken through his *Plane Tales,* how was I to know that the dark little moustached man with the eyeglasses and the Anglican air of indifference to everything was going to all the trouble of living the life of a distinguished literary personage? As I look back upon that first meeting of Kipling with a Californian who presumably knew how to read and yet had not read *him,* I can understand his prompt impatience for all things American, and his vast disappointment in the dozen or so lines which I wrote for my paper in celebration of his arrival.

Conceive me, then, all unknowing, in the presence of the great, asking the author of *Without Benefit of Clergy* what they ate for breakfast in Allahabad, the kind of tricks the fakirs played, or some such simple questions, when I should have been breathlessly seeking information about his habits of literary composition and whether he wrote best before or after luncheon. It must have been about the time he had given me up as a hopeless case in a literary way, and had accepted San Francisco as the City Ignorant because it was not aware of him, that he fared forth into conversational fields of his own seeking, and began to talk of the native press of India—curious little papers printed by hand and chronicling Hindu small beer. He also had something to tell about the way in which England maintained her supremacy in India, but what he offered on that subject is now dim to me, as are many other things he said during our talks, though the man made a cumulative and altogether extraordinary impression upon me.

"What do you think of San Francisco?" I asked. It was the stock question—the one that we reporters always put to overland tourists before they were out of their Pullman seats.

"Oh," said he, his face lighting up, "I have seen little of it, but it is hallowed ground to me because of Bret Harte."

"We Californians all venerate Harte," I said proudly. "Our people nearly tore a fence to pieces up in Humboldt County once for relics of his handiwork; and so greatly do they love him that even now, when it is known that it was not Harte,

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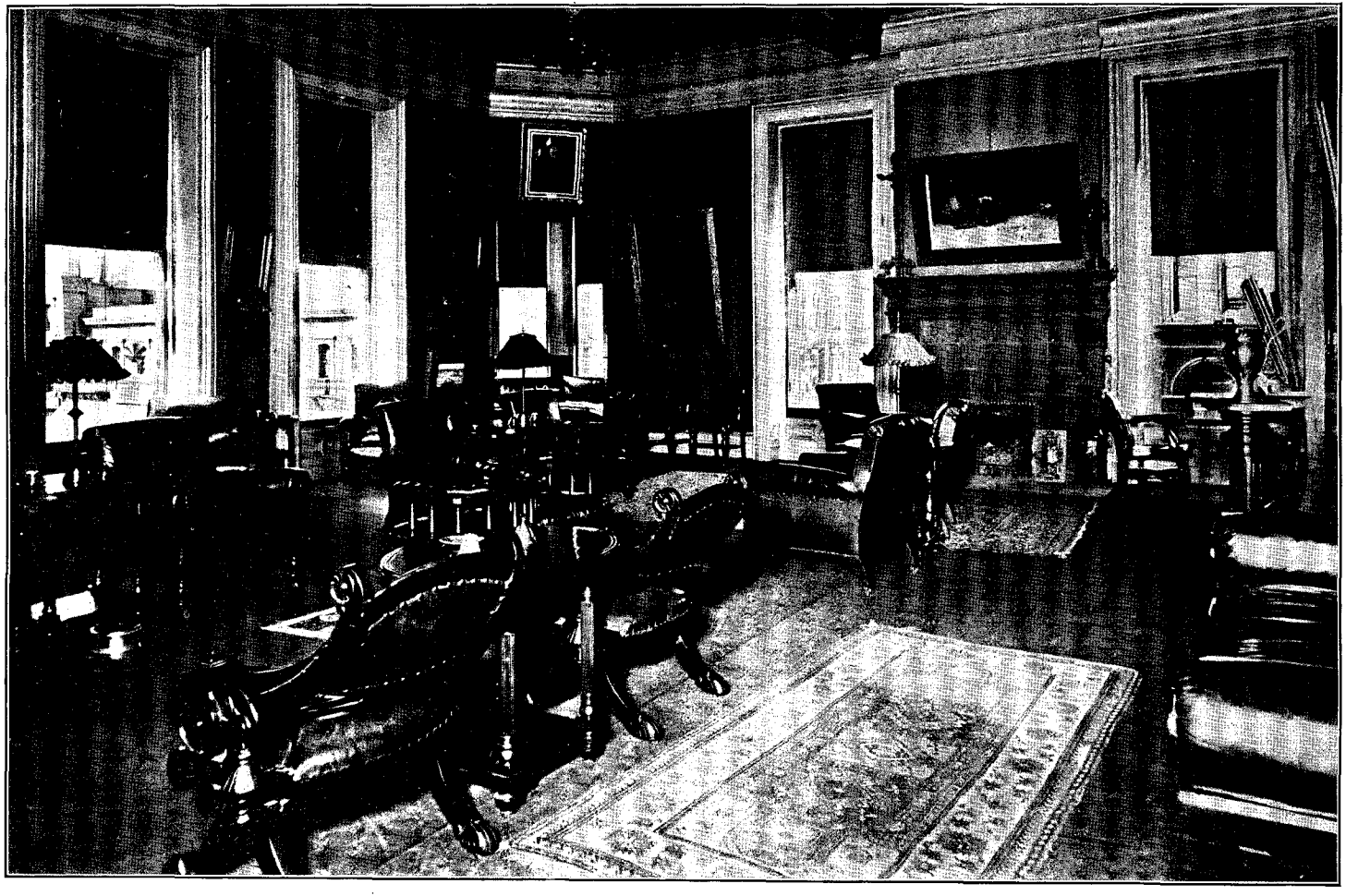

THE OLD BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

Where Kipling was entertained at the time of his first visit to America. His lampooning of this club, which had extended to him its hospitality, was bitterly resented

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but Pat McCarren of Eureka, who built the fence, they still keep the bits of redwood on their mantelpieces."

"I am glad to hear that," he laughed; "but I have heard that your people resent Harte's expatriation."

"They do," said I. "The Californian of to-day hates to read in one of Mr. Harte's stories that the Sacramento Valley is a naked plain, when, as a matter of fact, it is all covered with orchards, vineyards, and grain-fields. They feel that Mr. Harte has been away from us too long, and that he should return and get acquainted with our prune-trees."

"There may be something in that," he said; "but a true artist can always paint very well at a long distance from his landscapes. Harte has done so well in England, and his work is so highly appreciated there, that I should think you might let him stay on our side and work out his own destiny."

Mr. Kipling continued to discuss Harte, waxing eloquent over the *Luck of Roaring Camp, M'liss* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat,* and he did not depart from the ground he had taken, nor acknowledge the point I had made when I told him that these stories, which were Harte's best work, and upon which his fame was based, were all written in California—he had done nothing in England to compare with them.

This talk led to an argument on the subject of English appreciation of American literature, and *vice versa,* and it was agreed that the home view of exotic writing was generally a very narrow one. It was characteristic of the Briton, however, that Kipling did not seem to care what view was taken of British literature by Americans.

Mr. Kipling has celebrated our Bret Harte talk in his *American Notes,* throughout which he exhibits a positive genius for reporting the thing which was not. For some strange purpose he makes his interviewer say foolishly that "Bret Harte claims California, but California doesn't claim Bret Harte"—a very handy hook upon which to hang his epigram: "I never intended to curse the people with a provincialism so vast as this."

Even to a man who knew nothing of his consummate genius, just then beginning to bud, there was something distinctive about Kipling, as there is about all men of marrow. Once his reserve was broken, one could not help being attracted by him and his conversation, and yet one was never convinced of his great culture. Over his brandy and soda he could be eloquent for five minutes at a time, but, on the whole, I remember him as a man more given to inquiry than ready to impart information. Indeed, it was only after several talks with him that I learned he was the correspondent of the Allahabad *Pioneer,* and that he intended to write his impressions of America for that paper.

On that first evening of his arrival he wanted some one to pilot him around town, which I readily volunteered to do. We walked up Market Street while the theatre crowds were pouring into that thoroughfare. He was plainly disappointed in all that he saw, for he was looking for something Western and raw. One thing that worried him was the rapid step of the crowd. He wanted to know if they always walked that way. The gorgeously lighted and lavishly spread shop windows made him stare, and he said it was all vastly different from anything he had ever seen. The wonderfully decorated and bemirrored cafés, which were the boast of old San Francisco, were something amazing to him, and never failed to bring forth admiring comment. The prodigal free-lunch system of the town, by which you could buy a glass of wine and have a whole meal thrown in, appealed to him strongly.

I led him into the big newspaper building where I worked, and showed him the presses, the composition room, and the editorial staff preparing the paper for the next morning. In these things he took much interest, and when I introduced him to some of the choice spirits of the press he talked with them in a friendly, though somewhat condescending, way. But we had always looked for this from Englishmen, and did not mind it. He made a strong impression upon the folk of the press, and, in fact, upon every one to whom he was introduced. After his first brief pose of insular indifference, he revealed himself as a dynamic personality, readily conversable, strongly assert-

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ive, and as English as they make them.

I well remember our walk that night along Kearny Street, through which thoroughfare I was conducting him back to his hotel, that he might not get lost. He had much to say of literature, particularly of the big Frenchmen. He evinced a fondness for Maupassant and Gautier, and we talked of Taine's comparison between Alfred de Musset and Tennyson, which was so much to the discredit of Tennyson. As I remember it, he did not greatly disagree with Taine in the salient points made in favour of De Musset's youthful warmth and his abounding love of life, on the one hand, and Tennyson's cool restraints on the other; but, being British and Tory, he must needs, after all, give Tennyson a much higher place than that of the great Frenchman.

On our way we picked up a late-wandering friend of mine, who, because he knew all about politics, greatly interested Mr. Kipling. The conversation was a long and, to me, highly entertaining one. Kipling was the "chiel amang us takin' notes." I had never known a foreigner who asked so many and such strange questions about American affairs. Some of them seemed inspired, and touched the very heart of our economic system, but for the most part they were naïve enough. Boss methods in politics interested him greatly, and as my political friend, for the sake of drawing his fire, made bold to defend them, Kipling rushed hotly to the other end of the argument, and ventured such opinions upon our undemocratic democracy as would have won him the lifelong friendship of Mr. Debs.

During the fortnight or so of his stay in San Francisco I saw much of Kipling and heard more, for the rather convivial set of men-around-town who took him in tow seemed to revel in the novelty of him, and they recounted with delight the various ways in which they "strung" him. They told him yarns—ancient, shrivelled ones, baggy at the knees; tales known everywhere except in Allahabad—and these he afterward solemnly related in his book as new stories. His innocence, as manifested by his artless questions, was a source of infinite joy to these reckless *raconteurs,* and inspired them to outdo themselves for his edification. But, on his own side, Kipling has told some yarns in his *Notes* that compare quite favourably with those told by the Californians, while they are almost as moss-grown. For examples, I should select the narratives of his experience with a buncosteerer and that of the Irish priest and the Chinaman as being purely apocryphal.

Please to remember that none of the club-folk, who rejoiced in getting hold of this young man fresh from India, had the slightest idea that he had literary greatness concealed about his person. We were used to the globe-trotters in San Francisco—the man who dared all sorts of things, even to the wearing of tweeds at formal dinners, and who puffed his pipe and wore his knee-breeches and long woollen hose down Market Street in defiance of the local ordinances in such case made and provided. Kipling was hardly of that sort, but he shared one trait with all his countrymen—that is to say, he regarded his visit to San Francisco as a sort of slumming tour, and was ready to go anywhere, in almost any company. Something is to be allowed for the youth of the man at that period and much for his curiosity, which seemed insatiable.

One of the men-about-town with whom he foregathered on more than one occasion was a festive club-chap named Bigelow, whom everybody called "Petie." "Petie" endeared himself to Kipling by showing him through Chinatown and into all the worst dives of the Barbary coast. Kipling seemed to be "game" for whatever was forward. Even when he found that his new friend could embrace the flagon with more warmth and frequency than any other man on "the route," and was, in fact, the bibulous prize of the town, he was not terrified.

It was "Petie" who showed Kipling into the Barbary coast resort where he found his "dive girl with a Greek head," so rapturously set forth in his *Notes* as among the eight American maidens with whom he fell "hopelessly in love." "Item: A girl in a dive, blessed with a Greek head and eyes that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But, woe is me! she has no ideas in this world

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or the next beyond the consumption of beer (a commission on each bottle), and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning."

After lauding the girls of England and France, Mr. Kipling declares in his book that he found the American girls, as seen in California, "above and beyond them all." His dive beauty has in recent years been discovered by an enterprising newspaper writer and exploited for a Sunday page, along with corroborative facts that seem substantial enough. But "Petie" Bigelow, who introduced the Greek-headed damsel to the poet of *The Seven Seas,* is no more of earth.

You may be sure that the said poet, who up to that period had sung nothing more world-circling than the "Departmental Ditties," known all the way from Allahabad to Simla, found much in San Francisco to rankle his sensitive soul; and, chief of all, he found it in the Bohemian Club, which, with its famous owl, is known wherever men of the world meet at a round table in any part of the globe. Somebody gave Kipling a card to the club, and he frequented the place in company with its rarest spirits—men who had painted Salon pictures or written plays or magazine articles. Among these would be Amadée Joullin, William Greer Harrison, Peter Robertson, John Stanton, Henry Latimer, and Charles D. Robinson, any one of whom would have looked down from no inconsiderable height upon the young gentleman from India, no matter how thoroughly convinced he might be of his own greatness. Of course, personages of such assured local position would not go to any great pains to make their guest sing small, but the easy and sufficient manner in which they spoke of the literary and artistic wares produced by their fellows must have galled Kipling. He was too polite to show any irritation when Peter Robertson, the opéra-bouffe librettist, was referred to as cleverer than Gilbert, or when Charles Warren Stoddard's *South Sea Idyls* were lauded as the best marine sketches ever written; but the way he must have chafed was fully manifest afterward. Then, too, he was not being banqueted at the big round table under the blinking eyes of the far-famed owl, but outsiders of whom he had never heard before were not only being feasted, but rapturously toasted, and he was invited to the board as a mere unit, to drink to the exalted guest. So, after writing some pleasant farewell verses in celebration of his visit to Bohemia—which verses remained for some time in the club album—Mr. Kipling left California, never to return. Not a soul in all the Golden State had recognised his genius; and as for the Bohemian Club, it never became fully aware of him until the publication of the *American Notes,* made up from the letters he sent to the Allahabad *Pioneer.*

When the clubmen read what he had written about them they were aghast, insulted and incensed. Behind the veil of a polite description of the club, its members, their handiwork and their oratory, Kipling quietly satirised all that he saw under the wings of the owl, and came out in caustic language about the doings at a banquet in honour of Lieutenant Carlin of the *Vandalia,* who deported himself so heroically in the great storm at Apia. "It was," he wrote, "my first introduction to the American eagle, screaming for all it was worth. The lieutenant's heroism served as a peg from which the silver-tongued ones turned themselves loose and kicked. I sat bewildered on a coruscating Niagara of blatherskite. It was magnificent, it was stupendous; and I was conscious of a wicked desire to hide my face in a napkin and grin."

And so on, all to the perfect amazement of the Bohemians, whose wine he had drunk and whose cakes he had eaten, but who, being altogether unaware of the lion let loose among them, were fit only to be laughed at and lampooned. Of course, the seasoned Kipling of to-day could no more harry a host than he could write of sitting on a "coruscating Niagara." It was the unrecognised young, but self-assured great author who wrote these valiant things. Had the press hailed him for what he knew he was, had the clubmen banqueted him instead of the other and lesser man, and had lean ladies gone gushing about, beseeching him for his autograph, San Francisco would not have been a "mad city, inhabited for the most

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part by perfectly insane people"; the reporter who interviewed him would not have been a "rude child"; the women would not have had harsh voices; and the eagle might have screamed to its heart's content, while the men of the Bohemian Club would all have been the salt of the earth.

You may judge of the feelings with which the Bohemians saw the application of the Kipling caustic when you are told that those farewell verses were torn from the album by an enraged clubman, that undignified epithets were freely echoed, and that even to this day the most loyal members of the club refer to the great Rudyard as "that fellow Kipling."

In the San Francisco Press Club they will tell you a story of how Kipling, who was anxious to raise money to meet his travelling expenses, offered two Mulvaney manuscripts to the Sunday editor of a local journal, and of how the editor, after reading them over, returned them to the author with his thanks and the comment that, while they were well written, they were not "available," as there was no interest in East Indian tales in this country. I have heard this story repeated so many times that I am inclined to think it is true, though the editor, probably covered with confusion by the wonderful subsequent popularity of those very tales, would never admit the authenticity of the report. If it was true, as many believe and declare, here was another Kiplingian reason why San Francisco was "a perfectly mad city."

Well do I remember my last meeting with Kipling, on the occasion of his departure from town, after his inglorious discovery of us. It was at the Palace Hotel, where he was packing his trunk.

"Where are you bound?" I asked.

"For a journey through the States—Chicago, Buffalo, New York"—he replied.

"And then?"

"To London."

"What shall you do there?" I inquired —"journalism?"

"Literary work," was his brief reply.

"You are going to try to live by your pen?" I asked, and I remember that when he said "Yes" I was full of grave apprehension for him. I had known other young men who had gone to London to live by their pens. Most of them had been starved out.

"Yes," he replied, "I am going to try for it."

And he did "try for it," working desperately hard, with very meagre encouragement at first, living in cheap London lodgings, content with small payment for his literary wares. Even when most discouraged he never entertained a thought of going back to journalism, but clung tenaciously to literature. Which reminds me of a story a man from India told me not long ago:

Once, when Kipling's father was aboard ship, and lying abed with that qualmy feeling, a passenger rushed into his cabin and cried:

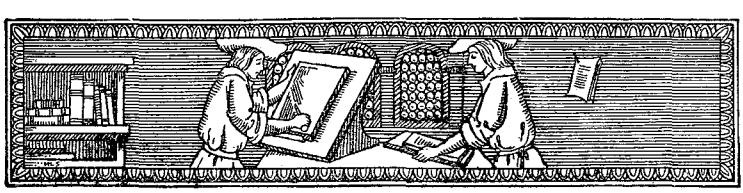
"Mr. Kipling! Mr. Kipling! your boy is up on a yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll be drowned!"

"Don't worry," said Rudyard's father, smiling confidently through his qualms; "he won't let go."

So he clung to the precarious literary yard-arm, and was not gone from San Francisco a year before we were all avidly devouring the *Plain Tales, The Phantom Rickshaw* and *Soldiers Three,* and the whole country was ablaze with the fame of "that fellow Kipling." But the first harsh chapters of the *American Notes* tempered the literary pleasure of some of us.

It is to Mr. Kipling's credit that in his revised edition he diluted his vitriol.

Bailey Millard.



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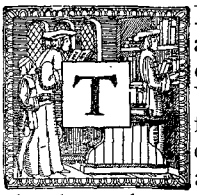
THE SAMPLE LIFE



HE hour, the occasion, and the scene were conducive to melancholy. We had tramped a good fifteen miles into the open country and back again under chilly clouds, and were now paying for it with an empty sense of weariness and disenchantment. There is nothing so depressing as a bare room lit up by flaring gas jets against the gloom of an early afternoon of rain; and the lights in Scipione's little cellar restaurant flared away in the most outrageous manner. Gordon, across the table from me, wretchedly fluttering the pages of a ten-cent magazine that some one had left behind, looked ill-natured and horribly unkempt. Mme. Scipione was exceptionally frowsy. The new table cloths had not yet been laid for dinner. The sawdust on the floor was chiefly mire. Angelina, the cook, was screaming at Paolo and Francesca, who were trying to boil the cat. It was very dreary.

"Gordon," I said, "you were insisting only a little while ago that life is always beautiful."

"So it is," he replied, too listless to be defiant. "To some people."

"To whom?"

"Well, to these two here, for instance," and he pointed to a pair of handsome lovers playing golf all over a double page in the advertising section of his magazine. "Do you mean to say these two ever know what ugliness is, or pain or want? Or ever grow old? Or cease to love? Here, indeed, is the life of perfect happiness for you."

"Are you so sure of that?" said some one over my shoulder, and I turned about sharply to look into the most beautiful face I have ever beheld in man or woman. It was surely young Apollo standing there above me, or if not he, at least one of the divine youths that the Greeks have left for us in undying marble. He made Scipione's grimy place radiant with emanations of a luminous grace that caused the heart to stand still.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," he said, seating himself at our table as joyously confident and as simple as an immortal should be. "But I feel myself competent to speak on the point you have raised because the Advertising Supplement you refer to is my own home. This very young man playing golf is, as you will observe, no other than myself."

There was no denying the amazing resemblance.

"You say the Advertising Supplement is your home," I collected myself sufficiently to say, "but in what sense do you mean that?"

"Literally," he replied. "My whole life, and for that matter my parents' life before me, has been spent in the pages you are now fingering. My name is Pinckney, Walter Pinckney, and if you are sufficiently interested in my career I should be glad to describe it."

"Go ahead," cried Gordon, with almost ferocious earnestness.

"If I begin a bit back before my appearance in the world," said Pinckney, "you will be patient with me. I will not detain you very long."

"Begin where you please," said Gordon in the same grim manner; "only begin."

"My father," commenced young Pinckney, "at eighteen, was a sickly country lad with less than the usual elementary education and no other prospects than a life of drudgery on the old farm. But there was in him an elemental strength of will that was sufficient, as it turned out, to master fate. On his nineteenth birthday, as I have heard him tell many a time, he began the reshaping of his life by investing the small sum of fifty cents in a manual of home exercise and enrolling himself at the same time with one of our best known correspondence schools, which offered an attractive course in sanitary engineering and scientific irrigation. Simultaneously, from that day he carried on the work of his bodily and intellectual redemption. We still have at home a collection of the various domestic utensils which he employed in his daily

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training—an old armchair; a broom; a large gilt portrait through which he would twist his body twenty-five times every morning; an onyx clock; a pair of water buckets, an old trunk lid and other articles of the kind. Close beside his gymnastic apparatus we keep three trunkfuls of note-books and reports representing as many years' devoted labour at his studies. At the age of twenty-six my father was a veritable Hercules and held the position of assistant to the chief engineer of an important Eastern railroad. It was shortly after he had won this place that he met my mother."

The caressing fondness with which he uttered the last word imparted to his seemingly supreme beauty an added warmth of appeal.

"She had begun to teach school when a mere girl; but when her father's death threw upon her young shoulders the burden of three little children and a helpless mother, she had risen to her greater needs. She was able to quadruple her income by learning to write short stories, criticism and verse from a literary bureau which charged her a nominal fee for instruction and purchased her output at extremely generous rates for disposal among the leading magazines. When my father first saw her—it was in the course of a Fourth of July excursion to Niagara Falls which, including a three days' stay at the best hotels, was offered to the public at half the usual cost—she had sent the eldest boy through college, her younger sister was teaching school, and she was free to follow the inclinations of her heart."

"You were fortunate in the selection of your immediate ancestry," said Gordon.

"Was I not?" Pinckney responded in a flush of grateful recognition. "But that is not all. The house in which I was born, though generally recognised as one of the finest examples of Queen Anne architecture in reinforced concrete, was put up by my father, unassisted, from plans which he purchased for a ridiculously small sum. Its every nook was the abiding place of love, of quiet content and of nurturing comfort. The furnaces were equipped with the latest automatic devices so that they had to be started only once a year. They were then left to the care of my mother, who had to give them only a few minutes' attention every day without going to the trouble of divesting herself of the gown of fine white lawn which she always wore."

"My dear fellow," I could not keep from exclaiming, "you have almost explained yourself. In such surroundings how could you help growing up into what you are?"

"That is what I say, sir," he came back at me eagerly. "But you must call to mind, also, the fostering personal care that was bestowed upon us children. Take the matter of diet. Coffee, cocoa, excessive sweets, every food-element tending to narcotise or over-stimulate the system was rigorously prohibited. Instead we had the numerous grain preparations that assist nature by contributing directly to the development of our particular faculties. In my case, for instance, it was decided some time before I was born that in the course of time I should enter West Point. With that end in view Farinette, because of its muscle-building powers, was made the principal constituent of my bill of fare. Later, when my parents thought that the pulpit offered better chances of a successful career, Farinette was replaced by Panema, which is notably efficacious in the production of cerebral tissue. Just as I was taking my examinations for college it was finally determined that the sphere of corporation finance held out unrivalled facilities for advancement, and Panema gave way to Hydronuxia, which acts particularly on the imaginative faculties. . . . As for my sisters, they fared no worse than I. You surely have seen them on more than one occasion in all their splendid bloom. Saved from overwork by soaps that make heavy washing a pleasure, eternally youthful through the use of electric massage, they smile at you through the reticulations of the tennis racket which the champion played with at Newport, or recline under parasols in the bow of canoes that will neither sink nor upset. They are very fond of playing Chopin on a mechanical piano while the moon-

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light streams over the floor of the open veranda."

Here Gordon broke in sharply. "You began by differing with me on the possibility of finding complete happiness in life, and you have done nothing but refute your own position from the very first. I admit there are certain essentials toward the perfect life that you have not mentioned, but I haven't the least doubt that you already possess them or that they will come to you in time. I mean such things as material success, or successful struggle, or love."

"Ah, love," Pinckney murmured, and the shadow of a cloud passed over his divine forehead.

"Surely," I said, "*you* have not sought for what love has to give and sought in vain?"

"No," he replied thoughtfully, "I have not failed to win love. But does love bring with it untouched felicity, is what I ask." He hesitated. "I will not attempt to describe her. I really could not, you know, except in a feeble way, by saying that even to other eyes than mine she is a woman more wonderful than any of my sisters if that is at all possible. We loved at first sight. I had run down for a Sunday afternoon to Garden Towers-by-the-Sea, a beautiful suburb which a number of enterprising citizens had built up out of a sand waste to meet the needs of the tired urban worker who, in his expensive and uncomfortable city flat, finds himself longing for the life-giving breeze of the ocean and the sight of a bit of God's open country. I was walking down the main street of the village, wearing the loosely shaped and well-padded garments that were then popular with young men, and carrying a set of golf-sticks in my right hand and a bull terrier under my arm, when I saw her. She was sitting on the porch of the house which her father had purchased for one-third of what its value rose to when the completion of extensive rapid transit improvements brought it within thirty-five minutes of the New York City Hall. We loved and told each other. My father, at first, insisted that before assuming the responsibilities of marriage a man should be in receipt of a larger independent income than I could boast. But when I argued that I could make myself twice as useful to my employers by purchasing a certain indispensable book of reference on the instalment plan, and when Alice pleaded that she could be of help by raising high-grade poultry for the urban market and organising subscribers' clubs for the magazines, my father yielded. We are to be married in two months, sir."

Gordon spoke up impatiently. "Still I fail to see where your unhappiness comes in."

"Did I say unhappiness? That is not at all the word, sir. It is rather a sense of awe that seizes us both at times, when we are together, as though we were in the presence of unseen influences; as though, rather, a world not our own were projecting itself into our well-defined lives. I have shown you that Alice and I belong to a very real, very matter-of-fact world. But there are times when we seem to be walking in a land of strange sounds and sights and of shadows that fan our cheeks as they flit by."

"Oh, well," I said, "when two fond young people are together the limits of the visible world are apt to undergo undue extension."

"Let me be specific," said Pinckney. "We first became aware of this state of things some weeks ago. We were walking one afternoon at twilight through a stretch of woods not far from the shore when all at once we were conscious that the familiar aspect of things had vanished. The park had become a virgin forest where heavy trunks were massed in a footing of dense undergrowth. We heard the chatter of apes, the call of strange birds, the roaring of lion-voiced creatures. And then it was no longer the forest but a waste of glittering snow with the Aurora Borealis and a solitary, grey wolf yelping against it. Then it was the swelling billows of the Pacific with a mass of wreckage to which men and women clung. And then again it was the forest. Two huge figures girded with skins were panting in deadly combat. One had sunk both his thumbs into the eye-sockets of his opponent, who, in turn, had buried his teeth in the flesh of the other's arm. A wild creature, almost hidden in the long tan-

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gle of her hair, crouched there, the only spectator of the battle, chanting in weird tones: 'Ai! Ai! the call of the wild summons you to the death-grapple, oh Men, and me to sing who am Woman! Fight on, oh Men; for it is Good! The Race, the Sons of your strong loins through the dizzy whirldance of all time, are watching you. Match man-strength against man-strength, breath-rhythm against breath-rhythm, and knee-thrust against knee-thrust!' And then one of the combatants fell, and the victor with a yell of triumph seized the woman by the hair and, flinging her over his shoulder, staggered off, and we heard them call to each other, 'Oh, my Male!' 'Oh, my Female!' Then we were in our own grove by the beach and Alice whispered dreamily, 'Dearest, how tame are our lives.'"

"I think I begin to understand," said I. "I am inclined to believe that what happened was simply that you had walked right out of the Advertising Supplement into the Fiction pages; and that was Jack. Had you other experiences of the kind?"

"On another occasion," he resumed, "we were walking on the beach and again in a flash we had lost our footing in the world we knew. We were in a magnificent ball-room. The chandeliers were Venetian, the orchestra was Hungarian, the decorations were priceless orchids. Every woman wore a tiara with chains of pearls. There were stout dowagers, callow youths, gamblers and blacklegs, and, among the many handsome men, one of about five and thirty with a wonderfully cut chin, bending sedulously over a glorious, slender girl whose eyes attested the purity of her soul and fidelity unto death. 'Dearest,' she was saying, 'what does it matter that my father was the greatest Greek scholar in America and my mother the most beautiful woman south of Mason and Dixon's line? What that I have ten million dollars and can ride, shoot, swim, golf, tennis, dance, sing, compose, cook and interpret the Irish sagas? I love you though you have only twelve thousand a year.' And all over the hall we caught such phrases as, 'Yes, he dropped 25,000 on Non Sequitur at Bennings.' 'Oh, just down for three weeks at Palm Beach, you know.' 'Two millions in three weeks, they say, mostly out of Copper and Q.C.B.' 'Yes, just back from South Dakota on the best of terms.' Then the room vanished, we were by the sea, and Alice said wistfully, 'How limited our lives are, dear.'"

"Well," I said, "I believe my theory holds good. That was Robert, I am pretty sure. Go on."

"Or take this last instance," said Pinckney. "Once more we are by the sea and all at once it is not the shore but rich farmland with a river running through. A woman in a sunbonnet is milking a cow. A tall rustic with bearded chin is feeding the pigs near by. He says, 'Dem pigs is gettin' too darn *faul*, yet, I think, Mandy. Maybe when we have got the hay to the barn all in, I will drive them to the town already and introduce them to the *metzger*. Now, mind the pigs, Mandy, till I go and throw the horse over the fence some hay, still." For very laughter we wake to every-day consciousness, and Alice says, 'Our life has so little humour, dearest.'"

"This sounds very much like Helen," I said.

"And that, sir," concluded Pinckney, "is what I mean by the shadow over our happiness. It will pass away, of course. In the meantime I try to explain to Alice that these are phantoms we vision, of no relation to the practical life that we must lead on our side of the boundary line; I tell her that these things we see are not, and never have been and never will be. Am I right, do you think, sir?"

"Quite right," I told him.

S. Strunsky.

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THE HOUSE OF SILHOUETTES

JUST where one turns from the little way leading to the Via Tragara, the most beautiful of Capri's romantic promenades, an endlessly long garden wall of plastered stone hides an enclosure that is a veritable paradise of flowering almonds in the season of an Italian springtime; in the autumn its vines might torment many a modern Tantalus, not having the good fortune to find himself inside. Fringes of brilliant green herbage trim the base of this wall, pleasing in contrast to its yellow-grey cement, while the long whitewashed strip of its upper part, slightly tinted, glistens in the strong sunlight of these Southern skies, and offsets the fantastic silhouettes that decorate it and give the adjoining house its name. These designs are as blithesome in spirit as life on this happy island, and almost a relief from the tropical colour and dazzling whitewash everywhere about. Now and then a curious green lizard of some rare sort races down the wall against the nimble figures, while shadows cast by the olive-trees across the way vie with the delicate patterns of the frieze.

Long since the gateway has been closed to the curious, and the key to the house-door given in care of a keeper. Still, as neither romance nor ghost leads one to be persistent, it seems to matter little what is inside when so much that is curious meets one without.

The House of Silhouettes was once the studio of an eccentric German artist, the Herr Professor Diefenbach, who decorated its façade and the garden walls with a series of pictures that seem to have been intended as an allegory of youth. *Per aspera ad astra,* perhaps. One might have expected them to be from the hand of some modern Giotto, some fantastic Piero di Cosimo, or some indefatigable young Raphael, but down in the heart of the village still resides the Teutonic expatriate who called them into being. You may recognise him by his monastic habit, grizzled grey beard, and shoulder-long hair which flies to the capricious winds as he startles the chance visitor like the sudden appearance of an ancient prophet in the desert.

Latterly disciples have come to join the Herr Professor—youths from Northern climes, who affect the eccentricities of their master, until the Parisian student of the Latin Quarter would be inconspicuous beside any one of them. On their feet they, too, wear sandals, which on this island since the time of the Emperor Tiberius until now have not trodden its paths and byways. They bind their hair with bands of ribbon, or in summer with garlands of daisies, and paint out in storms between the flashes of lightning, or down by the rocky shores of the Polyphemus and the Faraglioni, there beneath the midnight moon. Moreover, this group of artists, which seems to have become a cult of some sort, adds realism to its work by mixing the sands of the beach with the paints it uses, producing marvellously ingenious things

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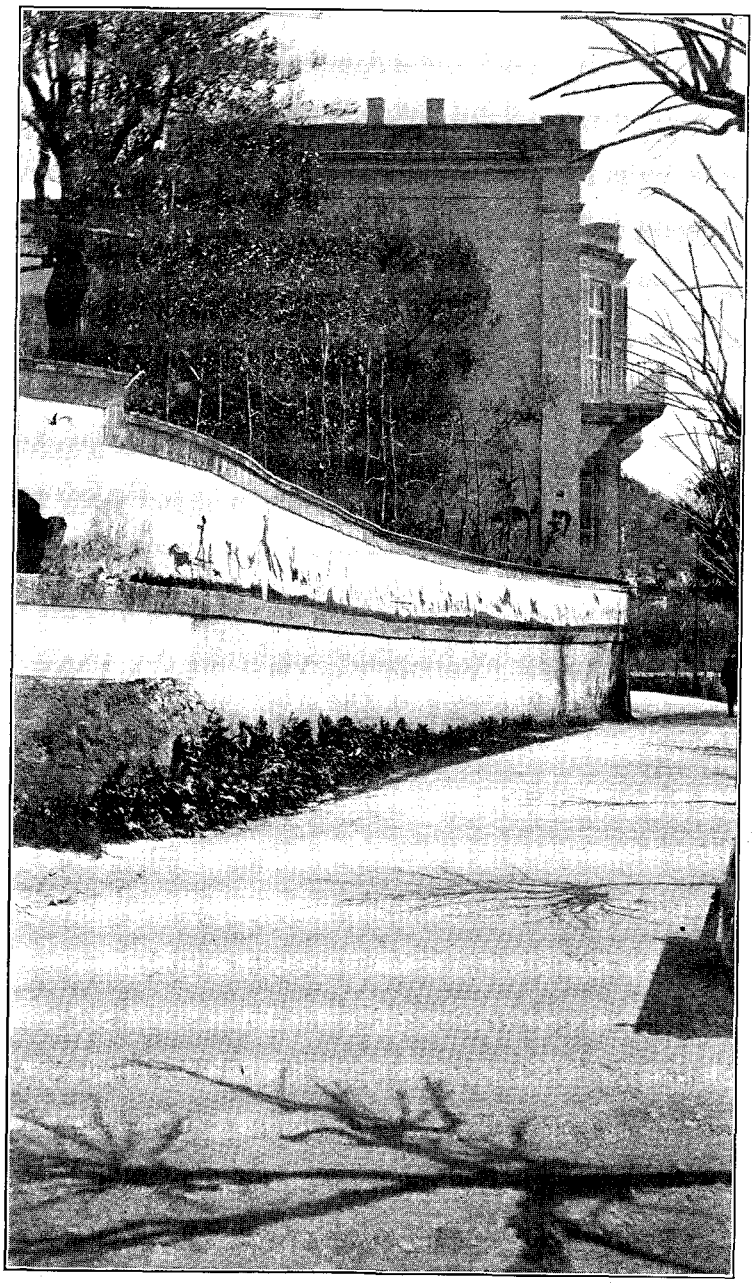

THE LONG GARDEN WALL

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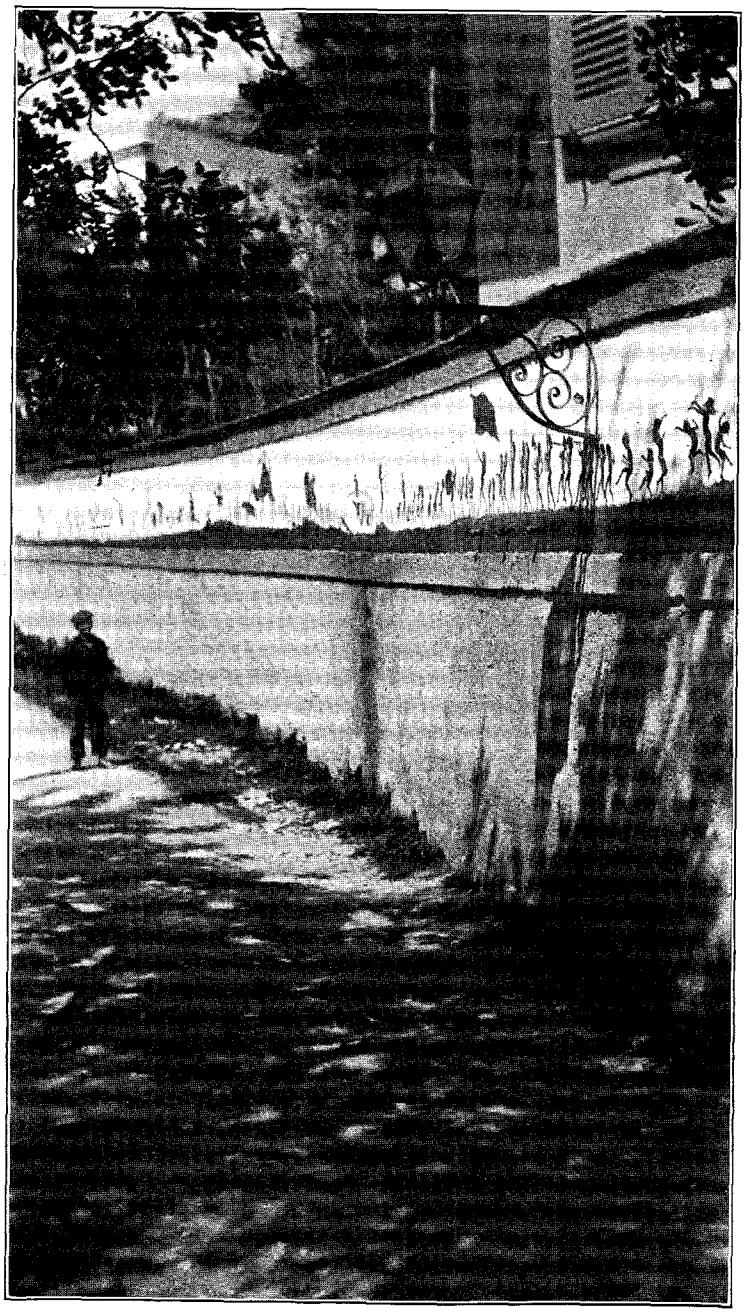

"OLIVES ACROSS THE WAY CAST THEIR SHADOWS"

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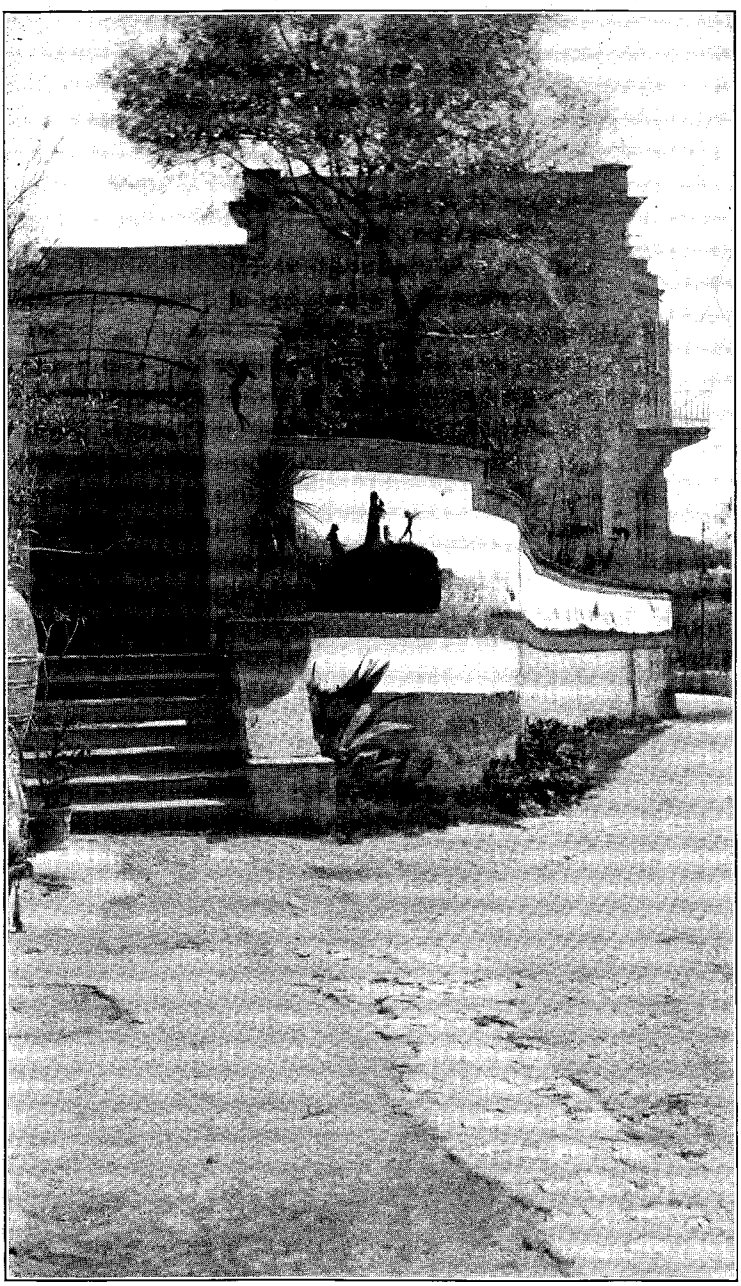

"THE GATEWAY NOW CLOSED"

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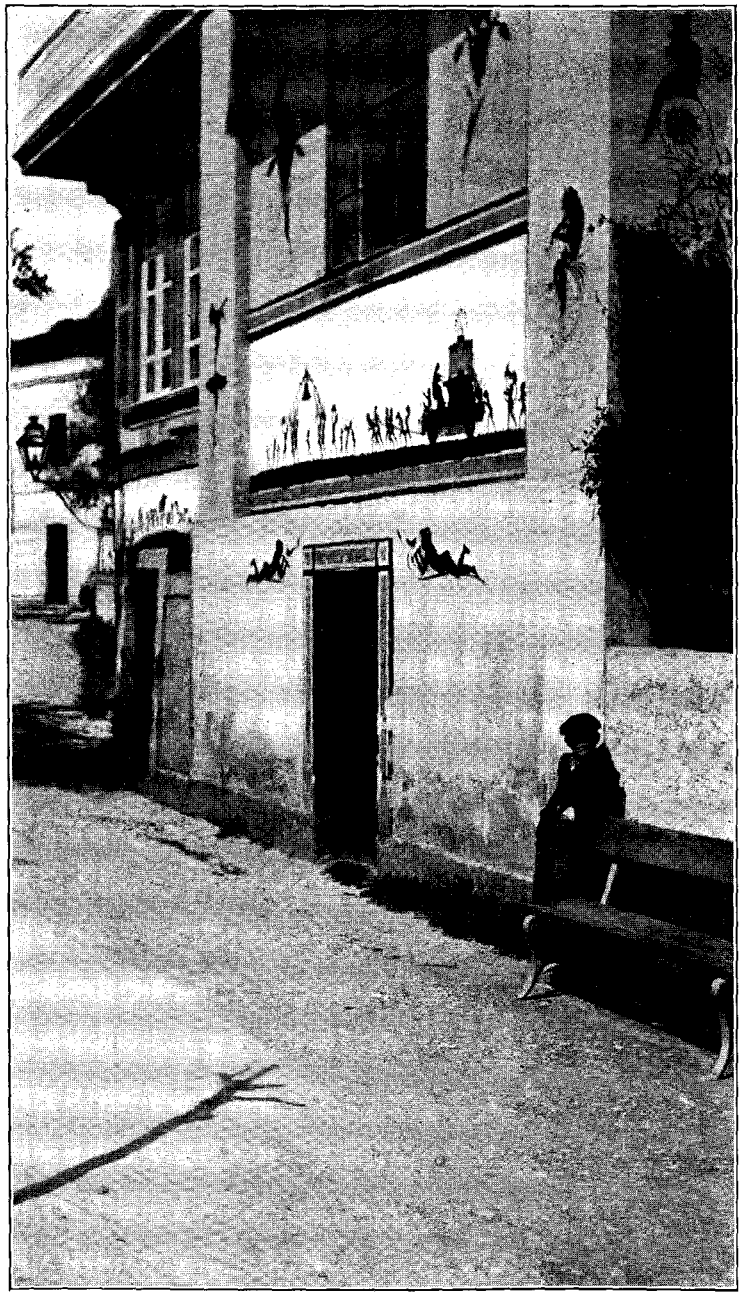

THE DOORWAY

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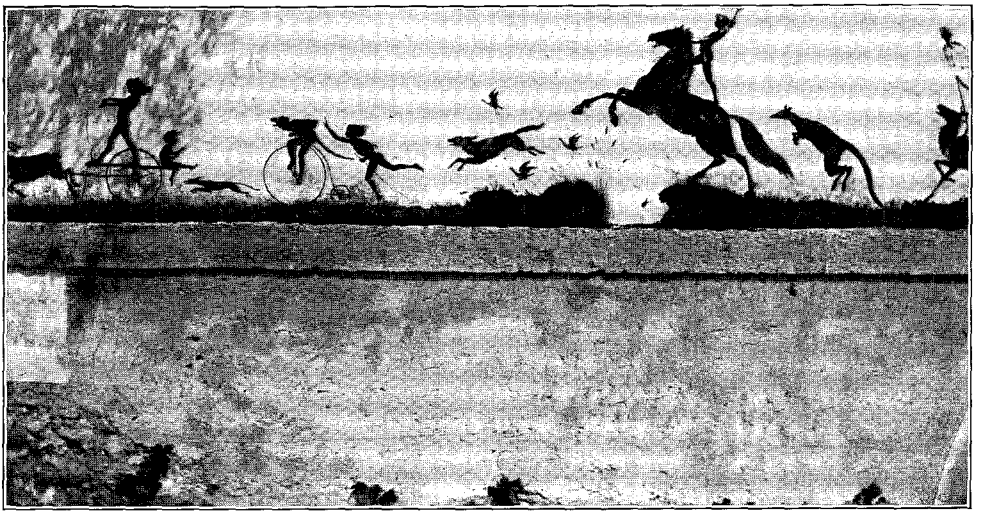

AN ALLEGORY OF YOUTH

that might put Madame Tussaud's waxworks to shame. At least, a picture done in this way is a veritable souvenir of the soil of Capri! Perhaps that is why so many of the *forestieri* coming down from the Fatherland go back in perfect contentment with precious bundles under their arms of a sort the Italian Government has not yet stopped at the frontier. Not the imagination of William Blake running riot at its most artistically obstreperous times has equalled the flights of the Herr Professor at his best, and also at his worst. Withal he is an able artist, when he chooses, and he has devised and executed a most ingenious picture-map that he has given to the municipio of Capri where the curious will find it hanging on the wall of the Syndico's audience chamber, in the little *casa* by the post-office where the roses climb over the stucco walls and look down on the dear little children at play in the court.

These adepts in the Herr Professor's art philosophy go about their work silently, or singing strange Northern airs, alien to this gem of the Gulf, as the Caprese love to call their blessed isle, strange Northern airs that cannot make you forget the "Torna a Surriento" of the fisher-folk.

"Vide 'o mare quant' è bello!
Spira tantu sentimente,
Comme tu a chi tiene mente
Ca scetato 'o faie sunnà."

which is not half so lovely in any other tongue.

"Watch the sea so bright and lovely,
Waking depths of tender feeling,
Like to you of whom I'm thinking
Till I'm dreaming though awake."

Perhaps they will all go back some day to the House of Silhouettes, too lovely a place to inspire vagaries, too comfortably arranged to breed eccentricities, and too beautiful everywhere for evoking thought of weird worlds. There is some hope, for every time they pass on their way from the steps of Santo Stefano to the Punta Tragara they turn with a sigh toward the pictured wall, and the garden beyond, which seems to be calling them back to tend it.

Gardner C. Teall.

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THE NIGHT OF ALMOND BLOSSOMS

The blossoms range their silver tents
  At twilight down the tavern lane;
The south wind comes to hawk her scents
  Unto no rose in vain.
But ah! beloved, see, the sun
  Still waits thy lute's soft laughter;
The stars come slowly, one by one,
  The shades of night flock after.

And as the mule-bells die away,
  Each tavern cool hath found a guest
Who soon his burden down will lay
  And turn him to his rest.
Hark! now, alas, outside thy gate
  Thine ivory castanets I hear,
The while another through thy grate
  Steals down the pathway near.

Ay, ay-di-mí! to watch all night
  Without thy moonlight walls and weep
Till the last toper in the white
  Of dawn hath stolen to sleep!
Then from Granada let me haste,
  With spurs that bleed at every thrust,
Till at the noontide, 'mid the desert's waste,
  I swoon into the dust.

Thomas Walsh.

ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

IV. Cartagena—The Only Walled City of the Americas

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

BY a curious anachronism, probably the most perfectly preserved of the walled cities of the sixteenth century is to be found on the American continent. The walled city of Cartagena in Columbia, but a few days' sail from New York, completely realises one's mental picture of an old fortified town. In more than three centuries its walls have not been broken, its ancient arched portals are still its only entrance, even the railroad of to-day stop without the gates. Within the walls the narrow sixteenth century streets still preserve the form and atmosphere of the later Middle Ages.

In the days of Spain's supremacy in South America Cartagena, because of its landlocked harbour, was made the point of departure for its famous treasure ships. Founded in 1553, the city grew rapidly in population and wealth. So important did she bcome to Spain that the present wall was built at a cost of

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After the tropic fashion, the entrances to private houses in Cartagena express a welcome which the Northern traveller finds irresistible. The dazzling white façades of the houses in unbroken lines oppress the eye until one comes before the entrance, when the effect is instantly relieved. A wide and lofty stone hallway opens directly from the street at the level of the pavement, unprotected by the slightest barrier, either door or grill. The shaded archway, at the length of the house, discloses a spacious court-yard filled with flowers in tropical profusion. A light grill protects the court entrance, and the doors in the recesses at the side are barred, but the brilliant touch of green, red and scarlet framed by the cool marble of the corridor is meant for all.

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A massive tower adjoining the cathedral, built as though for a fortress, with heavily grated windows, is pointed out as the scene of the Inquisition. The cries of its victims, the guide explains, once echoed down these narrow streets. The implements of torture are still preserved. Meanwhile the march of progress, by a curious chance, has made the old tower one of the most incongruous of these old structures. A wooden arm set in the ancient wall supports a network of telephone wires, while the rays of an electric lamp actually enter the grated windows of the old torture chamber. On an adjoining wall, in the shadow of the tower, a flaring poster announces the next bull fight.

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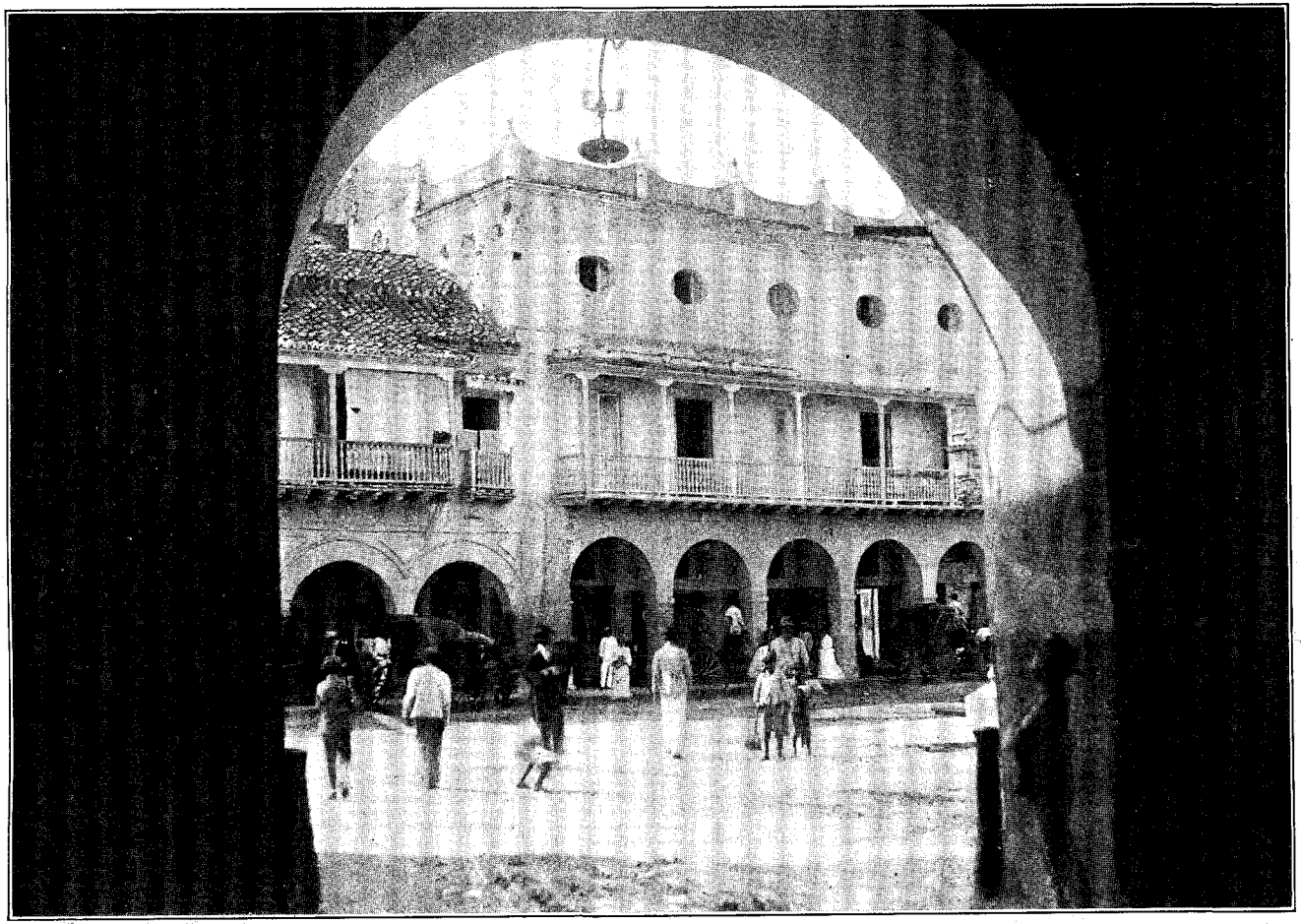

Even to-day the wall of Cartagena is pierced by a single portal, through which one enters the city beneath massive stone arches. The base of the wall is some thirty feet thick, and here a considerable chamber has been hollowed out, in whose shadow, in the heat of the day, are gathered the beggars, who sit by the gate. Beyond, the graceful line of the arch frames the first glimpse of the central square, a dazzling picture carried out in white, green and red. Scarcely a detail of this picture has changed from the days when Drake or Heredia rode through this portal at the head of his victorious troops. One recalls that these arches have rung repeatedly with the noise of battles, while here have been massed armoured soldiers during many a siege to make a last desperate sortie.

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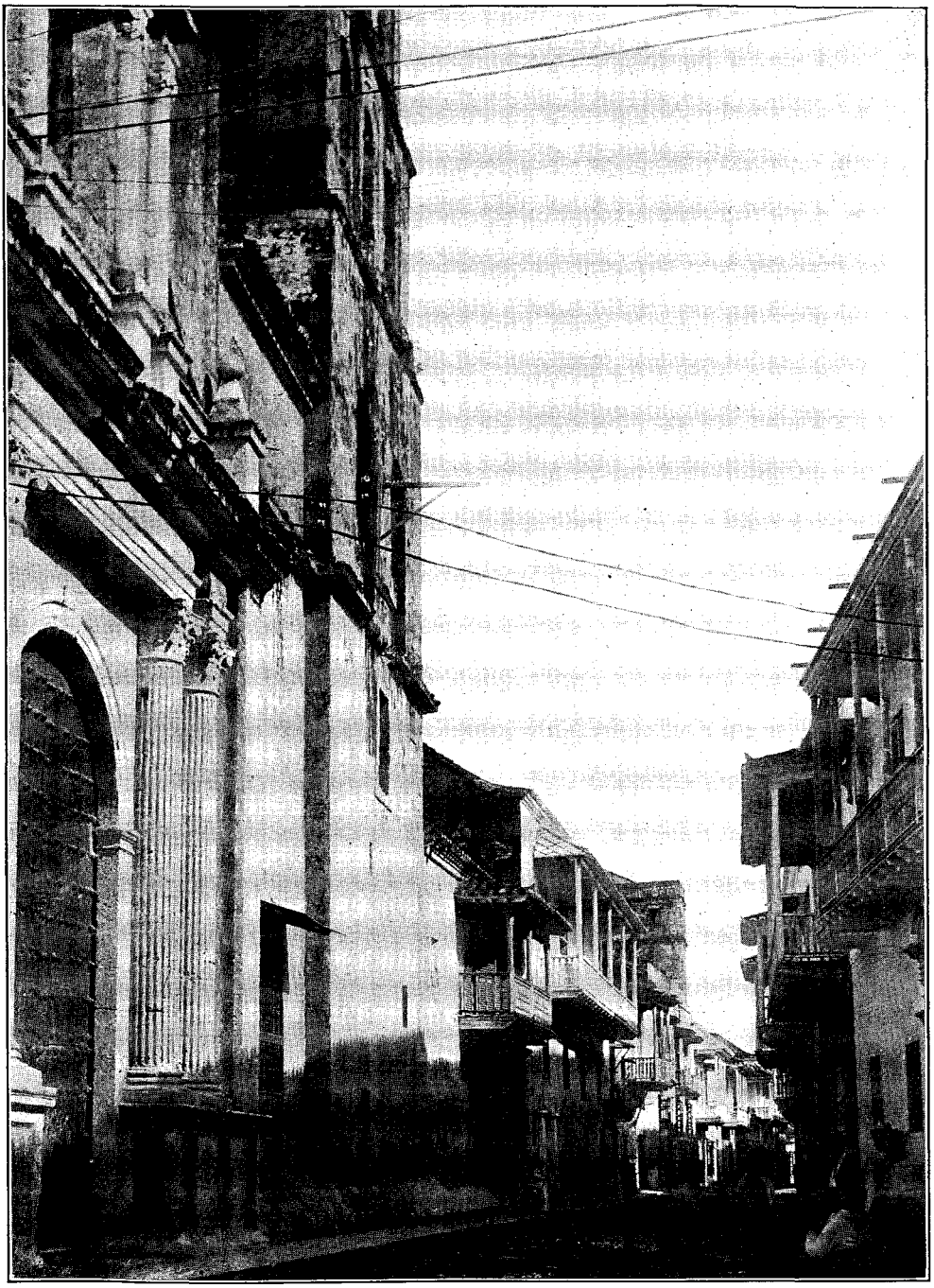

The great bulk of the cathedral of Cartagena with its square towers readily dominates the skyline of the ancient city. The tropical climate has dealt gently with its yellow walls of stone and stucco, which nevertheless look their great age. The stone is roughened and blackened by time; much of the carving is sadly defaced. The great oaken doors studded with iron are so split and broken that wide shafts of sunlight enter the church. In Europe the cathedral would scarcely be remarkable, but standing as it does on American soil, its age and dignity have a peculiar charm. Despite the economy of space in the early days within the walls, a considerable area has been allotted to the cathedral and its buildings, while room was even found for a small park and plaza before it.

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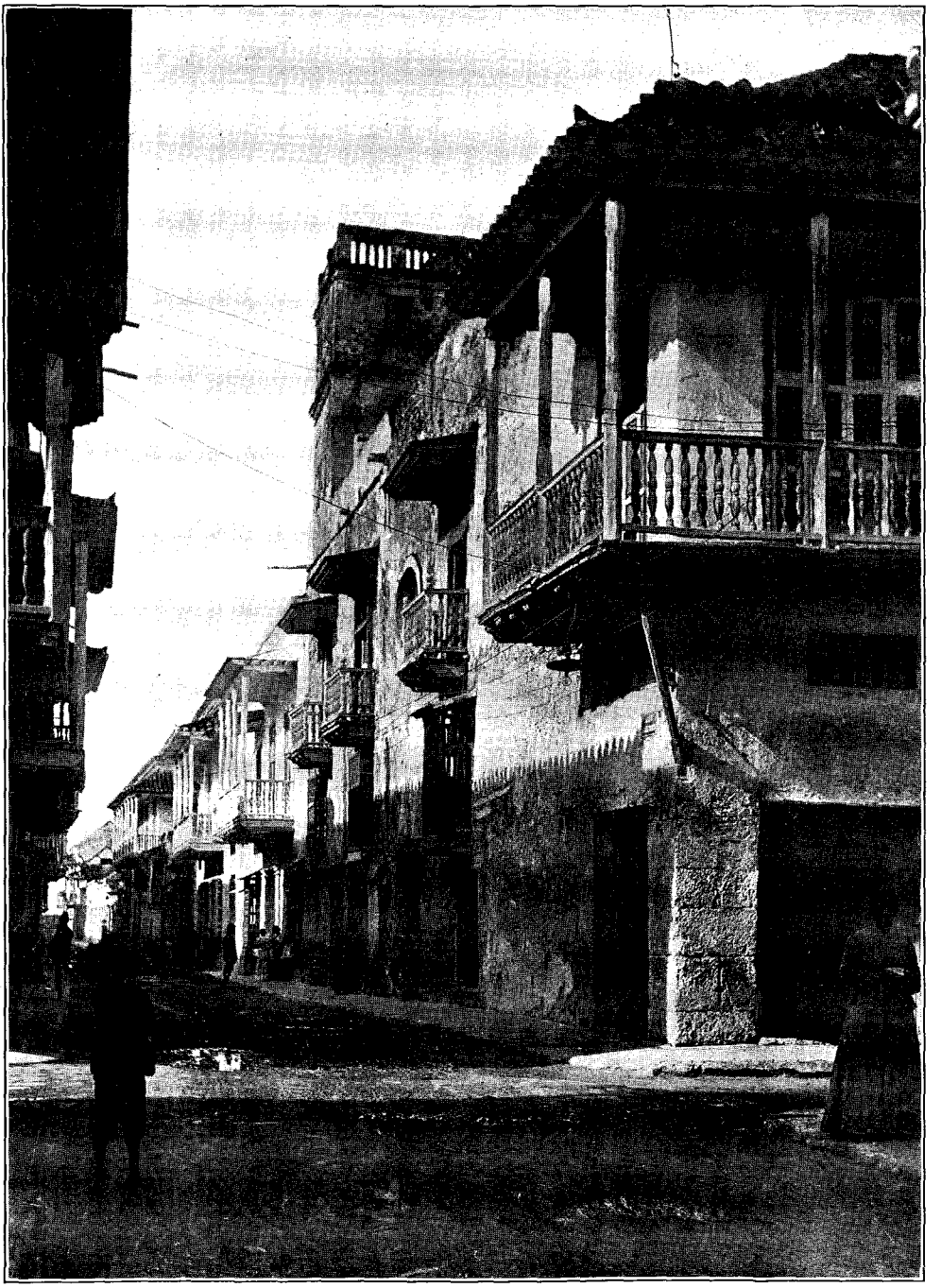

From the earliest days, Cartagena's most pressing municipal problem has been to contain its teeming population within its walls. The narrow paved streets, the sidewalks narrowed to a mere derision, the overhanging balconies, which nearly meet at the upper stories, still tell of this necessity. The lines of the façades are those of Spain, but the profusion of balconies, the latticed windows, the brilliant colour scheme, a hundred details bespeak the tropics. The grouping of its buildings with the ramparts visible at every street end lends it a character essentially its own. Many of these buildings, still in good repair, were built prior to 1600; nearly all are very old, while there is scarcely a building within the walls so new as to strike a discordant note.

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Outside the walls of Cartagena the poorer classes have built for themselves an exceedingly picturesque suburb. The groups of houses or huts are comparatively recent, dating from the period when the walls lost their usefulness, early in the last century. The little houses are built of stucco, a single floor in height, and roofed with thatch. In some instances the straw of the roofs is carried out in front of the wall to form a crude porch. The barred windows have no glass; few of the interiors are floored. The primitive appearance of this sprawling little suburb contrasts oddly with the ornate and massive architecture within the walls.

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The groups of thatched huts and cottages outside the wall, despite their primitive aspect, are surprisingly self-contained. At the corners quaint little drinking rooms and shops are announced by ingenious signs painted on the flat white walls. The crudest cross-roads store in the United States would seem pretentious by comparison, yet the little shops have a charm of their own. The earliest streets of London or Paris, before the coming of the Romans, must have looked not unlike these lanes with their thatched roofs. The vista of one of these lanes, with the blackened walls of Cartagena looking down upon it, realises one's mental pictures of the Middle Ages.

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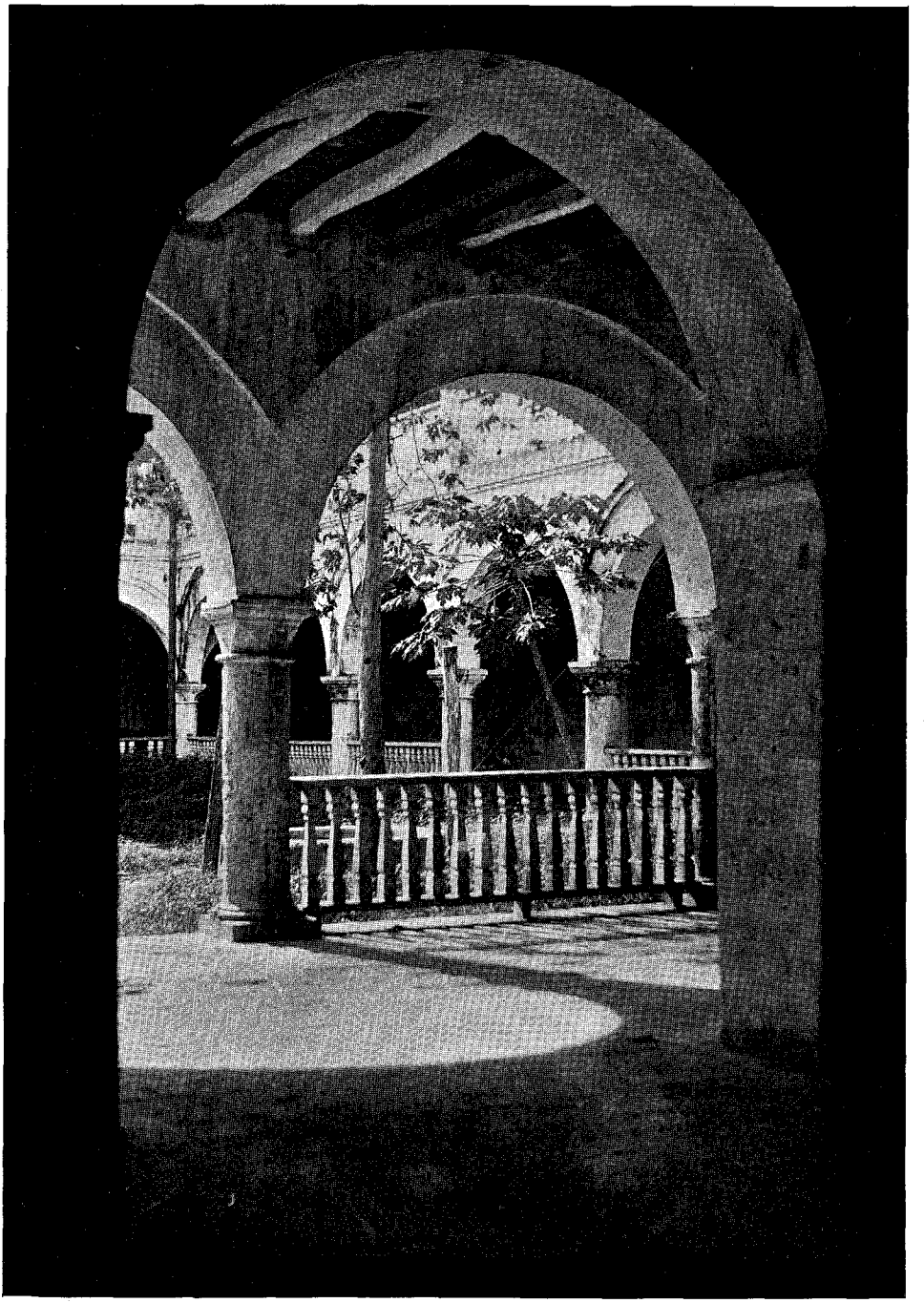

Three centuries ago, when the colonies in North America were struggling for bare existence, Cartagena enjoyed a prosperity and an architectural pretension out of all proportion to its age. Spain, by discovery and conquest, had come by enormous wealth in Columbia and Peru, which found its way to Europe by way of the walled city of Cartagena. The wealth of the old Spanish city is still indicated in many buildings which have survived. Of these, the old monastery, now the city law court, probably best preserves the atmosphere of the sixteenth century. Its great courtyard, bordered by arched galleries with roofs supported by hewn beams darkened and mellowed by age, is worthy of Southern Italy or Grenada.

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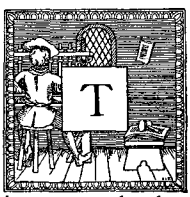
$30,000,000, an astonishing sum in those days. Probably no other point in America has witnessed such desperate fighting so persistently continued. Cartagena was seized by the French in 1554 and again by Sir Francis Drake in 1585. It was repeatedly attacked by pirates and for years was in a state of almost continuous siege. In 1697 it was captured by the French after a bitter struggle. Coming to recent times, Cartagena was taken by Bolivar in 1815 and again by the Republic in 1821. Four years ago, during a civil war, it was again besieged, when for the first time its ancient walls were attacked by modern cannon directed from a man-of-war. The old architects of the sixteenth century had builded, however, better than they knew, the attack failed to shake the walls, and the quaint old city still stands undisturbed.

THE MANY ITALIES*



TO every reader who holds the memory of golden days in Italy, there must come a sense of pleasurable wonder at the mere number of attractive volumes of Italian travel that each year issue from the press. Even to the enthusiast it must seem as though the remotest corner of the land must have been long since visited, the final picture taken, the last word written not once but many times. And yet the fact remains that any one who really cares will feel, in turning the pages of the generous dozen of books the present season brings, a keen renewal of the old, perennial charm. The answer to this, of course, is of the simplest. The last word has not been written, nor ever will be so long as the latest traveller wields a pen; because of Italy it may be said more truly than of any other country, that every man or woman forms of it a separate, individual image, a day dream of their own. Italian life and Italian character change with the passing centuries scarcely more than the Italian landscape; yet the Venice of Mr. Howells is no more the Venice of Lord Byron than the Florence of Maurice Hewlett is that of Ruskin, or the Rome of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* that of Mr. Crawford's *Saracinesca*. In other words, the real charm of most books of Italian travel is that of impressionism. What we care to read about is not a list of what some other traveller saw in the Roman Forum or the Pitti Palace or the Piazza of San Marco, but what he thought of them. And, to be quite honest, in the very act of comparing impressions, whether through the medium of a printed page or in conversation with the casual stranger seated next us at a table d'hote, we are secretly aware that his opinions do not interest us half so much for their own sake as because, either through contrast or agreement, they serve to render more acute the memory of our own.

*Florence and Northern Tuscany. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sunny Days in Italy. By Elise Lathrop. New York: James Pott and Company.

Italy the Magic Land. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Lakes of Northern Italy. By Richard Bagot. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Umbrian Cities of Italy. By J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Two volumes. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

Browning's Italy. By Helen A. Clarke. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

Venice on Foot. By Hugh A. Douglas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Venice: The Golden Age. By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. Two volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Venice. By Beryl de Selincourt and May Sturge Henderson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Venetian Life. By William D. Howells. Revised Editon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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Yet while it is true that there are as many different Italies as there are pairs of eyes to see it, a careful comparison of recorded impressions will give us, broadly speaking, two widely different composite pictures: first the Italy of those who see in it primarily a sort of open-air museum of antiquities, a treasure-house of the great art-epochs which have passed away; and secondly, the Italy of those who think of it as first and always a land of sunshine and laughter and the contagious joy of living—those to whom the careless song of a contadina rivals in interest the façade of a cathedral, and the vineyards and olive groves of to-day blend indistinguishably with those of Vergil's *Georgics*. There will always be some who merely tolerate the gay life and colour of the streets for the sake of crumbling walls and faded frescoes; there will always be others to whom the busy, pulsing life of a people is fraught with deeper interest than the greatest of their works. The wisest man, of course, is he who knows how to find profit and enjoyment from both these aspects; who realises that much of the glamour which hangs like a shimmering veil over Rome and Florence and Venice comes from the force of contrast, the solemn mystery of the dead past touching elbow, as it were, at every turn, with the ardent passions, the thought-gaiety of the present.

This special and none too common wisdom is the distinguishing quality of Edward Hutton's *Florence and Northern Tuscany*. You feel that while each palace and church and soaring tower of Florence has its own special message for him, and while "amid the hurry and bustle of her narrow splendid ways" he thinks only "of old things for a time," the appeal of the country life outside of Florence, with its "beautiful gay roads," its "numberless villas whispering with summer, laughing with flowers," is even stronger to him, "for there abide the old ways and the ancient songs, which you will not find in the city." Although small, compact and yet comprehensive enough to do valuable service as a supplementary guidebook among the Tuscan cities, the book is written with a sympathetic understanding, an individual touch, a genuine charm of style which make it equally adapted to the needs of those who are preparing for first impressions and of those who are seeking to revive old memories.

Sunny Days in Italy, by Elise Lathrop, is an unpretentious volume of agreeable, familiar gossip about a dozen or more of the chief points of interest to which the average tourist sooner or later finds his way. It is a sort of pot-pourri of miscellaneous impressions and information, vivid little pen pictures of a building, a landscape, a crowd at a railway station; useful advice, gleaned from experience, regarding the hiring of apartments, bargaining with cab drivers, travelling in third-class carriages; an accumulated store of observations regarding Italian traits and social customs; all flung together with a well-intentioned sincerity, a pleasant and quite feminine enthusiasm which makes agreeable reading.

Enthusiasm tempered with sanity is always a commendable quality. The trouble with Lilian Whiting's *Italy, the Magic Land* is its tendency toward an unrestrained gush of superlatives that at times have almost the shrillness of a scream. A large part of the volume, like Hare's *Walks in Rome*, is made up of extracts from other authors, most of whom know how to write; and the book as a whole is sufficiently attractive, aside from its occasional overload of polysyllabic adjectives. For example, opening the pages at random, to the chapter on Naples, and running the eye carelessly downward, one notes the following:

> Naples is the paradise of excursions—set in the heart of incomparable loveliness—the city of fascination—a vista hardly duplicated in the entire world—every peak and valley thickly sown with human habitations—beautiful mirrored expanses of water gives the most unparalleled variety and beauty of landscape loveliness.

These are not isolated examples, but a fair sample of the pervading tone of the book. One may love Italy and be in sympathy with every idea that Lilian Whiting has sought to express, and yet feel keenly how much more strongly and

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convincingly she might have said them had she only chosen to cultivate simplicity.

Richard Bagot, the novelist, not long ago supplied the text to a handsomely illustrated volume entitled *The Italian Lakes*. The information therein contained had such a distinct value for the tourist, besides possessing a pleasant literary touch, that a real service has been done by his publishers in reissuing it, with additional chapters, in a convenient pocket volume under the title of *The Lakes of Northern Italy*. Mr. Bagot's intimate knowledge of Italian life, so clearly impressed upon his Roman novels, reveals itself in many a brief but luminous digression, overlaying the conventional guide-book pattern with a sort of running embroidery of pictures that help to make one see.

The attractive and eminently useful Travel Lovers' Library, which owed its inception and general design to the late Grant Allen, has this year received the addition of two volumes upon *The Umbrian Cities of Italy*, by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. While frankly intended, first of all, to meet the needs of the true lovers of travel, who do their sight-seeing with a leisurely thoroughness, these books represent a successful compromise between encyclopedic brevity and easy narrative. They cover, with satisfactory fulness, not only Assisi and Orvieto and Perugia, but a multitude of smaller towns as well, which have long been unjustly neglected by the average tourist. In contrast with the general accuracy of the work, one error deserves to be pointed out. In the chapter on Gubbio, where the famous Eugubine tablets were discovered and are now preserved, the statement is made that "the inscriptions upon them are still a subject of speculation for scholars," and that "the language is supposed to be an Umbrian dialect." Considering the thoroughness with which such German scholars as Bücheler and Von Planta have analysed every syllable of these interesting remains, it seems absurdly late in the day to question the identity of the language or to suggest that there is any ground for further speculation.

Regarding Helen A. Clarke's volume upon *Browning's Italy* it will be sufficient to note here that it contains rather more of Browning than of Italy, being quite distinctly intended as a study of his Italian poems, and not in any sense a record of the years he spent in Florence and in Rome. In other words, it is a conscientious piece of literary scholarship rather than a book for travel lovers; one more monograph for the followers of the Browning cult to praise or to quarrel with, according to their varying prejudices; and to be discreetly avoided by those of kindred mind with Mr. Edward Hutton, who openly inveighs against "the loud-mouthed cicerone, quoting in American all the appropriate quotations, Browning before Filippo Lippi, Ruskin in Santa Croce, Goethe everywhere." As a matter of fact, the book ought to serve as a good introduction to a knowledge of the poet, is attractively bound and illustrated, and ought not to cause undue annoyance for having at page 70 gravely presented as the Duomo at Florence what is in reality the cathedral of Milan.

There are times when a limited purse is indirectly a blessing in leading to the discovery of more effective modes of sight-seeing. It was lack of funds, a friend told the present writer, which taught him the ideal way of seeing Holland, via the freight canal boats, at an average cost of twenty cents a day. And on a smaller scale, the desire to economise in gondola fares has probably taught scores of lucky travellers the only way in which to see Venice thoroughly, namely by exploring on foot the intricate network of bridges and back alleys that penetrate everywhere to the city's remotest corners. The legend, however, is so firmly implanted in the minds of most people that Venice is a city whose streets are waterways that it simply does not occur to them to attempt pedestrian exploration. Consequently, the admirable little handbook, *Venice on Foot*, by Hugh A. Douglas, should do some useful missionary service, in disseminating the simple truth that there is no more direct, thorough and altogether instructive way of exploring the city than by walking. Mr. Douglas has wisely refrained from attempting to make a complete guide-

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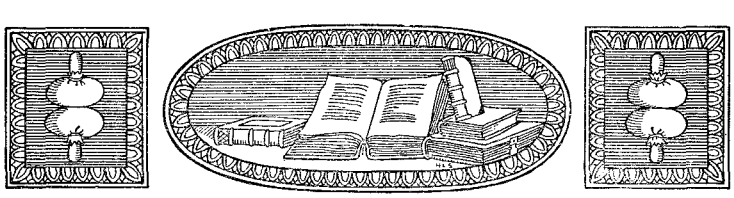
book to Venice. He contents himself with showing the way to palaces, churches and galleries, and then leaving us, at the door, to the tender mercies of our *Baedekers*. But in his own way, he does cover very completely the entire maze of streets in ten well-arranged walks, each calculated to occupy a couple of hours. Any one with ten days at his disposal could spend a portion of each day in no better way than by intrusting himself unreservedly to Mr. Douglas's guidance.

To any one intending to make a serious study of Venice, on the historical side, the *History of Venice,* by Pompeo Molmenti, now appearing in the English translation, by Horatio F. Brown, is the work that would naturally first suggest itself. The first two volumes, covering the Middle Ages, appeared last year; *Venice in the Golden Age,* forming volumes III. and IV., is now ready; and the two concluding sections are announced for early issue. When the series is completed, the work may well merit a detailed critical examination. Meanwhile the fact that Signore Molmenti is the leading authority in Italy upon his subject, and that the translator is the British Archivist at Venice, amply bespeaks the authoritative nature of the work.

Two other volumes on Venice have appeared this season, which merit an unusual degree of popularity among the illustrated holiday gift books. The first is a new volume in the series already, *Versailles,* by Pierre Nolhac; *The Cathedral Cities of France,* by Herbert and Hester Marshall; *The Cathedral Cities of England,* by George Gilbert, and Cairo, Jerusalem and Damascus, by Professor Margoliouth. The text of *Venice* is furnished by Beryl de Selincourt and May Sturge Henderson, while the thirty coloured illustrations are reproduced with exquisite delicacy of tint from water-colour paintings by Reginald Barratt. The account of Venice, her history, her romance, her arts and industries, her past and present glories is deftly given with a lightness of touch in keeping with the soft hazy shimmer of sunshine and blue sky and bluer water that the artist's brush has caught; and the resultant combination is a volume which is not only a charming specimen of bookmaking, but one which you linger over with a faint and pleasurable pang of nostalgia.

The other volume above referred to is a revised and amplified edition of Mr. Howells's *Venetian Life,* with the added delight of twenty illustrations in colour, from the brush of Edmund H. Garrett. To those who already know and love this book, it will seem no exaggeration to say that in the forty years which have passed since its first publication, no more delightfully sympathetic and vividly personal impression of the City of Canals has appeared in English. It was Mr. Howells's first serious venture in letters, and there is no mistaking the contagious enthusiasm of youth, the fertility of untouched resources, the joy of new-found power. "All my forces went into it when I began to write it at twenty-four," says Mr. Howells in his preface to the new edition, "and when I got it together, completed if not perfected, at twenty-seven, all my hopes followed it through the registered post." It may be that the secret of the enduring charm of many books on Italy is that, like *Venetian Life,* they have embodied that powerful combination of all the strength and all the hope of youth.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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TWENTY-ONE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

EIGHT HISTORICAL BOOKS

I. In Olde Connecticut.
II. In Olde New York.
III. In Olde Massachusetts.
IV. Mattapoisett and Old Rochester, Massachusetts.
V. King Philip's War.
VI. Historic Hadley.
VII. The Cherokee Indians.
VIII. Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River.

It is greatly to the credit of so young a house as the Grafton Press, that after scoring one or two successes in fiction (such as the *Scraggs* of Mr. Phillips), it should have already settled down to the sober business of publishing such books are contained in its Grafton Historical Series. These are not books of tremendous importance, but they are all of interest, and several of them make a distinct contribution to our knowledge of earlier American life, especially during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. The three volumes by Mr. Charles Burr Todd are of a casual type. This is natural in view of the facts that they are made up mainly of articles originally printed in various periodicals, some of them as much as twenty-five years ago; and that Mr. Todd has here been content to assemble his material without trying to work it over. The principle which should govern the reprinting of such matter would seem to be fairly obvious. Articles which deal with a more or less remote past may as well date from 1880 as from 1907; while descriptions of Cambridge or Tarrytown or Martha's Vineyard, in the early eighties, are of rather trifling interest to the reader of to-day, unless, as is not the case here, they are of very unusual literary quality. Such material, it seems, might better have been collected and reprinted twenty years ago, if at all. There are too many chapters of this kind in the New York and Massachusetts volumes, while the book on Connecticut, much the best of the three, has but one or two. Here is an engaging record of the "unconsidered trifles, curious episodes, bits of quaint and curious lore" which the author had succeeded in rescuing from unworked mines of local tradition and chronicle. Such fragments of legend as "The Frogs of Windham" or "Mount Tom, a Haunted Hill" are worth preserving, and chapters like "Whaleboat Privateersman of the Revolution" and "Connecticut's Declaration of Independence" are of more serious historical interest. The volume on "Mattapoisett and Old Rochester" is an elaborate local history prepared in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Mattapoisett (originally a quarter of Rochester) as a separate town. As dealing with one of the oldest settlements in Plymouth Colony, it contains a good deal which is of more than local moment, and though full of detail, is successful in avoiding the drone of the village chronicler. That whole neighbourhood has now been, for better or worse, converted into a summer resort; this book may well preserve the memory of the stern old parochial days of ship-building, salt-making, worship, and rum.

The sketch of Old Hadley is done upon a smaller scale, and from a more general point of view. Hadley was and is a village of unusual individuality. It was born of the "dissidence of dissent." By the middle of the seventeenth century Puritan doctrine had become less pure in such effete centres as Hartford, Connecticut, and a faithful minority found it necessary to withdraw yet again into the wilderness that they might worship God in their own way, and be spared the irritation of intercourse with neighbours who insisted upon doing the like. From such persons they determined to separate themselves by an effective boundary, in short, "to remove themselves and their families out of the jurisdiction of Connecticut into the jurisdiction of Massachusetts." These "withdrawers" or "en-

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gagers" were some of the men of importance, among others a former governor of Connecticut and member of the Commissioners of the United Colonies. A tract nine miles wide between Mount Holyoke and Mount Toby was bought from the Indians, and the settlement which presently became Hadley, was founded. Then began the usual struggles and hardships of the pioneer, through all of which the sturdy settlers made their way to a position of responsibility in the commonwealth. Beyond a very modest point of growth, to be sure, it did not go. It remained a small village, and looks much as it did a century ago. A trolley-line bisects it, crossing at right angles the amazing old grassy "street," twenty rods wide, flanked by the solid white houses, many of them dating from the eighteenth century. Hadley's most stirring days were lived through during the reign of terror established by King Philip throughout the whole length of the Connecticut valley. Hadley and its neighbouring towns, Hatfield and Deerfield, were the scenes of some of the most dramatic incidents of the war. Its central position caused Hadley itself to be chosen as headquarters of the colonial defence.

The Grafton *King Philip's War* is a thorough and admirable piece of historical work, the first study of that picturesque and bloody colonial episode which can fairly be called reliable and readable. Evidently no pains have been spared to make the narrative sound as to both fact and interpretation. One of the painful duties involved must have been the repudiation of various pleasant legends which have gathered about the incidents of the struggle; for example, the charming (though long discredited) yarn about the appearance of old Goffe, the regicide, at Hadley, his dramatic leadership of the panic-stricken townsmen against a sudden Indian attack, and his mysterious disappearance immediately after the repulse of the enemy. The authors are also scrupulous in dealing with the moral aspects of the affair. They are not special pleaders for the Indian; but they make it clear not only that the greed and unscrupulousness of the whites were primarily responsible for most of the difficulty with the Indians, but that the savage was frequently outdone in brutal cruelty by the Puritan. Prisoners were murdered without a qualm. Canonchet, a prince of the Narragansetts, being captured, was offered the bribe of his life if he "persuade his people to make peace." He calmly declined, refusing to discuss that or any other matters with those whom he considered his inferiors. He was therefore shot, and his body horribly mutilated. "A most perfidious villain, for he was as good as his word," is the cheerful epitaph of a Puritan commentator.

Dr. Parker's monograph on the Cherokees, by the mere careful rehearsal of established facts, makes it plain enough that the offspring of the Puritans have followed their example in dealing with the Indians. There are special reasons, as the author justly claims, why the story of the relations of the Cherokees and the white government should be of unusual significance to Americans at this time. For this tribe has shown more intelligence and more aptitude for civilisation than any other. Its people have always been ready to respond to just treatment. The history of our attitude toward them, then, should put our Indian record in the most favourable light. It should also, the author suggests, throw light upon our probable relations with other alien and inferior races. "What has been our spirit? What our blunders? Have there been crimes? Have we been kind, just, unselfish, or have we been harsh, arbitrary, selfish?" The answer possible for a candid mind after reading the narrative which follows is, alas, hardly in doubt.

One other book has been thus far published in this series which is perhaps more likely to please the general reader than the rest. *Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson,* recording as it does, not merely a picturesque episode in local experience, but the very beginnings of steam navigation, is a book which one only wishes were longer, more lavish both of fact and of legend. Its many pictures (and this is true of the other numbers of the series) add much to the unique attraction of the little volume.

H. W. Boynton.

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IX

Queen Victoria's Letters*

It may be doubted if there was ever a sovereign more methodical than Queen Victoria. It is said that the letters and papers preserved by her fill several hundred manuscript volumes. And, indeed, it is easy to see from the selections which fill these three substantial volumes, and which cover but the first quarter century of her reign, that her industry was unfailing and that she kept a close watch upon affairs of state, from large to small. Such a collection is bound to throw much light upon many matters of public interest as well as upon the character and feelings of the queen herself. It should be said at the outset that no sensational revelations need be expected by the curious reader. There is less of the gossip of the time than one can find in the lively pages of Greville. Nor, in fact, could any gossip injure the queen. "Her court was pure, her life serene." Not a great sovereign, with her full share of feminine prejudices, unreasonable sometimes and a little arbitrary, she worthily won the respect and affection of her people. Nothing could be better than the spirit in which she accepted her trust. "I look forward to the event which it seems is likely to occur soon," she wrote just before the death of King William, "with calmness and quietness; I am not alarmed at it, and yet I do not suppose myself quite equal to all; I trust, however, that with good-will, honesty and courage I shall not, at all events, fail." Looking back over more than sixty years on the throne, she may well have felt that she had not failed.

These volumes end with the death of the prince consort in 1861. That marked the end of a married life of well-nigh perfect sympathy; the cry of anguish with which the third volume closes seems almost too intimately personal to commit to print. One even shrinks a little from the earlier raptures of the queen's happy wooing. But we are accustomed in these days to such revelations, and there is nothing in them to diminish our regard for the writer. The prince was at least no idol with feet of clay. His was a difficult place to fill, and he filled it honourably. We get from these letters a new impression of the queen's dependence upon his judgment. Her own ability was not mediocre and her good sense was conspicuous from the beginning. Yet she was a young woman, hardly more than a girl, and it was natural that she should turn for counsel to some one in whom she had confidence. Before her marriage it was Lord Melbourne; afterward her husband naturally took his place. It may be questioned if the change were in every way a fortunate one. Lord Melbourne was an Englishman; the prince was a foreigner; and, as the queen wrote to the prince before their marriage, at a time when he was rather exigent over details of ceremony, "the English are very jealous of a foreigner interfering in the government of the country." But this was not all. Lord Melbourne was not a great statesman, but he had tact, humour and an appreciation of popular sentiment in the mass such as one brought up at a petty German court could not possibly have. Now, Prince Albert, with all his virtues, was something of a martinet and something of a prig. The tradition has grown up since his death that his wife's subjects never did him justice; that the nation, in the queen's words, "owed more to him than it can ever truly know," and that his counsels were of more value than those of Peel or Palmerston, Derby or Lord John Russell. It is a tradition which will not bear the light of close examination; the letters here printed unconsciously dissipate it.

The quarrel with Lord Palmerston is the episode which shows the disposition of the prince to the worst advantage. It was not wholly a personal matter; the real question at stake was whether the court or the cabinet should control the foreign policy of Great Britain. Palmerston was one of the greatest foreign ministers the nation ever had. Opinions may differ as to his methods; there are those who would say that he might have accomplished his purposes with less contemptuous disregard for the feelings of foreign sovereigns. But he undoubtedly represented English popular sentiment.

*Letters of Queen Victoria. Edited by Arthur C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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Moreover, his views in the main were essentially sound and just. He was hostile to the policy of the Austrian emperor; he was a staunch friend to Cavour and the cause of Italian unity. And he pursued his objects with insouciant indifference to the views of the queen and the prince. He wrote to Lord John Russell, when the queen objected to his reception of Kossuth, that he proposed to entertain whom he liked in his own house. He sent off communications which had not been approved by the queen or which had been altered after she had approved them. On one occasion the queen wrote to Lord John to say that she "cannot expose herself to having her positive commands disobeyed by one of her public servants, and that should Lord Palmerston persist in his intention, he cannot continue as her minister." Perhaps even this sharp reprimand might have done Palmerston but little harm had he not afterward approved Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état,* on which subject his countrymen did not agree with him, so that Lord John was able to demand his resignation without stirring up a popular tumult.

It is obvious from the letters covering this period that the quarrel was really the prince's. He, moved thereto partly by his injudicious friend, Baron Stockmar, fancied himself quite a hand at diplomacy. The queen was in constant correspondence with Continental royalties to whom they were related, and she and the prince not unnaturally opposed policies which might end in leaving Continental thrones vacant. But the queen, both earlier and later in her reign, was more amenable to English feeling. Many of the letters in the second volume dealing with these matters are plainly inspired by the prince. That the policy he would have had pursued would have been an injury to England it is now easy enough to see. Take the case of Italy. Palmerston, Russell and Gladstone were all enthusiastic supporters of the Italians. The consequent affection of Italy for England has persisted to this day, and is one of the most valuable diplomatic assets—to put it somewhat brutally—that England has. But to Prince Albert it was intolerable that a minister should venture to oppose the plain will of his sovereign. They ordered those things better in Germany. The many excellent qualities of the prince need not be minimised. He made a good husband and father; he was moved by a conscientious desire to be of service to his adopted country; he was intelligent, sincere, and not incapable of liberal views on many questions. But his interference in affairs of state was usually deplorable, and his death was a personal rather than a public loss. The "power behind the throne" can seldom exercise its unacknowledged authority wisely or justly.

No one can impute to Lord Melbourne lack either of wisdom or of justice in his close relations with the queen in her early years. He was prime minister when she came to the throne, and remained prime minister for four years; and in that time he played the part of guide, philosopher and friend in a way to do him honour. For various reasons Victoria was violently prejudiced in favour of the Whigs and against the Tories at this period. But Lord Melbourne never took advantage of this fact to secure an unfair advantage, either for his party or for himself. When his resignation became inevitable, he did everything in his power to reconcile the queen to sending for Peel, and to impress upon her the fact that her duties as a constitutional sovereign required her to suppress her personal inclinations. The correspondence with Melbourne in the first volume is not the least interesting portion of the whole; he kept the queen closely informed on every subject, and she poured out to him her troubles in full confidence of intelligent sympathy. "The queen thinks Lord Melbourne may possibly wish to know how she is this morning; the queen is somewhat calmer; she was in a wretched state last night till nine o'clock, when she tried to occupy herself and think less gloomily of this dreadful change. . . . She couldn't touch a morsel of food last night, nor can she this morning." At twenty—for she was then no older than that—a change of ministry and the loss of her kind adviser seemed like the end of all things. There are many human touches of this sort, particularly in the letters of her earlier years. Thus she writes to her Uncle Leopold,

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directly after her marriage had been arranged: "I do feel so happy! I do so adore Albert! He is quite an angel, and so very, very kind to me, and seems so fond of me. . . . I trust and hope I shall be able to make him as happy as he ought to be." These are the things that make the queen seem very lovable and human. They seem almost too intimate for print, as has been said, and yet it is impossible to regret that they have been allowed to stand.

Generally speaking, good taste has presided over the preparation of this work. The editors have supplied only such brief introductions and notes as are necessary to explain the allusions in the text to those who are not closely acquainted with the history of the reign. There are many handsome reproductions in photogravure of portraits of the queen, the prince and other members of the royal family; the type used is large and clear, and the mechanical execution of the volumes is admirable in every way. It is a work which no one interested in the events of a memorable period of English history can afford to miss reading.

Edward Fuller.

X

G. S. Layard's "Shirley Brooks of 'Punch'"*

On the surface, it would appear surprising that even an Englishman, and an Englishman who took *London Punch* very seriously, would write a book of six hundred pages about a man whose chief claim to distinction apparently rested on the fact that he occupied the editorial chair of *Punch* for a period of four years. In a measure Mr. G. S. Layard has anticipated this criticism, and has pointed out that Shirley Brooks's right to be regarded as a great *Punch* force rests, not alone on what he did while occupying the chair but on what he accomplished during the long years that he was chief lieutenant to Mark Lemon —when he was virtually the power behind the throne. But when the book has been read it will be realised that no apology whatever was necessary. In the first place Shirley Brooks was an admirable letter-writer; almost as admirable as Thackeray, and in much the same whimsical vein. Secondly his life, though in no sense dramatic, was an interesting one; for years he rubbed elbows intimately with all that was best and most brilliant in the upper circles of London's Bohemia. The book is a decidedly pleasant contrast to another book about another *Punch* editor. A few years ago Sir Frank C. Burnand published his *Reminiscences*. These were so utterly dreary, priggish, conceited and purposeless that one has since been in a mood to welcome any new book along similar lines with kindliness, if not with positive enthusiasm.

An American will be inclined to regard Shirley Brooks more amiably because there was one period of his life when he himself found or pretended to find *Punch* as an organ of humour sadly lacking. Before he became associated with *Punch* he was connected with *The Man in the Moon*, the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1847, when *Punch* was seven years old. *The Man in the Moon* was the ablest and wittiest of *Punch's* rivals, and gave Brooks his first real opportunity of proving his ability. From the first the little paper set itself to do what George Cruikshank once threatened to do—to go down to the *Punch* office "and knock the old rascal's wooden head about." It printed the sketch of a man speechless with astonishment entitled "Portrait of a Gentleman Finding a Joke in *Punch*." It offered five hundred pounds reward and a free pardon to one of the *Punch* artists if he would appear before *The Man in the Moon* and satisfactorily explain the meaning of the cut entitled "Horrible Tragedy in Domestic Life." As a matter of fact, though the editors of *The Man in the Moon* did not know it, the artist who drew this picture was Thackeray. Of course *Punch* retaliated, and sometimes very effectively. For example, it was one of Brooks's attacks that drew from John Leech his picture of two little snobs in a low coffee house:

"*Punch* is very dummy and slow this week, I think," says the first disreputable-looking 'fast man.'

*Shirley Brooks of *Punch*. By G. S. Layard. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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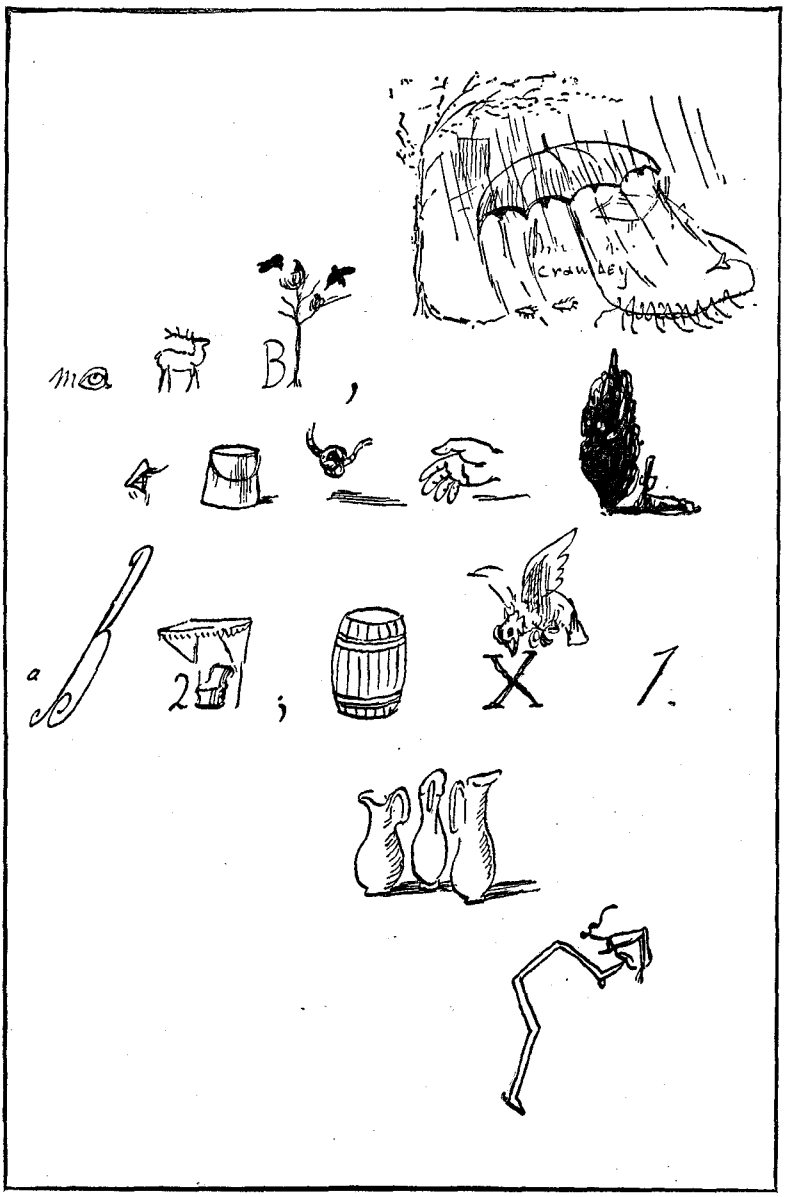
"So do I," replies the other. "It's their own faults, too, for I sent 'em some dem'd funny articles, which the humbugs sent me back."

"That's just the way they served me," responded his friend, "the great fools!"

As has been said, Shirley Brooks was an admirable letter-writer. He cultivated it as an art. Next to chatting with a friend face to face, he loved to chat with him on paper. His correspondence was enormous, and few of even his shortest



GEORGE DU MAURIER'S REBUS LETTER TO SHIRLEY BROOKS

Although the author and the publishers profess their inability to read this rebus, it seems to be not so very difficult. Unless we are greatly mistaken it may be interpreted:
"My Dear Brooks: I cannot write you a long letter to night
but expect one. Yours, Kick Eye"

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notes were without a story, an epigram, or sentence worth preserving. He wrote sparkling letters by the hundred about nothing and everything. W. B. Jerrold has written of this and other qualities:

"In some of his letters he frolicked like a schoolboy; in others he would set seriously to work to solve or illustrate some literary subject that had accidentally turned up. He would enter upon a long correspondence to serve a friend. You never found him exhausted, seldom tired. If you caught him lounging by the dainty conservatory he had in his house, after a long day upstairs in his study, he would be reading the last Quarterly, or dallying with a novel by one of his friends—but he would brighten for a talk, and be sure to shine in it. When he had finished his correspondence for the day, after his work, he would take his letters to the post himself. It was his orderly way. You could see his methodical mind in the precise writing, the unbroken lines, the absence of any sign of haste from his shortest notes."

A man who wrote so many interesting letters necessarily received some. For instance here is reproduced a curious rebus letter which George du Maurier sent to Shirley Brooks in 1869. Du Maurier, who had been admitted to the *Punch* table five years before, after the death of Leech, was known in the circle as "Kiki." The letter obviously begins: "My dear Brooks, I cannot hand you—" and concludes: "Yours, Kick Eye." But Mr. Layard confesses his inability to make anything of the third line, and we are equally at sea in the matter. And here is another letter which Shirley Brooks probably found even more interesting. It begins: "We propose to offer you a thousand guineas a year, as editor, and six guineas a week for contributions." The letter is signed W. H. B., and marked the formal assumption of the Editorial Chair by Brooks after the death of Mark Lemon. *Beverley Stark.*

XI

Mr. Hill's "Decisive Battles of the Law" *

It is seldom that author and subject come together between covers with such eminent fitness as is the case in Mr. Hill's book. The events of which he writes are, most of them, crises in American history, and they have been dealt with over and over again by the professed historian. With the exception of the first case, there is not one with which the average well-informed citizen would not claim familiarity. We all know how Aaron Burr was tried for treason, how an ignorant negro named Dred Scott was the cause of a Supreme Court decision that had its part in bringing on the Civil War, how John Brown fired the first shot in the contest between the States, how Andrew Johnson was impeached. Something of the causes of these celebrated cases we may know, and much in a general way of their results. And still there is something to be learned of them, and much of entertainment to be derived from their study.

And here is the value of the new point of view Mr. Hill has taken. With a single exception, he has not added materially to the store of available facts. But he has undertaken, and successfully performed, an office which the more formal historian assumes, if at all, only incidentally. He has made it his business to recreate the outstanding personalities of these legal battles, to vivify the actual scenes of the contests. In a wholly praiseworthy sense, he is here as much novelist as historian, devoting his imagination to the reconstruction of a concrete picture from the scattered materials to be found in the formal records. Now, such a proceeding on the part of an ordinary novelist might well awaken uncomfortable suspicions as to just what sort of mixture of fact and fiction one might be reading. Mr. Hill has the immense advantage of his recognised knowledge of the law, the safeguard of his legal training. It is possible to read his book with the comfortable feeling that one is in safe hands, and that the spirited accounts here given of these vexed questions may be enjoyed without fear of being led into false historical paths.

It may be that the historical student will value Mr. Hill's review of the Dred

*Decisive Battles of the Law. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Scott decision more highly than any other chapter in the book. Here he has unearthed new material which has enabled him to set the historians right on a number of points. His spirit in dealing with this material is sober and cautious, his inferences are well fortified, and the chapter will doubtless stand as a contribution to history. But for the very reason that he recognises his responsibility in the handling of hitherto unknown facts, his recital of this case lacks the movement and vividness of some of the others. The first chapter is an account of the case of the United States *vs.* Callender—a trial which involved the liberty of the press and engaged the attention of some of the greatest jurists and lawyers of the time. The scene in a Virginia court room in the early days of the Republic is admirably recalled, and the personages in the trial stand out distinctly—the bullying, partisan judge, Samuel Chase; brilliant William Wirt, dignified George Hay, and the others. Equally good is his characterisation of the remarkable group of men concerned in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. In this case Mr. Hill reviews the testimony thoroughly, and ends, as do most modern investigators, in amazement that the reputation of one of the most brilliant men in our history should have been clouded for a century on such flimsy evidence. Burr's dignified remonstrance at the "Scotch" verdict brought in by a prejudiced jury, and Chief-Justice Marshall's prompt rebuke of it, evidently meet with his entire approval.

Although nothing in the book is better than the author's spirited condensation of General Eaton's cross-examination at the hands of Luther Martin (in the Burr case), a wider interest will be awakened by his pictures of events nearer our own time. His presentation of the John Brown case is fair and dispassionate. Equally clear in his narrative are the old Abolitionist's nobility of purpose and the inevitable outcome of his attempt. In the moot case of Johnson's impeachment he goes even further than most recent authorities in his justification of the President's course—but it must be borne in mind that a lawyer's opinion is here entitled to peculiar consideration. Excellent in every way is the story of the *Alabama* arbitration, and the contrast of Mr. Adams's skilled diplomacy with the British representative's undignified bullying is refreshing to our patriotic pride. To offset this there is a frank recital of the disgraceful Hayes-Tilden contest—an affair which many Americans would be glad to forget.

Nowhere else is Mr. Hill on such dangerous ground as when he retells the story of the trial following the Haymarket riot in Chicago. The strong feeling aroused by the event and its sequel, the execution of the four anarchists, has by no means subsided, and it is still difficult to arrive at a calm judgment of the case. Mr. Hill, in spite of his abhorrence of the Haymarket crime, tries to be entirely just to the men who were placed on trial; but his detestation of their previous anarchical utterances and his respect for law in the abstract make it difficult for him to preserve a purely dispassionate attitude. Immediately after the outrage, he says, "the authorities began an investigation which for thoroughness and intelligence has never been surpassed in the annals of the American police. Within a week almost every prominent anarchist in the city was under arrest, and the newspapers, teeming with stories of their plots for wholesale murder, roused the public to the point of fury." These statements are apparently made seriously, but the sequence gives them an ironical sound. Mr. Hill acknowledges that the direct testimony connecting the accused men with the specific crime of which they were accused was riddled with contradictions, though there was proof in abundance of their general anarchist activities. Doubtless every one but the anarchists themselves will agree that punishment should in some way attach to the advocacy by these men of the use of force, coupled with their suspicious experiments with dynamite; but it may be doubted whether the way to inspire anarchists with respect for law is to show them law itself administered in violation of its own principles in the interests of "outraged public opinion." The case is at all events probably the most troublesome one in the entire cal-

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endar of this book, and the author is entitled to praise for having come vastly nearer the truth than a majority of those who have discussed it.

Ward Clark.

XII

Professor Jackson's "Persia, Past and Present"*

When an accomplished scholar brings to a scholarly task at once the wide sympathy of a man of the world and the zeal of an enthusiast, it is inevitable that he should produce something of enduring value. More than that, it is inevitable that he should also produce something which will appeal to a very wide circle of cultivated readers as well as to the specialist. Such a book is Professor Jackson's *Persia,* of which he says in his preface: "The preparation of this volume has been a work after my own heart for the past three years, and I am now almost sorry that it is finished."

These are the sincere words of one who tempers learning with that sort of universal interest which gives vitality to scholarship. Some of Professor Jackson's chapters are more suited to the Indo-Iranian investigator than to the general reader; yet even the general reader can always find in them something to remember with profit to himself and something that he will remember almost in his own despite. Thus, in the sections relating to the Old Persian inscriptions, it is interesting to learn that the natives call the sculptured tablets "The Treasure Story" because they believe that these inscriptions, so mysterious in appearance, hold the secret of a hidden treasure which can be discovered by him who deciphers the strange characters. One also reads again with interest the fascinating story of how this cuneiform writing had baffled the ingenuity of all interpreters until 1802, when the German schoolmaster, Grotefend, acutely hit upon a clew to their solution, unravelling their meaning very much as Poe's hero deciphered the famous cryptogram in *The Gold Bug.* And so, all through the book, there is much to pique the reader's curiosity and to give him a first-hand, living interest in that great empire which once threatened the liberties and the civilisation of the Western world.

Everywhere in Professor Jackson's narrative of "travel and research," there is brought to bear a most felicitous blending of technical knowledge and modern feeling. It gives one pleasure to have an account of the Nestorian Christians illuminated by a gloss concerning the colony of them which exists in Yonkers. It tickles one's fancy to read that while the Persian fire worshippers would not themselves smoke, since smoking involves an irreverent use of fire, they did not object to seeing Dr. Jackson light a cigarette while he was their guest. A casual discourse on the Iranian origin of the mint julep has also a certain naïve charm. There are hundreds of little touches such as this, little glimpses of actual life, which by their cumulative effect make the reader feel that he has actually accompanied the author over the deserts, among the Zoroastrians, through well-watered gardens, into the bustle of the bazaars and the quiet of private houses where, in the cool shade, strange things are told, and stranger things are hinted at. For our part, on putting down the book we experience an impression of having ourselves worn sheepskins, ridden about on donkeys' backs and camels, and of returning suddenly with a sort of gasp to the raw realities of occidental life.

The lavish illustrations with which the book is both ornamented and interpreted are in themselves a liberal education, and they are beautifully done. In going over them we acquire a certain amount of oriental lore without the apparently inevitable concomitants of fleas and filthy caravanseries.

H. T. P.

*Persia, Past and Present. By A. V. Williams Jackson. With more than two hundred illustrations and a map. New York: The Macmillan Company.

XIII

Gustav Pollak's "Franz Grillparzer"*

Considering the high place awarded to the Austrian playwright and poet Grill-

*Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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parzer by eminent critics of his own tongue, as well as by many French and English writers who have studied his plays, it is surprising how little is known of the man and his work by the public outside of Austria and Germany. To Americans he may be said to be unknown. From time to time one of his plays is given here by some German company, but when one asks about the poet, the sole answer usually given by his admirers is that he is the Austrian Shakespeare. As to the man himself, his successes and failures, little more was to be learned.

There is, therefore, cause for satisfaction in that Mr. Gustav Pollak, widely known as a discriminating writer upon German literary and dramatic matters, and himself an Austrian, has filled the gap with an interesting volume. He has given not only a sympathetic account of Grillparzer's rather meagre and unhappy life, but, what is more essential to readers who know no German, he has translated freely from the best of the plays, thus affording, besides the synopsis of each drama, a taste of the atmosphere of the work that nothing short of the actual text can provide.

Franz Grillparzer was born in Vienna in January, 1791, and died there in 1872. The father was a noted lawyer, and the mother a woman who came of a family in which Haydn and Mozart were intimates. From his mother he inherited the passion for music, the art that proved the solace of his life, and to which he turned for consolation in days, or one might say years, of disappointment. Hanslick, the famous Viennese critic, says that several of his songs show rare taste and skill.

The boy was an omnivorous reader, particularly fond of tales of self-sacrifice. At ten years of age a story of the martyrdom of the saints made him wish to become a priest. He says in his autobiography:

"I got myself a robe made of yellow paper, and read mass. I preached over the back of a chair, our old cook being my only audience. She was also the only listener I had when I played the piano. At that time the execution of Louis XVI. was still fresh in everybody's mind. I played a march which I had been told had been performed at the execution, and in the second part of which there was a run of an octave, played with one finger that was supposed to express the drop of the guillotine. The old woman always wept copiously when I reached that passage and could not hear it often enough."

At school he was not noted for industry, but early displayed a facility for rhyming, and at the age of eighteen had finished his first drama, *Blanka von Kastilien,* written under the influence of Schiller. At about the same time he fell in love with a young opera singer who ignored him. The ill-success of his first love affair seems to have followed him through life, for he never married. In his plays he creates many women who are delightfully full of grace, tenderness and winsome charm. Yet he was essentially a solitary being and lays stress upon the necessity of preserving intact his liberty of action. For years he was engaged to marry Katharina Fröhlich, one of a family of three sisters, with whom he spent most of his time, and who in later life looked after his comfort with tender zeal. Grillparzer speaks in the highest terms of Katharina, attributing to himself all blame for the rupture. Notwithstanding which, his attitude toward women is sometimes cynical. One day in talking about marriage with Beethoven, he (Grillparzer) remarked that "Women who have minds have no body, and those who have bodies have no mind."

At the death of his father, in 1810, Grillparzer was thrown upon his own resources. He finally obtained a small position in the Imperial Library of Vienna, where he had ample time for browsing upon the Greek classics, Shakespeare and Calderon. His first real play, *Die Ahnfrau* (The Ancestors), was producted, thanks to the friendship of Schreyvogel, manager of the theatre, in January, 1817. Its theme is tragic and its atmosphere gloomy. It established Grillparzer's reputation with the critical few, but the public at first found

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it depressing, only later acclaiming it as a work of extraordinary merit, notable for its poetic beauty, descriptive skill and dramatic movement.

During the fifty years following the production of *Die Ahnfrau,* he gave a dozen plays to the stage that are recognised as masterpieces in their way, and in a few instances received at once the stamp of public approval. The list comprises *Sappho, Das goldene Vliess* (The Golden Fleece), *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* (King Ottokar's Fortune and End), *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn* (A Faithful Servant of His Master), *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* (Waves of the Sea and of Love), *Weh dem, der Lügt* (Woe to Him who Lies), *Der Traum ein Leben* (The Dream, a Life), *Libussa, Esther, Ein Bruderzwist in Habsburg* (A Brothers' Feud in the House of Habsburg), and *Die Jüdin von Toledo* (The Jewess of Toledo). Critical approval ranks *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* as Grillparzer's greatest poetic achievement.

In most of these dramas the poet uses national traditions. He was a patriot to the core. The style is admirable, the action is often stirring, and they are enriched throughout by the author's broad philosophy of life and sympathy with noble aspiration. Quotation is unfortunately impossible here.

Mr. Pollak gives valuable outlines of each plot, and where the fame of the play warrants it, extended quotations. To *Ottokars Glück* alone he devotes more than one hundred pages.

The close of Grillparzer's life, after years of neglect, was gladdened by national recognition. His funeral was the occasion of a demonstration such as no poet since Klopstock had evoked, and later, high critical praise has not been lacking. O. E. Lessing places Grillparzer in some respects above Schiller. Sauer gives to *Weh dem, der Lügt* a place in German literature akin to that of Shakespeare's fairy plays.

The book contains some interesting portraits of the poet, and other illustrations connected with the most important of his plays.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

XIV

"Le Blé Qui Lève"*

The labour troubles which have long agitated the cities and large towns of France have latterly made their appearance in the French country. In several sections the day-labourers of the rural communities, stimulated by the example or incited by the direct propaganda of the labourers of the urban communities, and incensed by a number of untoward local conditions (particularly by the very real prejudice the general adoption of machinery by the large farmers has caused them), have organised rural labour unions. Furthermore, these unions have indulged in demonstrations of class hatred, which have yielded nothing in bitterness and violence to the kindred manifestations of the labour unions of the towns. The rural unions, like the urban unions, have been rash, insolent, intolerant, unjust. They have mouthed the same tirades, have been consumed with the same feverish desire of change for the sake of change, have been afflicted with the same mania for petty politics, and have practiced the same tyranny. They have been enfeebled by the same jealousies and rent asunder by the same factional fights. And yet, by virtue, no doubt, of their greater closeness to nature, the rural unions possess a certain elemental dignity which the urban unions lack.

This agrarian upheaval, which by reason of its relative newness and its remoteness from the interests and activities of the capital, has been little exploited thus far in French literature, has found its adequate romancer in René Bazin, an Academician who has to his credit a long series of works remarkable for their affectionate and faithful portrayal of the more significant phases of French rural life. *Le Blé Qui Lève,* M. Bazin's latest work, centres about the varied undertakings of the Wood-cutters' Union of the village of Fonteneilles, near Corbigny, in the central department of La Nièvre.

"In the year 1891, and the two years following, the wood-cutters of La Nièvre leagued together to obtain an increase of their insufficient wages. In the woods,

*Le Blé Qui Lève. By René Bazin. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.

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during the loafing hours, in the cabarets, Sundays, and on the farms, where the labourers were brought together in large numbers by the threshing-machines, which had replaced the flails, they discussed the interests of their trade. Sounds which had not been heard for over a century mounted from under the copses or from between the hedgerows. Certain very old trees had been thrilled formerly by the passage of similar sounds. . . . 'Living,' 'life,' 'the child,' 'the home,' these primitive and significant words swelled the hearts of the men; and when they were through talking of their poverty they hurled defiant threats at the exploiters who lived at Nevers, or in the small towns, or in the open country, in houses built with the profit of the trees they had felled. Other words were uttered and dreams were recounted, in which all did not believe equally, but which entered the blood of all, for they were in the very air with its odours of young buds and springing herbs. In these dreams the following phrases appeared and reappeared: 'The future belongs to the people.' 'Democracy will create a new world.' 'The right to bread, the right to a pension, the right to share.' That year the forest was agitated. The saplings, periodically cut, murmured under the oaks, saying: 'We, as well as the big trees, have a right to the breezes of the upper air.'"

The hero of this uprising, the woodcutter, Gilbert Cloquet, one of the founders of the union and its first president, had a strong affection for the soil and was possessed by a great yearning for justice (as he understood it). It was not long before this instinctive, uncompromising desire for justice, which constrained him to prevent the pillaging of the house of a lumber dealer (with whom the union had had difficulties) and to intervene when certain non-unionists were being roughly handled by strikers, had cost him his popularity with his fellow-unionists and his position as president of the union. The time came, moreover, when he was beaten nearly to death by his associates because he insisted on doing a piece of work which he had agreed to do, and which, according even to the rigid rules of his union, he had a perfect right to do. His loyalty to his union was in no wise shaken by this disillusionising experience.

Being driven by a succession of family misfortunes to seek forgetfulness amid new surroundings, Gilbert Cloquet became an ox-herd on a farm in Picardie. A jovial and pious butcher of that region, who pitied him because of his sorrows, persuaded him to spend a few days in a religious retreat in Belgium. There the Christian ideal in all its fulness was revealed to him. Emerging thence a Christian Socialist, he returned to Fonteneilles, full of courage and hope, resolved to devote his declining years to imposing his new ideal upon the union of Fonteneilles, which he still loved.

Cloquet's hope of re-establishing social peace through the return of the rural labourers to the faith and practice of the fathers from which they have backslid is symbolised by the title of the novel, *Le Blé Qui Lève*.

At a time when religion, unless it be the sensuous Christianity "brightened by profane adornments" of Huysmans, the "somewhat attenuated Neo-Christianity" of Vicomte de Vogüé and Paul Desjardins, or the pious preciosity of Jules Lemaître, is esteemed hopelessly old-fashioned in France, it is refreshing to find an author—not of the least—to whom traditional Christianity is so far a vital reality that he would prescribe it without embellishment, modification or apology for one of the most complicated problems of modern society. Nevertheless, the most religiously inclined person may be excused for feeling a bit dubious regarding the practical application of M. Bazin's remedy. It is just possible that M. Bazin himself has some misgivings in the matter. At any rate, he terminates his novel just as Gilbert Cloquet's interesting social experiment is about to be subjected to a conclusive test.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

XV

Mr. White's "Arizona Nights"*

It is not the least of Mr. White's virtues as a writer that he is prodigal of his

*Arizona Nights. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The McClure Company.

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material. In the five years since *The Blazed Trail* brought him to general notice he has published half a dozen books, and, with possibly one exception, each of these contains material which, if developed, would make still another book of equal size. That notwithstanding this fact Mr. White's pages as they stand do not give the impression of being overcrowded is due to the unusual clearness of his mental vision and to a terse, vigorous style, which, without abruptness, often compacts into a sentence the pith of a paragraph.

Of this sort of writing the present book is an admirable example. It is divided into three parts, and of these the first, which carries the title of the volume, contains sixteen short stories bound together loosely by the fact that they are told at nightfall around the camp-fire of a party of cowboys, who are sweeping the Arizona country for straying cattle. The stories range from the adventures of a miner with raiding Chiricahuas to a tale of buried treasure and a villainous one-armed sailor, who certainly is the same figure met with in another novel by Mr. White. And if more excitement can be found elsewhere in the same number of pages, I cannot at this time think of where it is. The same may also be said of the second part of the book, which, under the suggestive title of "The Two-Gun Man," springs a surprise on the reader at the very end of a tale of stolen cattle and of the man who, single-handed, engages for $5,000 to bring back the cattle and the thief with them.

But there is much more in Mr. White's book than dare-devil deeds and gun-play and hairbreadth escapes. Were it not so, for all of the interest which these things breed in any healthy man, its author, considering his present position, would be fairly open to criticism for the atrocious blood-letting which marks certain passages—true though such happenings may be to the life described. It is the saving grace of even the most violent scenes that their ultimate effect upon the mind is to throw into bold relief the primary courage, the rugged sense of right and wrong, which, when all is said and done, are really responsible for the conquering of the Southwest and for its redemption from lawlessness. A good deal of false glamour has been thrown about the cowboy; Mr. White's stories are by way of dissipating some of this misstatement. They put the cowboy where he belongs and give us a hard-riding, loyal, straightforward man with a keen sense of broad humour, ready sympathy for the under dog, if only he has done his best; quick passions and a zest for whatever savours of excitement. They give us, too, word pictures of the cattleman's business which are the best thing of the kind yet put into print. Perhaps fifty pages in all would hold what Mr. White has had to say directly about the drive, the round-up, the cutting out and the branding of the herd; but everywhere in the book the talk of the cowboys, their by-play and incidental references furnish what fills in the actual narrative and sharpens its essential points.

Throughout this volume, too, as was to be expected, is in evidence Mr. White's gift for panoramic description of wild country. I know of no one else writing at the present time who puts the mesa, the mountain and the desert land of the Southwest as well as the woods of our one-time Michigan wilds before you with the vividness and conviction that he does, and even in the two books which he has devoted exclusively to this sort of description he has not been more successful than here. Certainly the changing wonders of the Arizona dawn and sunset were never more nearly captured and put upon paper than they are in one or more of the passages in this book.

The last eighty pages of the volume are taken up with a story, "The Rawhide," which will arouse a good many readers. It was something hardly to be expected from Mr. White, and opinions upon it are likely to differ widely. It is a tragedy in effect, and, for the horror of its climax, compares well with a familiar story by Poe. The story itself is not especially new—merely that of a man well on in years, who has fought the battle of life hard, has made his stake and abruptly concludes that he needs a wife. Once he has her he realises that his plan that she shall be the companion of his work and pleasures on his ranch is futile. And yet he manages to comfort himself

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with the thought that, at any rate, she is *his*—that always he has her at home. Then comes the awakening, and, finding her gone with another man, he pursues and captures them both on the desert. His punishment of the couple is suggested by the woman's fascinated watch of the action of drying rawhide, and this punishment he carries out with a diabolical calmness that fairly chills the blood. That Mr. White has made the husband relent at the last moment relieves the conception of its horror but little, and, for all that, it represents some of his best writing and is dramatically strong. The wisdom of including the story in the present volume is to be questioned.

Churchill Williams.

XVI

"The New Religion"*

One wonders if a layman — a healthy layman, at least — be the proper person to review Maarten Maartens's new novel, nor is it likely, on the other hand, that a physician will be apt to give an impartial opinion of it, though he, no doubt, could throw much light upon its subject, an' he would. *The New Religion,* as the Dutch author sees it, is the cult of health, or, to be exact, of the exorcism of disease, with the physician as its high-priest, the basis of all human faiths being apparently something that the multitude cannot understand, whether it be modern science or Kantian metaphysics. The personal equation counts for more in the case of this novel than in that of most in the shaping of the opinion of the reader. The invalid who has been cured will disapprove of it; he who has failed to find bodily salvation may agree with it, though, since hope springs eternal, he is more likely to refuse, and to transfer his faith to some other modern medicine-man still untried. The serious scientist, devoting his life to the service of mankind, will probably lay it aside unanswered, because he is too busy endeavouring to learn and do good; the quack will loudly denounce it. Meanwhile, the New Religion, like many old ones, will run its course, and, in its turn, will fall into neglect, when mankind, in its pragmatic way, has drawn from it all the benefits it can be made to yield. Then the faithful will be outnumbered by the sceptics, and these in turn by the agnostics. Nor will the iconoclasts be lacking. George Bernard Shaw is their forerunner, to whom disinfectant fluid and sulphur fumes are but new disguises of holy-water and incense, and scientific experiments nothing but the miracles of priestcraft adapted to the changed needs of persistent credulity. So, at least, he tells us, along with many other striking things. Yet one can imagine him taking hasty recourse to the modern holy-water, incense and miracles even before the arrival of physician and board of health.

Mr. Maartens is not an iconoclast, at best a half-hearted sceptic, and herein lies the weakness of his book. He writes of the idle rich, whose devotion (which, in matters physical as in those spiritual, is in its essence too often a desire to escape consequences) has been shifted from the priest to the doctor, who "go into retreat" and fast in sanatoria instead of in religious houses, who pay their wealth for the benefit of their uncomfortable bodies instead of their disquieted consciences, who endow hospitals, not churches. They assume the garb of poverty just as they did in the days of another faith, and they find honest and dishonest physicians of the body as formerly of the soul. Troublesome penitents are sent on pilgrimages to distant spas, as once they were despatched to Rome or the Holy Land; and in the market-place the quack sells to rich and poor alike the modern indulgences—patent medicines and mechanical contraptions called electrical. *Plus ça change, plus ç'est la même chose,* says Mr. Maartens. The much-disputed *vis medicatrix naturæ* figures in his book in one concrete case as the result of prayer.

At the head of the hierarchy of the New Religion in this story stands an English prince of science, a nerve specialist, a man avid of wealth and distinction, who takes commissions on the patients he sends to institutions abroad, who has turned his profession into a trade, but who yet is credited with many

*The New Religion. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

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cures. Maarten Maartens has a habit of drawing semi-portraits in his novels; no doubt this is one. It is an unpleasant picture, but it reflects no more upon the medical profession as a whole than did a similar picture of an out-and-out quack in Daudet's *Nabab,* the American Dr. Jenkins with his *pillules à base d'arsénique.* By the side of this Englishman is placed a Swiss, an enthusiastic servant of humanity, whose secret of health lies in the imitation of the diet and habits of monkeys. He, too, performs many wonders, preserving the reputation of his shrine by rejecting incurables, or sending his patients away the moment they grow worse. Then there are young physicians, the discoveries of women (the analogy with interesting young priests needs hardly be pointed out), and, finally, the conscientious, hardworking general practitioner, to whom the vilest of trades remains the noblest of professions. In all his physicians but this one and an enthusiastic beginner, Maarten Maartens mingles good motives and bad, self-seeking and devoted service, science and charlatanism, but his picture is not merely unpleasant, it is unconvincing as well, and in its general effect unjust. Still, the book arrests the attention, it is so undeniably timely. As a story, it is readable on account of some clever sketches of women, and of its epigrammatic observations by the way.

A. Schade van Westrum.

XVII

"Father and Son"*

Anonymity, as Mr. Benson has taught us, may be a purely formal matter. Even before the appearance of the book entitled *Father and Son* it was given out semi-officially that it was the work of Mr. Edmund Gosse. The information was in any case superfluous, for scarcely the slightest effort at concealment has been made. Evidently the suppression of the author's name had another purpose, which becomes beautifully clear as one reads the book. The transparent disguise enables Mr. Gosse, with the most exquisite tact, to give this astonishing self-revelation an impersonal, objective tone, while it retains the authority of an unimpeachable document. To take it as other than a literal record of fact would be stupid as well as an insult to the man who wrote it. It has every mark of authenticity.

It is the story of the author's childhood, and chiefly of his relations to his father. Mr. Gosse was born September 21, 1849. His father was a scientist of considerable attainments and wide reputation, both as an investigator and as a populariser—"an honest hodman of science," Huxley once called him. Born of a decaying middle-class family, the dominating motive of his life was not scientific, but religious. He was a leader in a small sect known as "Plymouth Brethren," a loose organisation distinguished for austerity and rigid adherence to the precepts of Calvinism. A man of morbid conscience and fervent piety, Puritan to the core, he was brought by his profession face to face with the problems raised by the quickening of science in the first half of the last century. As a scientist he belonged with Lyell, Darwin, Wallace, Hooker, and Huxley, all of whom he knew. But Calvinism was ingrained in him; the authority of the revealed Word of God was the cornerstone of his life. The choice seems to have been offered to him definitely in Darwin's formulation of the doctrine of the mutability of species. He rejected the new view, and published a ridiculous book intended to justify the Biblical account of the Creation, and so reconcile religion and science. To the end of his life, more than a quarter of a century later, he remained faithful to his rigid theology.

His wife, who was four years older than he—they were married when she was forty-two—was a no less remarkable character. In her day she was perhaps as celebrated as her husband, by reason of her religious poetry and tracts. She was of the same sect, and the two had been drawn together by their common religious faith. Her son has etched her character with marvellous delicacy—a noble, gentle, heroic soul, sensitive and self-effacing, who had learned under the teaching of her stern creed to stifle her

*Father and Son: Biographical Recollections. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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natural longings for beauty and light; an early Christian ascetic born out of due time. She died before her son was seven.

Such were the parents of the child whose life is the subject of these pages. The drama that unfolds itself is highly symbolic; it epitomises in a personal experience of poigant interest the clash of opposite temperaments—the contest between a dying Puritanism and the new spirit of the age. The child was perhaps not essentially different from thousands of other children, though more than ordinarily delicate and sensitive. But his soul was warped by the false religious training to which it was subjected. From his birth he was "dedicated to the Lord," like Samuel. Living alone with these middle-aged parents, cut off from all companionship with other children, he was indoctrinated with all the tenets of Puritanism almost before he could walk. Not a story did he read or hear before he was ten years old, not a picture or representation of a statue did he see, not a line of poetry did he know, aside from religious and didactic verse. The life of the parents, unhealthy as it was, could not have been unhappy. They found unceasing entertainment, for instance, in the "interpretation" of Scripture, making applications of alleged prophecies and calculating ingeniously the date of the Second Coming. The morbidising effect of such occupations on the child is only too apparent. For recreation he helped the father in his scientific pursuits, or spent hours making drawings and writing treatises which were parodies of the man's work. He was precocious in absorbing the theological food that was given him, so that at ten he was received into the communion of the Brethren as an adult—an event not a little flattering to his vanity and self-righteousness, as he records. But already the germs of doubt were present. Gradually he learned to question and doubt this whole theological system. Step by step the record follows him as he fought his way out from the dominance of his father's will and found his own individuality, until the definite break with the old religion came when he was seventeen.

Not, however, as a history of religious development is this book chiefly remarkable, but as a study of character. To many of the present generation, who have been mercifully spared the struggle out of this religious bondage, the father may appear a fantastic creature—a figure of fiction, drawn with rare skill, but without counterpart in our life to-day. Only those who have known the Puritan spirit as it still survives here and there can testify to its literal truthfulness. The genuineness of the other characters is beyond dispute: the sensitive, acute child, the pathetic mother, the stepmother (a wholesome figure of normal womanhood), certain subordinate characters of rich humanity, some of them touched with the true spirit of comedy. I had marked dozens of passages for quotation, but it is hard to quote from a work so organic, in which every part fits into and supports every other part. Passages there are of exquisite insight, of seasoned reflection, of pathos and of delightful humour; but they all go to the making of a picture of life that must be seen as a whole. As a personal revelation, this book must take its place in the small group that includes such vital records of the soul as Amiel's *Journal* and *The Story of an African Farm*.

Ward Clark.

XVIII

Mrs. Atherton's "Ancestors"*

One who knew and loved old San Francisco is perhaps no fair critic of such a book as Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's *Ancestors*, which is an attempt to convey in fiction that strange, attractive, mad city which the gods took unto themselves. An outlander who had peeped into the city is the one to say if she has succeeded; the present writer admits incompetence in this respect at the very beginning.

The larger plan of the book is a mistake; and this mistake handicaps the author in telling her story. A young Englishman, a power in the House of Commons, meets the double disappointment of an unhappy love affair and a succession to a peerage. He is "kicked upstairs"; in the House of Lords, with which he has no sympathy, he must fail

*Ancestors. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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in the career of which he dreams. He has American blood in him; he owns estates in California. Guided largely by the Californian heroine (whose ultimate destiny he is from the first), he renounces Great Britain and sails for the United States with the intention of cutting out a career for himself in American politics. He has an eye on the United States Senate, it seems. This is a bizarre device, strained, improbable; it takes no very wide knowledge of American politics to see the ultimate finish of such an ambition. But Mrs. Atherton takes it as seriously as that cool, powerful hero of hers. In the first half of her book, which is set among country families in England, he is a real man, alive, convincing. She might have finished up that first part with a chapter or two and left it a wholly sound and sincere piece of work. But when she shifts him out of his environment, when she starts him on a career in California which is to blossom into Americanism in the heat of the great disaster—then the picture begins to blur.

It may be presumed that Mrs. Atherton had an artistic purpose at bottom for taking this method of presenting San Francisco. She wanted to show it through European glasses, to present its splendours, its contradictions, its complexities, as an Old World pair of eyes might see them. The method was at fault. A character thrown into a work of pure fiction for such a part must be in the chorus, not in the lead. It is the backer in the corner, the reporter on the benches, who tells how a fight went; not the fighter struggling in the ring.

In still another sense, the author has attempted a thing beyond human powers. All Californian writers have hugged the delusion that some day some one would arise with the great Californian novel, which should convey the wonder and romance of San Francisco from Nob Hill to Tar Flat. One novel may describe, may make real and vivid, a neighbourhood, a village or a street; but who ever put a whole metropolis into one book? Dickens—he takes a dozen novels to complete his picture; London lives in no one of them. Thackeray, Trollope—they painted broad on many canvases. What one book of Balzac's, what six books, conveyed the Paris of his time? It took a cycle. New York—no one has ever done it for New York. Now, San Francisco was a metropolis; though smaller than New York by seven-eighths, it had all metropolitan activities. It preserved, too, certain curious and subtle differences from any other metropolis in the world; peculiarities so delicate in their distinctions that to convey them, to make the picture convincing and sincere, would have taken a vast deal of writing. Yet the late Frank Norris believed to his death that some day, when he was mature enough in his art, he would write the great novel of San Francisco. He was on the right track, although he had not yet learned it. *McTeague, Moran of the Lady Letty* and *Blix* pictured truly three corners of the city. A dozen more, each successively stronger with the growth of his powers, and he might have accomplished it. But it would have been a cycle, not a single novel. Now Gertrude Atherton, from the very character of her talent, is even less likely to accomplish such a feat. Her power of imagination is always greater than her skill in writing, her perception of human psychology better than her ability to convey it. She has taken a dozen novels and tried to compress them into one. For example, take Stone, the painter. There was a type unique to San Francisco. The Bohemian artist, sunk in his Bohemianism, preaching art for art's sake and taking it out in preaching, swamped in a long-lasting and irresponsible youth—how many of these an old San Franciscan can remember! He stands on Russian Hill above the burning city, knocks the neck from the last bottle of champagne, and, sweeping his glass over the conflagration, drinks to chaos:

> Here's to Zinkand's, Tait's, the Palace Grill! The Poodle Dog! The Pup! Delmonico's! Coppa's! The Fashion! The Hotel de France! And here's to the Cocktail Route, the Tenderloin, and the Bohemian Club! And here's to the old city, whose like will never be seen this side of Hell again!

He, with his little, practical, faithful wife, a snow-bird mated to a hummingbird—they are probably more true than any other characters of *Ancestors*. Even

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with them, however, one feels that the unfoldment has been too hurried for lack of space.

Will Irwin.

XIX

Harrison Rhodes's "The Flight to Eden"*

The first chapter of this story is striking; it gives promise of more than actually follows. This is the situation: A young man about town, whose pleasures have been the ordinary pleasures of his kind, falls in love, honestly according to his code, with an innocent girl. He marries her and makes her happy, which does not mean that he eschews his cakes and ale. On the contrary, he lightheartedly continues, from the first, his course of petty amours with music-hall beauties and the like. Society has bred him to take that sort of thing as a matter of course; and he has no serious qualms. With his clubs, his mistresses, and his home time passes very pleasantly; and there is no apparent reason why it should not continue so to pass forever. But a natural, if unexpected, thing happens: One of the discarded concubines out of jealousy and spite puts the young wife on the track of the latest favourite. The husband is discovered *in flagrante delicto.* The wife commits suicide.

Reduced to these bald terms, the whole thing sounds distinctly commonplace, but in Mr. Rhodes's hands it does not lack glamour. The gloss of rank is not a small asset; this is a tragedy in very high life. Lord Basil is the son of a marquis, and Lady Kitty is the daughter of a duke. Money is no object, and nobody has to work. Everybody is free to make a mess of life in his own way, since a really complete and happy savagery is the button on the cap of civilisation. Lord Basil is a much better fellow than his father or his brother—a pair of libidinous and drunken rascals, whose manners, even, are execrable.

Mr. Rhodes possesses the art, now growing less rare among our novelists, of expressing the hard and often brutal facts of life among "the best set" with equal frankness and suavity. He does not mince matters, but records them with a tranquil nonchalance which seems to deprecate anything so crude as an exhibition of feeling on the reader's part. We are not to be sentimental or objugatory; this is the kind of thing that happens, and really one might as well consider it dispassionately. There is much to be said for this method; in Mrs. Wharton's hands, for example, it has worked wonders. Mr. Rhodes employs it effectively in his opening chapter.

But a "strong" situation and a discreet style do not make a good novel. No doubt *The Flight to Eden* will be hailed by the newspapers as a powerful story, because various unpleasant things happen and there is plain, if urbane, speech about them. But it is not a powerful story. The idea of it—that of a return to nature—is an inexhautsibly fruitful idea, and there is a certain mild interest in the present adaptation of it. Lord Basil's flight has two rather paltry motives: the fear of open disgrace and the fear of continued mischief among women. The mother of his dead wife orders him to leave England on penalty of exposure; he is really left no choice in the matter. His flight therefore is primarily an escape from social justice, not an escape from the vanities of the world to the realities of a solitude infinitely to be preferred for its own sake. It is, in a sense, a willing withdrawal from the temptations of the world. Lord Basil feels that he has harmed women sufficiently (they have perhaps come to bore him a little with the charms which he still finds irresistible), and he is not forlorn at the prospect of banishment to a spot in which, he overconfidently supposes, the deadly swish of the petticoat will not be heard.

To Florida, then, he goes, by no means a heroic figure. There he finds a portion of the coast lands which his mother has made over to him occupied by a squatter, who has been in undisturbed possession for many years. This man has had a curious history, which we need not go into. Enough to say that he is a wealthy misanthrope, who lives in the ruins of his once fine mansion in the company of his wife, two daughters, and an uncertain number of swine. His chief pleasures

*The Flight to Eden. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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are brutal and filthy speech, beating his "cracker" wife and collecting unsavoury provender for his pets. The swill-worship motive recurs persistently throughout the narrative. There is, however, a rose-worship motive, which does what it may toward deodorising the atmosphere and restoring the æsthetic equilibrium. Its high-priestess is the younger daughter of the misanthrope. With her, not to our overwhelming surprise, Lord Basil falls in love, and to her, after driving her to an attempted suicide, he is safely wed. He has become the head of the family, but he cannot trust either himself or his wife in England. So they find an Eden in the Everglades, remote from fashion, and free from the perilous problems of sex due to the presence of numbers; and there live blameless and happy forever after. The truth is, Lord Basil is an essentially insignificant person; it is impossible to feel profound interest in his susceptibilities or his compunctions. The candle is hardly worth the game.

H. W. Boynton.

XX

Mr. Conrad's "The Secret Agent"*

Mr. Joseph Conrad renders difficult the task of reviewing *The Secret Agent* by already having written *Lord Jim, Youth* and the rest of his splendid list of titles. By them we know what he can do. Therefore we cannot dismiss *The Secret Agent* with a few well-chosen words to the effect that it is a readable story, with flashes of humour and passages of gripping realism.

The book has to do with anarchists, diplomats, policemen and stodgy middle-class English people. Of the lot, all but the Professor with his *nth* power explosive are either opéra bouffe or treated as such. In that we touch the chief fault of the book. Mr. Conrad sketches for us a half-dozen characters from the standpoint of delicately satiric contempt, the sort of contempt that refuses to take seriously either the motives, temperaments or actions of the specimens at which it laughs. Mr. Hichens in *The Londoners* and *The Prophet of Berkeley Square* offers a good example of what I mean. The Secret Agent himself pays "visitations" which "set in with great severity." He is "steady like a rock—a soft kind of rock." The diplomat has "the air of a preternaturally thriving baby that will not stand nonsense from anybody." The three anarchists gathered in the little back shop are cowardly, fat, decrepit, futile. Probably they were so, and Mr. Conrad intends to show just these qualities in apposition to the swift terror of the dynamite outrage. But he overdoes it. One feels that after the fall of the curtain they will go forth to the consumption of beer—real beer, not the property beer they drink in the book.

And then, without any real reason for it, we are offered mangled flesh scooped up with a shovel, and gentlemen with carving knives in their bosoms, and abandoned crazed ladies leaping from channel steamers.

The only excuse for a book with a "disagreeable ending," so-called, is an exact realism that makes the tragedy inevitable from the first. Witness *The Heart of Darkness.* When an author's personal bias is permitted in any way to intrude, it weakens by just so much the convincing quality of his work.

In several other ways *The Secret Agent* seems to have been written from the blind spot of Mr. Conrad's literary vision. The long and rambling description of the old mother on her way to the poorhouse —excellent enough in itself—has absolutely "nothing to do with the case." Comrade Ossipon's intrusion into the big tragedies at the end seems to me a trifle irrelevant, not to say impertinent. Mr. Verloc, after having the book named for him, holds with difficulty the title rôle, and is finally knifed and left on the sofa while the story, with unexpected tenacity of life and fickleness of affection, fastens on the heretofore unimportant Mrs. Verloc and follows her through fifty-odd pages, only to abandon her with equal unexpectedness in favour of the Professor. And heretofore the Professor's sole mission in life seemed to have been that of picturesqueness and the invention of an explosive.

With it all is Mr. Conrad's marvellous faculty of fixing a scene in suspension

*The Secret Agent. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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as by a flash of lightning, his power of bringing out a character by a multiplicity of little touches, the insight that has made his work a delight. The imaginative reader can see readily enough what he is after. Only he has not done it.

Stewart Edward White.

XXI

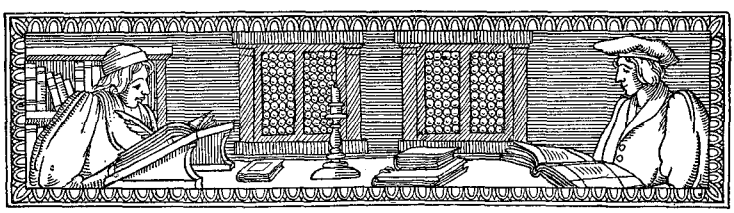
Octave Thanet's "The Lion's Share"*

This is an honest little book certainly. For the modest price of purchase it offers a bewildering assortment of thrilling incident and adventure. It is comparable only to a Christmas bargain counter. Everything there that man, woman, or child could possibly desire, from the San Francisco earthquake, and the assassination by bomb of a multi-millionaire railroad magnate, down to the details of an exciting hand at bridge. What more could we ask for? There is the kidnapping of the railroad magnate, there is a double kidnapping, first pretended, then real, of a young boy; there is a hold-up of the cross-continent express; there is a preliminary stabbing of the multi-millionaire before the bomb gets in its fine work; there is a lot of Sherlock Holmes doings on the part of an interfering old army officer who is an unbearable prig—one could keep on like this for a dozen lines at least. There are plenty of motor cars of course, no modern story is complete without them, and there is much bridge whist. Everybody is spying on everybody else, everybody is doing amateur or professional detective work on his own hook, and it would take a Sherlock Holmes to follow the intricacies of the plot. It reads like some electrical toy, the kind you wind up and then let it go to see what happens. One suspects that the author has worked on the same principle. She has piled on the incident until she does not know just what to do to get out of the tangle. Then somebody is stabbed, or somebody else turns up suddenly, or something happens; there is a lot of explanation that doesn't explain anything, and off it all starts again on the same bewildering round.

If the book were intended frankly for a story of adventure, probable or improbable, it certainly would fulfil the requirements. But there is an evident intention to make it something more, a desire to take in, in serious discussion, all the details of our complex modern life. There is now and then an attempt at character drawing, and there are frequent long digressions on bridge whist, high finance, and various other subjects, digressions which are sometimes justified by the story, sometimes not. In the latter case they look as if the author was trying to air her intimate knowledge, technical knowledge à la Zola, of the subject treated. Readers on the lookout for adventure only will skip these passages and will read the rest of the book eagerly—provided they can keep the thread of the story. Those who have expected something better from Octave Thanet will be disappointed. There are some passages regarding the evils of centralisation of industry which are well written. Just as we begin to feel a genuine interest in the point of view, off goes the story on its mad whirl again, and all thoughtful coherence is lost.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*The Lion's Share. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.



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YALE'S NEW BATTLE HYMN

MOTHER OF MEN

Mother of Men, grown strong in giving
  Honour to them thy lights have led—
Rich in the toil of thousands living,
  Proud of the deeds of thousands dead;
We who have felt thy power, and known thee,
  We in whose work thy gifts avail—
High in our hearts enshrined enthrone thee,
  Mother of Men—Old Yale!

Spirit of Youth, alive, unchanging,
  Under whose feet the years are cast—
Heir to an ageless empire, ranging
  Over the future and the past—
Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,
  Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,
Praise we to-day in sturdy chorus,
  Mother of Men—Old Yale!

NOTE—For years Yale men have felt that their University lacked a hymn of the spirit and fire of Princeton's "Old Nassau." Many attempts have been made to supply this deficiency, and for the past three years there has been a prize of three hundred dollars offered. This prize was recently awarded to Brian Hooker, Yale, 1902, for "Mother of Men." The music for "Mother of Men" was written by S. D. Bingham, Yale, 1897.—Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

TO the English traveller in America the language which he hears spoken about him is at once a puzzle and a surprise. It is his own, yet not his own. It seems to him a caricature of English, a phantom speech, ghostly yet familiar, such as he might hear in a land of dreams. He recognises its broad lineaments; its lesser details evade or confuse him. He acknowledges that the two tongues have a common basis. Their grammatical framework is identical. The small change of language — the adverbs and prepositions —though sometimes strangely used in America, are not strange to an English ear. And there the precise resemblance ends. Accent, idiom, vocabulary, give a new turn to the ancient speech. The traveller feels as though he were confronted with an old friend tricked out in an odd suit of clothes, and master of a new pose and unaccustomed gesture.

The Americans are commonly reported to speak through their nose. A more intimate acquaintance with their manner belies this reputation. It is rather a drawl that afflicts the ear than a nasal twang. You notice in every sentence a curious shifting of emphasis. America, with the true instinct of democracy, is determined to give all parts of speech an equal chance. The modest pronoun is not to be outdone by the blustering substantive or the self-asserting verb. And so it is that the native American hangs upon the small words; he does not clip and sheer the unimportant voca-

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bles, and what his tongue loses in colour it gains in distinctness.

If the American continent had been colonised by Englishmen before the invention of printing, we might have watched the growth of another Anglo-Saxon tongue separate and characteristic. American might have wandered as far from English as French or Spanish has wandered from Latin. It might have invented fresh inflections and shaped its own syntax. But the black art of Gutenberg had hindered the free development of speech, before John Smith set foot in what was afterward called Virginia, and the easy interchange of books, newspapers, and other merchandise insured a certain uniformity. And so it was that the Americans, having accepted a ready-made system of grammar, were forced to express their fancy in an energetic and multi-coloured vocabulary. Nor do they attempt to belittle their debt. Rather they claim in English an exclusive privilege. Those whose pleasure it is to call America "God's own country" tell us with a bluff heartiness that they are the sole inheritors of the speech which Chaucer and Shakespeare adorned. It is their favourite boast that they have preserved the old language from extinction. They expend a vast deal of ingenuity in the fruitless attempt to prove that even their dialects have their roots deep down in the soil of classical English. And when proofs are demanded, they are indeed a sorry few. A vast edifice of mistaken pride has been established upon the insecure basis of three words—fall, gotten, and bully. These once were familiar English, and they are English no more. The word "fall," "the fall of the leaf," which beautifully echoes the thought if spring survives only in our provinces. It makes but a furtive and infrequent appearance in our literature. Chaucer knows it not, nor Shakespeare. Johnson cites but one illustration of its use—from Dryden:

> What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
> Or how last fall he rais'd the weekly bills.

On the other side of the Atlantic it is universally heard and written. There the word "autumn" is unknown and though there is a dignity in the Latin word, ennobled by our orators and poets, there is none with a sense of style who will not applaud the choice of America.

But if it may take a lawful pride in "fall," America need not boast the use of "gotten." The termination, which survives by an unexplained accident of language, adds nothing of sense or sound to the word. It is like a piece of dead wood in a tree, and is better lopped off. Nor does the use of "bully" prove a wholesome respect for the past. It is true that our Elizabethans used this adjective in the sense of great or noble. "Come," writes Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster,* "I love bully Horace."*

But in England the word was never of universal application, and was sternly reserved for poets, kings and heroes. In modern America there is nothing that may not be "bully," if it meet with your approval. "A bully place," "a bully boat," "a bully blaze"—these show how far the word has departed from its origin. And its descent is not unbroken. Overlooked for centuries, it was revived (or re-invented) in America some fifty years ago, and it is not to Dekker and Ben Jonson that we must look for palliation of its misuse.

Words have their fates. By a caprice of fortune one is taken, another is left. This is restricted to a narrow use; that wanders free over the plain of meaning. And thus we may explain many of the variations of English and American speech. A simple word crosses the ocean and takes new tasks upon itself. The word "parlour," for instance, is dying in our midst, while "parlor" gains a fresh vigour from an increasing and illegitimate employment. Originally, a room in a religious house, a parlour (or parloir) became a place of reception or entertainment. Two centuries ago an air of elegance hung about it. It suggested spinets and powdered wigs. And then as fashion turned to commonness, the parlour grew stuffy with disuse, until it is to-day

*Innumerable examples might be culled from the literature of the seventeenth century. One other will suffice here, taken from Dekker's *Shoemakers' Holiday:* "Yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-ball with it, to please my bully king."

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the room reserved for a vain display, consecrated to wax flowers and framed photographs, hermetically sealed, save when the voice of gentility bids its furtive door be opened. The American "parlor" resembles the "parlour" of the eighteenth century as little as the "parlour" of the Victorian age. It is busy, public, and multifarious. It means so many things that at last it carries no other meaning than that of a false elegance. It is in a dentist's parlor that the American's teeth are gilded; he is shaved in a tonsorial parlor; he travels in a parlor car; and in Miss Maudie's parlor sees how far an ancient word may wander from its origin. One example, of many, will illustrate the accidents which beset the life of words. No examples will justify the paradox, which has flattered the vanity of some American critics, that their language has faithfully adhered to the tradition of English speech.

The vocabulary of America, like the country itself, is a strange medley. All the languages of Europe, besides Yiddish, have been pilfered for its composition. Some words it has assimilated into itself, others it holds, as it were, by a temporary loan. And in its choice or invention it follows two divergent, even opposite paths. On the one hand it pursues and gathers to itself barbarous, inexpressive Latinisms; on the other, it is eager in its quest after a free and living slang. That a country which makes a constant boast of its practical intelligence should delight in long, flat, cumbrous collections of syllables, such as "locate," "operate," "antagonise," "transportation," "commutation," and "proposition," is an irony of civilisation. These words, if words they may be called, are hideous to the eye, offensive to the ear, and meaningless to the brain. They are the base coins of language. They bear upon their face no decent superscription. They are put upon the street, fresh from some smasher's den, and not even the newspapers, contemptuous as they are of style, have reason to be proud of them. Nor is there any clear link between them and the work thrust upon them. Why should the poor holder of a season-ticket have the grim word "commutation" hung about his neck? Why should the simple business of going from one place to another be labelled "transportation"? And these words are apt and lucid compared with "proposition." Now "proposition" is America's maid of all work. It means everything or nothing. It may be masculine, feminine, neuter—he, she, it. It is tough or firm, cold or warm, according to circumstances. But it has no more sense than an expletive, and its popularity is a clear proof of a starved imagination.

And while the American language is collecting these dried and shrivelled specimens of verbiage it does not disdain the many-coloured flowers of lively speech. In other words, it gives as ready a welcome to the last experiment in slang as to its false and pompous Latinisms. Nor is the welcome given in vain. Never before in the world's history has slang flourished as it has flourished in America, and its triumph is not surprising. It is more than any artifice of speech the mark of a young and changing people. Youth has a natural love of metaphor and imagery; its pride delights in the mysteries of a technical vocabulary; it is happiest when it can fence itself about by the privilege of an exclusive and obscure tongue. And what is slang but metaphor? There is no class, no cult, no trade, no sport which will not provide some strange words or images to the general stock of language, and America's variety has been as quick an encouragement to the growth of slang as her youth. She levies contributions upon every batch of immigrants. The Old World has thus come to the aid of the New. Spanish, Chinese, German and Yiddish have all paid their toll. The aboriginal speech of the Indians, and its debased lingo, Chinook, have given freely of their wealth. And not only many tongues but many employments have enhanced the picturesqueness of American slang. Now, America has not yet lost touch with her beginnings. The spirit of adventure is still strong within her. There is no country within whose borders so many lives are led. The pioneer still jostles the millionaire. The backwoods are not far distant from Wall

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Street. The farmers of Ohio, the cowboy of Texas, the miners of Nevada, owe allegiance to the same Government, and shape their same speech each to their own purpose. Every State is a separate country, and cultivates a separate dialect. Then come baseball, poker, and the race-course, with their own metaphors to swell the hoard. And the result is a language of the street and camp, brilliant in colour, multiform in character, which has not a rival in the history of speech.

There remains the cant of the grafters and guns, the coves that work upon the cross in the great cities. In England, as in France, this strange gibberish is the oldest and richest form of slang. Whence it came is still a puzzle of the philologists. Harrison in his *Description of England* (1577) with a dogmatism which is not justified sets a precise date upon its invention. "In counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues," says he of the vagabonds, who then infested England, "they have devised a language among themselves which they name Canting, but others Pedlar's French, a speech compact thirty years since of English, and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason, and yet such is it that none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, a just reward no doubt for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession." This lingo, called indifferently Thieves' Latin or St. Giles's Greek, was assuredly not the invention of one brain. The work of many, it supplied an imperious need. It was at once an expression of pride and a shield of defence. Those who understood it proved by its use that they belonged to a class apart; and, being unintelligible to the respectable majority, they could communicate with one another secretly, as they hoped, and without fear of detection. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the flash tongue grew and was changed; it crossed the Atlantic with the early settlers; and it has left its marks upon the dialect of the American underworld. But its influence upon the common slang has been light in America, as in England. It is as severely technical as the language of science, and is familiar chiefly to policemen, tramps and informers. As slang leaves the tavern and the street-corner to invade the theatre, the office and even the drawing-room, those who aim at a variety of speech need not borrow from the cant of the vagabonds, and it is not surprising that to-day the vulgar tongue, in America as in England, borrows more from "soldiers on the long march, seamen at the capstern, and ladies disposing of fish," than from the common cursitors and cony-catchers, who once dominated it.

The use of slang proves at once the wealth and poverty of a language. It proves its wealth when it reflects a living, moving image. It proves its poverty, when it is nothing more than the vain echo of a familiar catchword. At its best it is an ornament of speech; at its worst it is a labour-saving device. And it is for this reason that the vulgar American delights in the baser kind of slang: it seems to insure him an easy effect. He must be picturesque at all costs. Sometimes he reaches the goal of his ambition by a purposed extravagance. What can be more foolish than the description which follows of a man equal to the most difficult occasion: "He can light his cigar when the battle is on with the friction of a passing cannon-ball." In yet worse taste is another piece of fustian invented by the same author: "When a 'twister' off the hills gets ready to do business in a 20-knot sou'wester it sends no messenger boys ahead to distribute its itinerary handbills." There is no fault of style which these few lines do not display. They combine, with a singular success, commonness and pomp. The epic poets of old were wont to illustrate the life of man by the phenomena of nature. The vulgar American reverses the process: he illustrates nature by the pavement.

Exaggeration, then, is an easy artifice of effect. Another is the constant repetition of certain words and phrases which have lost their meaning by detrition, and yet are known to all. Not to be disappointed is sometimes as pleasant as to be surprised. A catchword, passed from one to another, is often a signal of sympathy, and many a man has passed for a wit merely because his tinkling

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brain has given back the echo which was expected. In stereotyped phrases, in ready-made sentences, in the small change of meaningless words the American language is peculiarly rich. "To cut ice," "to get next to," "to deliver the goods"—these and similar expressions, of no obvious merit in themselves, long ago lost their freshness and are not likely to assume a dignity with age. But they save trouble; they establish an understanding between him who speaks and him who hears; and when they are interjected into a discourse they serve the purpose of gestures. To exclaim "I should smile," or "I should cough," is not of much help in an argument, but it implies a knowledge not merely of popular speech, but of your interlocutor.

Slang is better heard than read. The child of the street or the hedgerow, it assumes in print a smug air which does not belong to it, or worse still it is charged with the vice or the vagabondage which it expresses. And so it is that slang words have a life as closely packed with adventure as is the life of those who use them with the quickest understanding. To ask what becomes of last year's slang is as rash as to speculate on the fate of last year's literature. Many specimens perish in the gutter, where they were born, after living a precarious life in the mouths of men. Others are gathered into dictionaries, and survive to become the sport of philologists. For the worst of their kind special lexicons are designed, which, like prisons and workhouses, admit only the disreputable, as though Victor Hugo's definition—*"L'argot, c'est le verbe devenir forçat"*—were amply justified. The journals, too, which take their material where they find it, give to many specimens of slang a life as long as their own. It is scarcely possible, for instance, to pick up a newspaper that does not turn the word *cinch* to some strange purpose. The form and origin of the word are worthy a better fate. It passed from Spain into the Western States, and was the name given to saddle-girths of leather or woven horsehair. It suggests Mexican horsemanship and the open prairie. The explanation given in the Century Dictionary will make clear its meaning to the untravelled. "The two ends of the tough cordage, which constitute the cinch, terminate in long, narrow strips of leather, called *látigos*, which connect the cinches with the saddle, and are run through an iron ring, called the *larigo* ring, and then tied by a series of complicated turns and knots, known only to the craft." In the West it is still used in its natural and dignified sense. For example: "At Giles's ranch, on the divide, the party halted to cinch up." And then, in the East, it has become the victim of metaphorical usage. As a verb, it means to hold firm, to put a screw on; as a noun, it means a grip or screw, an advantage, fair or unfair. In the hand of the sporting reporter it can achieve wonders. "The bettor of whom the pool-room bookmaker stands in dread"—this flower of speech is culled from the New York *World*—"is the race-horse owner who has a cinch bottled up for a particular race, and drops into the room an hour or two before the race begins." The idea of bottling a cinch is enough to make a Mexican shudder, and the confused image helps to explain the difference between East and West.

Thus the word wanders farther and farther from its origin, and when at last its meaning is wholly forgotten or obscured, it becomes part of the common speech. One kind of slang may succeed to another, but *cinch* is secure forever of a place in the newspaper and in the spoken language of America. Caboodle, also, is firmly established. The long series of words, such as cachunk or kerplunk, which suggest the impact of falling bodies with the earth, will live as expletives with say, sure, and the many other interjections which in converse fill up the pauses of thought and word. There are two other specimens of slang, beloved by the journals, for which it would be rash to prophesy a long life. To call a man or a thing or an act the limit is for the moment the highest step, save one, in praise or blame. When the limit is not eloquent enough to describe the hero who has climbed the topmost rung of glory, the language gasps into simplicity and declares that he is It. "I didn't do a thing," says an eminent writer, "but push my face in there about

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eight o'clock last night, and I was It from the start." Though the pronoun is expressive enough, it does not carry with it the signs of immortality, and a changing fashion will doubtless sweep it away into the limbo of forgotten words.

The journals do their best to keep alive the language of the people. The novelists do far more, since their works outlive by months or years the extravagances of the press. And the novelists, though they preserve a scrupulous respect for the literary language, take what license the dialect and character of their personages permit them. It is from novels, indeed, that future generations will be able to construct the speech of today. With the utmost skill, the writers of romance mimic the style and accent of their contemporaries. They put into the mouths of those who if life know no other lingo the highly coloured slang of the street or the market. Here, for instance, is the talk of a saloon-keeper, taken from W. Payne's story *The Money Captain*, which echoes as nearly as printed words can echo the voice of the boodler. "Stop it?" says the saloon-keeper of a journalist's attack. "What I got to stop it with? What's the matter with you fellows anyhow? You come chasin' yourselves down here scared out your wits because a dinky little one-cent newspaper's makin' faces at you. A man'd think you was a young lady's Bible class and 'd seen a mouse. . . . Now that's right," he exclaims, as another assailant appears; "make it unanimous. Let all hands come and right the ship on old Simp. Tell him your troubles and ask him to help you out. He ain't got nothing better to do. Pitch into him; give him hell; he likes it. Come one, come all—all you moth-eaten, lousy stiffs from Stiffville. Come tell Simp there's a reporter rubberin' around and you're scared to death. He'll sympathise with you—you sweet-scented skates." It is not an elegant method of speech, but such as it is, it bears as close a resemblance to the dialect of Chicago as can be transferred from the ear to the eye.

If we compare the present with the past, we cannot but acknowledge that American slang has grown marvellously in colour and variety. The jargon of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings possessed as little fire as character. These two humourists obtained their effect by the simple method, lately advocated by Messrs. Roosevelt and Carnegie, of spelling as they pleased. The modern professors of slang have invented a new style. Their pages sparkle with wit and illusion. They interpret their shrewd sense in words and phrases which have never before enjoyed the freedom of printer's ink. George Ade, the best of them all, has shown us how the wise ones of Chicago think and speak. His *Fables in Slang* is a little masterpiece of humour in substance and of wit in expression. To quote from it would be to destroy its effect. But it will discover the processes of slang as it is understood in the West more clearly than any argument, and having amused the present generation, it will remain an historical document of enduring value.

Slang is the only language known to many thousands of citizens. The newly arrived immigrant delights to prove his familiarity with the land of his adoption by accepting its idioms and by speaking the tongue not of books but of the market-place. And yet this same slang, universally heard and understood, knocks in vain for admission into American literature. It expatiates freely in the journals. It finds a place in novels of dialect, and in works, like George Ade's, which are designed for its exposition. But it has no part in the fabric of the gravely written language. Men of letters have disdained its use with a scrupulousness worthy our own eighteenth century. The best of them have written an English as pure as a devout respect for tradition can make it. Though they have travelled far in space and thought, they have anchored their craft securely in the past. No writer that has handled prose or verse with a high seriousness has offended against the practice of the masters—save only Walt Whitman, and he, though he has tempted men to parody, has left no school behind him. The written word and the spoken word are divided more widely in America than elsewhere. The spoken word threw off the trammels of an uneasy restraint at the very outset. The written word still obeys the law of grad-

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ual development, which has always controlled it. If you contrast the English literature of to-day with the American, you will find differences of accent and expression, so slight that you may neglect them. You will find resemblances which prove that it is not in vain that our literatures have a common origin and have followed a common road. The arts, in truth, are more willingly obedient than life or politics to the established order; and America, free and democratic though she be, loyally acknowledges the sovereignty of humane letters. American is heard at the street corner. It is still English that is written in the study.

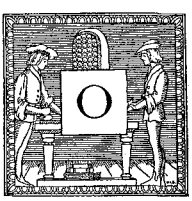
Charles Whibley.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE AUGUST PAGEANT



N the last day of August there fell one of the rare moments of Dartmoor's highest glory. After eight and forty hours of mist and rain the wind drifted to the north and died there. Then the temperature rose and heat set the air dancing like a cloth of crystal thrown over the purple and gold of the wilderness.

Aloft, upon the head of the tor in that glad hour, there happened the nuptial flight of ants. It was their brief-winged time of joy, and they whirled in a little black halo above the rocks and made a crown of life for the world. The sound of these myriads was audible and it came like the sustained throb of Pan's own passionate flute heard far away. The music persisted in a wail against the bass of the humble bees and the drone of insects that threaded the silence of this most lofty, most lonely pinnacle. Now the noise grew as loud as a bird's cry; now it waned to the whisper of rubbing grass blades; and the amazing tornado of ants warped here and there with the breath of the air, or as their countless wills simultaneously dictated. There seemed little method in the wild dance and delirium of the swarm; yet love ordered all and, in that midst of life, the sun forgot not the least scrap of life wrapped in the frenzy of the first end of life. Presently there would be mounds of dead to mark that aerial rite; unnumbered tiny gauzes would drop; unnumbered neuters, whose part is service, would minister to the matrons of the generation to come.

A woman listened to the wail of the ants and watched them; then she turned and looked at the outspread earth; and then she sighed and plucked a piece of ling. Out of idleness rather than curiosity she examined it. She was resting for a few moments on her way home. She carried a heavy basket, and the unslaked fires overhead had wearied her. Jill lolled in a little cup of the heath and considered the sprig of the ling.

Suddenly, far below in the direction she would presently take, Jill saw a man and woman. Interest of the most active sort awoke in her mind, but it was not a pleasant interest.

Presently they stopped some quarter-mile below Jill, and sat in the fern and continued their speech. She watched them, herself unseen, and felt that she would give much to know the subject of their conversation.

Ives Pomeroy and Ruth spoke to-

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gether, and their topic was Matthew Northmore.

"No," she said. "He don't trouble me much now, poor fellow. You mustn't think that. He's a kindhearted man really, Ives. I wish—I wish he was different."

"He hates me now, because I dared to tell him the truth. And look at his dirty little revenge. He engages Codd. I didn't think none the better of him for that. 'Twas done of course to annoy me."

"I don't think so."

"I know so. And I despise the mean creature. He's scored off me more than once during the past few years, and he's obstinate and a bit of a brute, specially in the way he's badgered and bullied you. But I'll cry quits some day. I don't forget what I owe him. He's a man that won't be choked off a thing—and more won't I. Certainly he's cruel lucky—money rolls in on him."

"I must be getting on," she said.

He regarded her with the air of possession. It had now come to him as a certainty that Ruth Rendle must be his wife. He had reached the point of desiring her and of missing her when days passed and they did not meet. He had not, however, grown to be jealous of other men, or fearful that she might not love him; but the dawn of that intenser emotion was near. He had heard much of Ruth lately behind her back, because Lizzie was spending a month at Vixen Tor. Arthur Brown happened to be away with a Cook's touring party in France, improving and enlarging his mind; and Lizzie felt very happy at the Vixen in companionship with her own. She wrote to her husband that Ives was marvellously improved, and she spoke ceaselessly to Ives of Ruth and of the mother's great ambition concerning her. The subject was agreeable to Ives, but Lizzie felt that his indifference to delay showed him not really lover-like. She chid him and foretold that he would lose Ruth altogether. "She may like you well enough, but she can't wait forever," Lizzie declared. "There's other men as good and well-to-do see her every day at Tavistock."

This true saying Ives remembered now as he looked at Ruth.

"Don't go just for a minute. Have you ever thought how changed I be, Ruth?"

"No. I don't see you much changed, Ives."

"Not since mother died?"

"No."

"I am, however; and specially to the girls. I did a lot of damned silly things in my young days—the cheek I'd got with 'em! But now I believe I'm getting a properer feeling towards 'em."

"That was foretold. 'Twas said that as you knew yourself better, you'd rate the females higher."

"I lay mother told you that."

"Yes, she did. That and much else."

"You never tell me the things she used to say about me."

"Why should I? Can't you guess them? 'Twasn't only of you we talked. She taught me all—all I know that's worth knowing."

He nodded, with his mother's nod, plucked a blade of grass and chewed it.

She rose.

"And I must get about my business."

"When do you come back to the Jolly Huntsmen?"

"After ten o'clock. I'm to have two whole days' holiday and go back to Tavistock to work to come Monday."

"I'll come and meet you to-night," he said. "And what about Sunday? You haven't seen as much of Lizzie as she could wish yet. Will you drink tea along with us?"

"Yes, if she'd like."

"She would like. She's very anxious for you to see the baby again."

"A little beauty 'tis!"

"Can't say. Men ban't judges. But infant though he be, the creature's so like his father as two peas. The same great, pious, brown eyes—stupid as a calf's. He'd begin to lecture me, like Arthur does, if he could talk. He looks at me now as if he knew I was going to the bad place."

"I hope you'll teach him not to be a prig."

"I shan't get the chance. You'll come o' Sunday?"

"Yes, I will, and thank you."

"And I'll make up along the road to-night to see you home. Expect me down

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to the cross-roads at Moor Shop to-night."

"Don't think of coming so far as that."

"'Twill be a pleasure to me to do it," he said.

She departed and Ives began to plan a great enterprise. He would meet her on the way back from Tavistock and ask her to marry him. He reflected and then hesitated. His old impetuosity was waning. He wondered what would happen to him if she refused.

He sat by the way for some time after Ruth had gone. A man on a pony gave him "good afternoon," but he failed to hear and took no notice. Then, suddenly he looked up and saw standing in front of him a woman with a heavy basket. She wore black, and the years rolled away and the woman reminded Ives of how she had looked in the past, when he met her after her baby died.

Jill had seen Ruth Rendle depart and resolved on this strong move. Now the man started and stared at her. He actually blushed and she noted the fact, but her own skin showed no answering flash.

"I suddenly marked you on my way down. You was alone, so I ventured. Will you please let me thank you from my very heart, Mr. Pomeroy, for all your loving kindness to my poor Samuel?"

"You needn't thank me. 'Twas my grandmother."

"I know better; but I'll leave that. Since I'm here, let me humbly ax you to forgive me for all the past. I've been very wicked to you."

He breathed hard.

"What—what the devil d'you mean?" he asked.

"Have you forgot? You done right and I—but 'twas losing you at the last minute, Ives. Mortal woman couldn't get over it all at once. 'Twas such a gashly thing. Pity me a bit and then you'll larn to forgive me. You was always able to forgive a girl anything."

"Why for didn't you come to see my mother when she was dying?" he asked. "Lizzie told me long after that she'd sent to you and you wouldn't come."

"I know—I know—my wickedness, and my loss. But 'tis like this: from that night, Ives, I was turned to gall. I had a devil come into me. I couldn't forgive you, or her, from that awful night till long, long after."

"She had nought to do with it. 'Twas your own act. You weren't straight with me. You waited till you knew your husband's uncle was going to be married. Then you said you'd run away, because t'other game was up. That's why I threw you over."

"I only ask you to forgive me. I make no excuses, though I'll swear afore my Maker that never influenced me. I hesitated along of fearing for your good, not my own. But I thank you for saving me as you did at the end."

"And spurned me after as if I was unclean."

"I'm only a woman. How would you have felt to me if I'd kept you waiting till daybreak at the Windystone and never come to you?"

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean that your letter went to my husband, not to me. And I went that cursed morning and suffered as no woman ever suffered afore. 'Twasn't human to help feeling it after, even though I did hear 'twas no fault of yours."

He stared.

"Samuel had the letter?"

"Yes; and let me go, and kept the secret close as wax. Only on his deathbed he told me and gave me the letter. I've got that letter now, Ives."

"Have you, by God!"

"He's gone to his rest now. Don't think hardly of him."

"Not me. And never said nothing! Poor worm! I'll trouble you for that letter, however."

"Of course you shall have it. 'Twas a very wise, noble letter. You've been the only light and sense that ever came into my life."

"What are you going to do?" he asked suddenly.

"Go back to my own people. Samuel left his cottage to his mother, till her death—then to me. The old woman says I can stop on if I've a mind to do it; but I've no mind to. I couldn't bide with her, though we're very good friends indeed now he's gone."

"You'll go home?"

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"Yes, till I find work."

"I'll carry your basket back for you, and you can give me that letter now this minute," he said.

"Thank you kindly, Ives. And will you say you've forgiven me for the past?"

"'Tis the other way, I reckon. 'Tis you have to forgive me. 'Twasn't pleasant to treat a woman as I treated you, and if you smarted to be at the Windystone, you may guess I smarted not to be there. But the past be past, and the less either of us call it back again, the better."

At her cottage, however, Jill declared that she could not find the letter.

"You shall have it so soon as I can put my hand upon it," she said. "'Tis hidden away so safe that for the minute I can't exactly mind where 'tis. Come up to-morrow evening."

He promised to do so; and for that day this remarkable discovery so filled his imagination that Ruth, on her evening journey, saw nothing of him.

CHAPTER XXXV

DARKNESS ON GREAT MIS

Arthur Brown arrived at Vixen Tor for a few days after his return to England. He was very instructive and never related any experience or incident without drawing some moral reflection therefrom. He showed himself deeply interested in his baby, and the father and son sometimes regarded each other in a manner that tempted Ives to grim amusement.

"Wonder what the thing will make of you," he mused as he watched the infant staring with fatuous solemnity at Arthur.

"Don't call it a 'thing'!" cried Lizzie, who had the baby on her lap.

"He is an immortal soul," said the schoolmaster. "The responsibility of the male parent begins a good deal sooner than most fathers imagine. Now I devote one whole hour of every day of my life to Arthur, though he is as yet not four months of age."

"Poor little devil!" said Ives.

"He loves his father," declared Lizzie. "After his father has been with him about half an hour, he always begins to say 'da-da-da,' and I know he's trying to say 'dad.'"

"More likely trying to say 'damn,'" suggested the uncle.

It was at this juncture that Ruth arrived and she and Lizzie departed to admire the baby's distinctions in private.

Ives showed greater patience with his brother-in-law than of old, though Arthur irritated him as usual. But his counter-strokes were of a kind less elementary. He seldom swore and cursed; he uttered his own opinions on what Arthur called "serious subjects"; and they awoke the fiercest antagonism.

To please Lizzie, Ives went to church several times during the month she spent at her old home, but services lacked salt for him. He only returned when she urged it and mentioned his mother's name. He was reminded that Avisa always liked him to go; and therefore again he went. His own mental life of late had widened and deepened; and the deeper he went the darker it became. The fountains of justice did not show themselves in the high places. He found them in man, never in God. He told Arthur Brown of this discovery and pained the schoolmaster not a little.

Ives saw Ruth home again after nightfall; he then kept his appointment with Jill; but the interview was shorter than she desired or intended. Her inclination tempted her to keep the famous letter; her wits told her that this would be impossible if for an instant she desired the goodwill of the man. She cursed herself very heartily for having mentioned the letter at all; but it had slipped out in presenting her case and her vigil. She felt that the pathetic spectacle of her tryst at the Windystone had impressed him; but on the other hand, it was unfortunate that the letter must be relinquished at this moment.

Her dreams and hopes were crushed after Pomeroy had been in the house five minutes. He came for the letter and he came fresh from a rather emotional farewell. He had asked Ruth at leave-taking to walk with him in the Moor on the following Sunday, and she had agreed to do so. They planned to a meeting at Merivale Bridge, and already

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the man's mind was full of it, as he took his letter from Jill's hand.

"Will you come in a minute, Ives?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Bolt," he answered, and the name struck cold; "I'll come in and burn this letter at your fire, if you please. Sooner the better."

He destroyed the paper and there was a pause.

"May I fetch you a drop of cider?"

"No, thanks. And so you go back to your own people?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yet sometimes I'm half in a mind to stop along with the old woman and see her out. She've got very little life left in her, now that her son's dead."

He looked at Jill, and she understood.

"You'll find a better man than him come presently," he said.

She made no answer but a sigh; then, after an awkward interval, he spoke again.

"I may tell you that I'm going to marry Miss Rendle very shortly."

She looked at him, and he saw her grow pale under the candle-light.

"'Twas always my mother's wish—not but what she's a powerful sight too good to me."

"No woman was ever that."

He saw tears glittering on her cheeks and rose hurriedly to depart.

"If ever I can do you a good turn, Jill," he said. Then he broke off. She buried her face in her arms on the table, and the mound of her wonderful hair shone close to the candle. From a mild and benignant spirit he leaped violently and fiercely to rage.

"God damn you all!" he said, and rushed out savagely.

His exit comforted her a good deal; she dried her eyes and still felt justified in a little hope. Such fury promised better than self-control and indifference had done. And yet her final thought that night brought back the tears again. He had said that he was going to marry Ruth Rendle, and he would not go back upon his word. She had lost him: there remained only the barren instinct of revenge. Well she knew, as all Merivale knew, that Matthew Northmore hungered after Ruth, and that Northmore and Pomeroy were enemies. She strove for a plan, but could find none.

But in all innocence Matthew helped the enemies of Ives next Sunday, for the master of Vixen Tor was late at Merivale Bridge through an incident at the farm, and when he arrived, Ruth and Northmore had been talking together for half an hour. They were not at the bridge, since that spot was occupied, as often happened on Sunday afternoon, by the folk; but Ives saw them on the bank of Walla a hundred yards away. They sat together and only rose at his approach. Then, not waiting to speak with him, Northmore abruptly departed. But Ruth smiled and held out her hand.

"He kept me company till you came," she said.

"Like his blasted impudence! Won't he never learn you don't want his company, long-faced dog? 'Tis a disgrace—And to go off like that——"

"You can't expect him to— But leave him. Smooth out your forehead, Ives."

"Can't expect him to—what?"

"Oh, I don't know what I was going to say."

"Yes, you do. You meant that I coudn't expect that man to like me. More I do. All the same, to turn his back so and make me look a fool in sight of all they men on the bridge——"

Ruth seldom laughed; but now she did so and the amusement was ill-timed.

"You're on his side then?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm on no side," she said, growing grave again; "I know why you were angry with him, and I'm grateful. But—but—you see, you've threatened him and said harsh things in company. You couldn't expect the man to feel very kindly towards you."

"Keep walking," he answered. "Better leave that. I shall do more than threaten afore long."

A moody fit got hold upon him. He had started to ask her to marry him, but for the present he put any such thought out of his head. They tramped together and she tried hard to lift him up and raise his spirit; but she failed. This walk had been the dream of her week, and her heart, under cover of night, had whispered that the man would speak to her be-

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fore the end of it. But now she grew faint under his silence and, just as Ives began to recover, nigh the ragged crown of Great Mis, Ruth's own spirit sank. The place and the weather braced him; they depressed her. At the critical moment, when one more cheerful speech might have brought happiness to his face again, her patience gave out.

"I'm tired and cold," she said. " 'Tisn't much good tramping further that I can see."

The sudden petulance in her voice struck Pomeroy harshly and surprised him. He did not blame himself for it. He only felt glad that he had not relaxed.

"Better rest a bit then," he said. "Then we'll go back; and I'll leave you at Stone Park, if you like."

His ferocity calmed her again.

"You oughtn't to say that."

"Sit here and look out over," he answered. " 'Tis all ugly and 'twill suit us, for we'm all ugly too by the sound of our voices."

She relented a little more, and they sat without speaking and looked at the hand of late autumn working upon the waste.

A high wind laden with occasional showers flogged the Moor, hummed against the granite and set the dying herbage shivering with waves of colourless light.

Pomeroy sat himself with his face to the utmost desolation. He turned from the fertile low lands and let the wind buffet his left cheek, so that his eyes might reflect only the north and north-east of the wilderness. Ruth did likewise, and together they gazed very far off into the passes of Tavy and upon the dim, huge crowns of Great Links. Nigh Hare Tor Ruddyford Farm and its little grove lay like another cloud shadow; great sunlit and storm-foundered slopes fell brokenly to the rivers; High Willhayes was not seen; but easterly the head of Fur Tor blotted the grey sky; and Devil Tor's squat front was also visible where it led to the wild ways of Dart.

The sun beat down suddenly on Ruth's brown neck and warmed her; but the caress from the sky seemed to miss the man. Rain followed, in a brief, driving spit and fury. It lasted no time and was ended almost before the woman could open her umbrella. Then sunshine roamed again over the moisture-laden miles and woke wonders of light upon them.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"Trying not to think. What's the good? Nothing ever comes out of it all. If you could stick a knife into the thinking place in my head and stop the works forevermore, I should be that much happier."

"Better stick it into your heart while you're about it. Then you'll never be miserable again," she said.

He stared at the sky and then at her.

"You're right there! But that's not the sort of advice I should look to you to give."

"No—'twasn't your mother taught me that," she said.

Presently Ruth asked him to forgive her.

"I get wicked thoughts sometimes—frantic and mad. I've tried so hard to hide them from you. But now you've catched me in one. Forgive me, Ives."

"I like you the better for being a bit desperate now and again," he answered. "It brings you nearer to such as me. All the same——"

He stopped, and silence fell again.

They talked into a placid mood presently, and only rose when darkness was at hand. Pomeroy's desire to offer marriage was for the moment suspended; and yet he loved the woman better now, in this hour of storm-laden gloaming, darkening heath and shouting wind, than ever he had loved her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

PROSPECTS FOR JILL

A month after her meeting with Ives and the surrender of his letter, Jill Bolt called to Mr. Codd as he was passing her cottage door, and strove to turn the conversation upon a certain theme. She spoke without any great earnestness of purpose and affected indifference, but he was quick of perception in the matter

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of an enemy, and swiftly brushed away her pretences. The very fact that she should again make mention of his old master to him, told Emanuel that Jill's private hopes had failed her. His first inclination was to jeer, but he changed his mind.

"Yes," he said, "I don't change, whatever females may do. I'm all of a piece in my hate of that vile chap, but at my age patience be a part of us. I'll bide my time."

"He's going to marry Ruth Rendle, he tells me."

"Told you that, did he! His mother always hungered after it, but of course he took very good care not to let her have the joy of seeing it done. Poor fool of a woman—Ruth Rendle, I mean. To take that rip, when she might have my master."

She looked calmly at Emanuel.

"Us have got to fight for ourselves against you silly men," she said. "I'm the right wife for Pomeroy, and always was, and always will be. Nobody knows it better than him. He thinks he went too far with that girl afore my husband died. Ban't outside human power to choke 'em apart yet. He cursed when he told me about it. I know what that meant. Give me a bit of time and I may get an idea."

"You'm wishful for to marry him still then?"

"Yes, I be."

Mr. Codd appeared doubtful.

"Then I don't see how you an' me can cabal against him to much purpose. I'm wishful for to mar him and give him hell; and I'll do it yet, if it takes all the strength left in my body."

"I can't explain how I feel about it. Such a man as you wouldn't understand. I don't mind how he smarts, so long as the smarting will bring him to me. Let him smart and I'll heal the smart later."

"What a gawkim you be! He won't want you to heal the wounds if he knows you made 'em!"

"That's just what he won't know."

"You're too difficult for me," declared Mr. Codd. "All the same, if you want him smote and can think of a right way, say it. For my part I can't hit on no better thought than firing his ricks. Weather's turning properly dry and—'tis easy."

"That won't help me. Leave it a bit and see how the cat jumps. Perhaps she'll think better of taking him before the time comes. She won't be the first girl that changed her mind about Ives Pomeroy."

"Yet you could go back to the fool in cold blood!"

"Yes."

"Pomeroy wouldn't give you much better than Bolt did."

"Yes, he would—a lot. A farm's a farm, and he stands to work now and be going on well."

"If he treated his wife no better than his work-people, you'd have a poor time of it, and go down to the pit a miserable woman."

"I could manage him all right if once I got him."

"Too late if he'm tokened to t'other. She won't give him up. Better not think of that."

"You can leave that side to me," said Jill; "a woman's pretty quick where she feels a big interest, like what I do in Pomeroy. Give me a week; then I'll come up to Stone Park and have a tell with you one day when Northmore's out of the way. Do he live alone still?"

"Yes—till the new man and his wife come a few weeks hence. He's hunting over to Tavistock presently; Thursday week. So, when he's away, you can walk over and say what you've thought about it."

A figure stood at the door and the shrunken shadow of Rachel Bolt fell on the threshold. She had much aged and was little more than a bent and sad-eyed ghost. Even the old woman's voice had grown more feeble and more mournful in its cadence.

"Come in, mother," said Jill kindly. "'Tis only Mr. Codd lending a hand with my packing."

"But I must be off now," announced Emanuel. "Good evening to you, Mrs. Bolt. So you are to lose Jill?"

"Not to lose her. She'll come and see me as long as I be here—for love of Samuel—won't you, Jill?"

"So I shall then—scores and scores of

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times. And once you get back in here, you'll feel better and stronger far."

Emanuel went his way and Rachel shook her head.

"Pray God it won't be long. I've only got one thing to say beside the Lord's Prayer now when I get down on my knees; and that be to ask the Almighty to let Samuel be the angel that comes to fetch me. The joy of that! And it can be done. All things are possible with the Almighty. Such an angel as he be now—such a——"

"Yes, yes. See here, mother. I've left them vases on the mantelshelf; because he was special fond of 'em; and the pictures I be going to leave also, because the paper's faded round 'em and 'twill spoil the room to move them."

"'Tis very good of you, Jill, and like his great heart and like the things he taught you to do and think. His old mother was a lot to that man. But these kind things you be saying make it so much harder to tell what I've come to tell."

"You want something else of his?"

"Only one thing. I'll let all the rest go gladly—all. I've longed and longed for it ever since I got back my reason, but I couldn't bring myself to beg for it. 'Tis almost too much, I'm afraid."

Jill shrugged her shoulders.

"I've never refused nothing, mother."

"You haven't; but this is different. 'Tis greedy of me—even his mother—to ask for it. Yes, 'tis too great a thing."

"If you mean the cottage, you be going to have it and live in it for the rest of your life. I can't do no more than that surely?"

"'Tisn't the cottage, and I shall pay proper rent for the cottage like anybody else would. Samuel would have wished it—such a just man as him and honourable to a half-penny. Four shillings a week will you have, so long as I live. But there's something more by far than that."

"Say it then. If 'tis in my power——"

"In a word — the flute — his li'l, precious flute, Jill. D'you think you could do it? Be it too much? But if you only knowed what a sad, blessed joy 'twould be to me——"

Jill secretly thanked Heaven that she had not burned the flute; but she distinctly remembered the intention to do so when examining Samuel's possessions after the funeral.

"Why, of course you can have it, my dear. I don't know where 'tis for the minute; but 'tis safe enough, no doubt."

The old mother's eyes grew round through her tears.

"'Safe'! My God!" she half whispered.

Then she thanked Jill humbly and implored her to seek at once for the flute. They hunted together and Rachel herself discovered it. The scrap of wood her son's lips and fingers had so often pressed was dusty and dirty. It had been thrust into a cupboard and forgotten. Now Rachel cleaned it with her apron and, when Jill's back was turned, kissed it and pressed it to her cheek.

"'Twill come back to you when I'm taken," she said. "Have no fear for that."

"I don't want it, mother. It shall go in your coffin with you, if you like."

"A very beautiful and generous thought in you, Jill. Maybe he'd have wished it. And thank you—words can't think you; but I'll pray down thanks; and he'll be pleased about it where he is."

She kissed Jill and then went away with her riches; but the younger widow's packing was destined to be still further interrupted, for a man came to the door and knocked five minutes after her mother-in-law had departed. In the dusk she did not recognise him. Then he spoke and she knew the voice.

"I'll get a lamp, Mr. Toop. Be so kind as to step in," said Jill. "No doubt 'tis about the stone that you be come."

"It is," he admitted, "and for other reasons likewise."

He entered, put his hat on the table and brought some papers out of his pocket.

"Business first," said Mr. Toop; "and pleasure afterwards. At least 'twill be my pleasure."

"Let's hear that then. I haven't had much pleasure in my life."

"Oh, 'twas nothing—only my wish to lend you a hand if you'd allow of it.

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The things—the boxes and such like. I wanted to say as I shall be very pleased to send round Bob and my cart and move them for you to Sampford Spiney free gratis and for nothing."

"Really you mean that, Mr. Toop?"

"Really, I do, Mrs. Bolt—or Jill if I may call you so."

"I can't refuse—too poor," she said. "But I'm afraid 'tis money out of your pocket to do it."

"That and more I'd do—however, since you're agreeable to it, let me know just when you want the cart and it shall be here. I'll even come myself to see all's vitty."

" 'Tis terrible kind, Mr. Toop."

"Say nothing to nobody, Jill. 'Tis my little affair. Not a word to my brother. Joel's grown rather acid of late, along of his shortness of breath. But as for me I grow younger rather than older."

She nodded, looked at his sturdy body, his eyes behind their glasses, his bald head and great snuff-stained beard. He might be elderly, but there was something masculine, solid, safe about him. Romance, indeed, perished in the atmosphere of Peter Toop; but Jill felt that she had enjoyed enough romance of late years and found it unsatisfying.

"I don't see that you grow older," she said.

"Thank you for that kind word. I've had enough to make me here and there; and to see Joel going down the hill is a sad spectacle, day in, day out. Then there's the business of people's coffins and all the living among black-clad, broken-hearted fellow-creatures. Still, as you're good enough to say, Jill, I keep young and feel young."

"You're the handsomest man in Merivale whether or no," she said.

Peter breathed heavily.

"If I said you was the handsomest woman, 'twould be only what everybody knows. I'm very sorry you're going."

"Must look round for work to do. About this here stone to Samuel?"

"I'll see you again before you're off, Jill. But now to business, as you very properly remind me. Well, his dear mother wanted half the Bible put on the monument; but I've had to explain there's a right and wrong way with such things. Finally she've come down to two texts and a verse out of a hymn. Too much for the stone; still it leaves a place for anything you might like to say."

"Put 'Gone but not forgotten,' " said Jill. "That's true enough, and that's all I've got to say. I never shall forget him, poor man."

Mr. Toop uttered a great expiration of breath.

"It won't offend you if I take a pinch?" he asked.

"Not in the least. I don't mind a little snuff in the air."

"There's sense!" he said. "For my part I hold that it sweetens a room and purifies the atmosphere of the air something wonderful. You say 'Gone, but not forgotten.' Well, Jill, I wouldn't put that."

"Why not?"

" 'Tis true enough—now. But all the same 'tis a sort of challenge and might be quoted against you when you take your next. Your heart won't forget him; but I should not carve such a thing in stone."

"How is it likely I can forget?"

"Memory's a wonderful antic. It does things you'd never believe. You'm only how many years old—twenty-eight, perhaps?"

"I'm twenty-six."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure; a hole in my manners to put on two years like that."

"I'm sure I don't see why you should take such a dreadful deal of trouble for a poor, friendless woman like me."

"I'm proud to do it. Now, can I lend a hand with that box, or can't I?"

"No, thank you."

"Then I'll go. Don't you take on. You've had plenty of trials in your life, but a good time may be coming."

"I'm not hopeful of that, Mr. Toop. I come of an unlucky family."

He went his way through the darkness and she stood and watched him depart. He walked firmly and whistled loudly as he went. The whistle reminded Jill of Samuel's flute, but she liked it better. Peter as a possible husband flashed upon her. The idea was absolutely new; but, characteristically, Jill now pondered the possibility with neither relish nor dis-

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taste. Mr. Toop would mean riches beyond the height of her ambition; he would also probably mean widowhood while she was still in possession of some feminine glories. She rated him as a well-preserved man of sixty-five, or perhaps a little less. He might last for ten or even fifteen years.

Peter meantime whistled himself home and, half-way between the Jolly Huntsmen and Jill's cottage, met Joel coming in the opposite direction.

"What the deuce be you chittering and twittering about, like a starling, all to yourself?" asked Peter's brother.

"Nought — nought," answered the undertaker. "Just thinking, in my even way, that 'tis an ill wind blows good to none."

"Who's dead now then?"

"Nobody for the minute, I hope. My mind was occupied with the living and not the dead, Joel."

"Not widow Bolt, I should hope?"

But Peter prevaricated, an art Joel's brutal and sudden assaults had long taught him to perfect.

"What a man you are for wild ideas. Widow Bolt! Bless your life, Joel, she wouldn't look at me, nor yet you. The truth is, the girls begin to regard us both as men of middle-age tending to old, and fixed to the bachelor state. 'Tisn't flattering, but we must face it."

CHAPTER XXXVII

A MATCHBOX

Time and chance combined to precipitate the cloudy ferocity of Mr. Codd and make his long delayed revenge a practical thing. There came a dawn when he found himself no nearer his purpose than usual; but before midnight the deed was done and a punishment far above Emanuel's highest flight of inspiration planned for Ives. That it involved villainy on his own part was true; but the old man did not stop to consider.

There came a time towards December when east winds blew and the world was dried again after autumnal torrents. Harsh currents of air had swept the wilderness for many days, when on a certain morning, Emanuel Codd sat under the west side of a haystack at Stone Park and waited for Jill Bolt. The meeting was planned with deliberation, because upon this day Matthew Northmore had gone from home to Tavistock. He proposed to hunt with the Lamerton Hounds, off Dartmoor, and make Tavistock his headquarters for two nights. A hind and his wife were daily expected at Stone Park to take the place of servants who had gone; but the newcomers had not yet arrived and for the moment Codd was in sole charge.

Now he smoked and waited for Jill, who had promised to see him there at midday. She did not, however, immediately arrive, and Emanuel, rising to see if Mrs. Bolt was on the road, jumped suddenly to observe a very different person approaching Stone Park.

Ives Pomeroy appeared. He was riding and presently opened the gate with his hunting crop and entered. Codd did not move from his seat under the stack until Ives had lifted his voice and loudly called him thrice. Then he came forward with surly indifference.

"What d'you want?" he said. "Mr. Northmore's to Tavistock."

"I know that; 'tis the reason I'm here —to have a few words with you."

"I'd sooner talk to any other man."

Ives laughed with the consciousness of one who brings good news unexpectedly. He could take liberties even with the ferocious Codd, because he brought with him news that must make the ancient amiable.

"You wait till you hear what the few words be, my old blackguard. Where's a place out of the wind? Don't look as if you fed on sloans. I'm your master no more; but I don't want to be your enemy."

He tethered his horse, took a seat with his back to the rick and made Codd sit down beside him.

"I've learned something of late," he said.

"There's a lot for you to larn. Your mother's son might have larned justice if nought else."

"You've hit it first shot. My mother's son did ought to be a just man, I'll grant you. I've thought about different matters since you came here, and been in a

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pretty good rage off and on to see what scant justice is about in the world."

"Look at home."

Ives laughed, opened his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe.

"I've been going into figures. Touching your pension, Emanuel, I let my own feelings have too much play. I gave you as little as I could; I forgot that 'twas my mother's wish to pension you and I forgot how you looked in her eyes. Her will left it to me. I wasn't worthy of that trust, Codd, when I threw you off in a tantrum."

"No, you never was worthy of being trusted by anybody."

"Perhaps not; but what's done can be altered sometimes. I'm going to raise your pension, because I know well I'm under the figure my mother would have wished for you."

"Yes, a cruel long way under."

Ives felt his heart grow hot and the old loathing for Emanuel, stilled of late by absence, burned up in him again.

"So much for that then. You're getting—what is it—two shillings and six a week, aren't you?"

"Yes, six pounds odd a year for fifty years of sleepless service!"

"I'll make it seven shillings. A shilling a day for the rest of your life, Codd."

"Justice—eh? And then you'll go up hill and down dale and tell 'em what a damned fine man you be, and what a Godsend to the poor!"

This was too much for Ives. He leaped to his feet and lost his temper so that Codd went in fear of a thrashing. Pomeroy cursed him heartily, declared that he would stop the pension altogether and then departed, so blind with passion that he could hardly mount his horse. Codd watched him gallop off over Long Stone hill and hoped that the young man would break his neck before that day was done. Then he reflected upon his own performance and perceived that he had made a fool of himself. Lust to smite and hurt his enemy mastered him. He longed at that moment to go forth and fire the man's ricks or hough his cattle. He had lost a shilling a day for a pure enmity, and nobody would pity him when the truth was known. In cold blood he well knew that a shilling a day was exceedingly handsome, and that all men would say so. But he had insulted the giver and sacrificed the gift.

Upon the frenzy of malignity awakened by these considerations came Jill Bolt. Ives had not been gone half an hour before she filled his place, sat in the seat under the rick and turned over in her hand a matchbox that he had forgotten in his abrupt and furious departure.

"'Twas given him long time agone by Ruth Rendle," said Mr. Codd. "He must have been in a proper tantara to have left that. And he forgot his papers, too."

Jill picked them up, then put them down again after brief examination.

"A bill and a letter from that woman at Tavistock."

"Ruth?"

"Yes."

"That's where the wind sets now and be softening the hard heart of the man. I've just had a proper row with him afore you came. Rode up as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and offered me a shilling a day instead of fourpence! I tried to get him to be honest and named his mother to him; and that made him mad. I expected his horsewhip round me, old though I am."

"Where's he gone to?"

"To Amicombe Hill, to the peat-works."

"When will he come back?"

"After nightfall, no doubt."

She reflected. The means to do an evil deed lay under her hand, and, albeit in the light of possible prosperity elsewhere, Jill's enmity against Pomeroy waned, yet it was not dead and she felt little pricks of remorse to strike him now. Codd made her thought easy of utterance.

"For two pins I'd go down to-night, after dusk, afore the man comes back, and fire his big stack."

"There's a better way," she said. "Everything be ripe and ready, if so be you're still set on reading him a lesson. What d'you want to fire his rick for? Fire this one that we're sitting under! Here's paper and matches all ready for you."

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"What's the sense of that?"

"D'you need to ask? You're dull. Why, haven't you got the place to yourself and his papers and his box of matches in your hand? Pretty tidy proofs—eh?"

Emanuel stared and the point of the enterprise slowly forced itself into his mind.

"You mean that they'll think as he have done it?"

"Why not? He's up this way and will come back this way after dark. He knows that Northmore is at Tavistock. You see the fire and find his box o' matches and burned paper next morning, or leave 'em somewhere for others to find. This east wind will take the fire from the rick to yon shippon. There may be a beast or two burned. You find 'tis flaming and come running out, too late to do anything. Why, the man would get five years or more if it all went right."

"What about Northmore?"

"'Tis doing him a rare good turn too. Once that chap's cooling his heels in clink, all's clear for Northmore with Ruth."

"You're a wonderful woman," said Codd. "To think as that flashed afore your mind so lightning quick. Leave the rest to me. You look out of your winder after eight o'clock to-night, and you'll see more than moonlight."

"And mind you put the matchbox and the papers away in a safe place, Emanuel."

"Trust me."

"If you could tell about when he'll be coming back-along, 'twould help you for time."

"I must chance that. I shall make the fire somewheres about eight o'clock and then go to bed. 'Twill be seen from Merivale and the folk will come up and rouse me."

"Everybody's heard him say a lot of things against Northmore."

"Yes, they have, and against every other honest man. 'Tis just the thing he would do. I most wonder he haven't done it afore now."

"He'll have done it by this time to-morrow," said Jill coolly. "He's known for a dashing and a reckless chap. He's seen the inside of prison afore to-day. 'Tis well in keeping with the man to do it. Everybody will believe it against him; Northmore so quick as any. Put the things where Northmore will find 'em for himself. Let the paper be half burned, as though he'd lighted it and it had gone out. But don't you meddle in it. 'Tis enough you see your master finds all."

They parted then, and Jill returned to Merivale. She felt in some uneasiness, yet cared not much what might happen. Ives was no longer for her, but whether she would presently resent that fact, or accept it with indifference, remained to be seen. It depended largely on Peter Toop. She kept a cold-blooded and an open mind for the moment. She had certainly not planned this villainy against her old sweetheart but for accident. The whole apparatus thrust itself under her nose and cried to be used against him.

She was standing at her cottage door that night at eight o'clock with Peter Toop. He expatiated upon his growing fortune, his vigorous health and the general advantages he enjoyed. She half listened while her eyes strained upon the darkness of the Moor. Then light twinkled across it and flashed. A red star appeared and seemed steadily to grow. Mr. Toop was too intent upon his own affairs to mark this circumstance for some time. He had his back turned to the valley under Great Mis Tor, and did not see the light. Then a man ran past and called his attention to it.

"Something wrong at Stone Park," he said. "There's fire there."

(*To be continued*)

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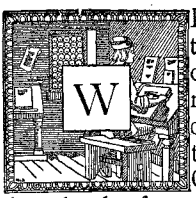
PLOTS THAT COUNT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HAT is it that stamps the plots which really count? It is certainly not the mere cleverness of dovetailed incident, the intricate tangle of a Chinese puzzle, the sudden shock of a grim climax. On grounds like these the detective story and the melodrama would often outrank Thackeray and Balzac, Meredith and Tolstoy. Almost any novel by Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau, considered simply as a specimen of structural ingenuity, a skeleton framework of human happenings, must be acknowledged as better of its kind than anything in the plot of *Vanity Fair* or *Père Goriot, Richard Feverel* or *Anna Karenina.* And yet, of course, the fact stares us in the face that these are novels with plots which really count and will continue to count, through succeeding generations, while the plots of *The Woman in White* and *Dossier 113* do not count, in this sense, nor ever will. The difference, while easy enough to feel, is hard to put into words. Apparently the difficulty grows, in the first place out of a very common misconception regarding plots in general. It is not at all uncommon to find a text-book on English narrative laying down rules for the making of plots, in a chapter by itself, as though it were a separate and independent branch of the art of novel-writing, as the wooden frame of a dwelling-house involves a separate craft from that of the paint and plaster which will cover it. Now in attempting to define plot, it seems necessary to say first of all, even at the risk of being misunderstood, that a plot is the result of growth and not of manufacture; to speak of it as something that must be made, is to accustom yourself to look at it from the wrong point of view, and so to lose sight of one of the few indispensable axioms of novel-writing—that plot and character and setting are so closely interdependent that they must develop slowly and simultaneously, reciprocally modifying each other at every turn of the page.

Plot, of course, is usually defined as a sequence to those significant and essential happenings which collectively make up a complete figure of life, a definite story. Start your novel, so the advice runs, either by working out mentally your principal character or your principal scene, and then, if you aim at careful workmanship, develop the action of the whole story down to the smaller details, before you take up your pen to write "Chapter First." No one can say this is not good advice, so far as it goes. Obviously it makes no difference whether the germ of *The Merchant of Venice* was in the character of Shylock or in the episode of the pound of flesh; either might have been the logical development of the other. And as a matter of fact, it would usually puzzle an author exceedingly to recall afterward the precise order, in point of time, in which the different elements of his story took shape. But the one thing which ought not to puzzle him at all, the thing which ought to be a second instinct to him, is this: never at any moment in his story to develop his action independently of the place where it is to happen and the people who are to make it happen.

The simplest method by which to reach a sane and helpful attitude toward plot is identical with the method to be followed regarding every other troublesome question pertaining to the art of fiction-making; namely, to open our eyes to the world around us and see how the great universal plot is daily being developed. There is just one image that comes to mind, which seems adequately to symbolise nature's way of telling the complex story of human life—and that is the image of a vast tapestry in the making, its finished portions already dim with lapse of time, its fresher parts gleaming with vivid colour as the myriad threads weave swiftly in and out, carrying forward the intricate, unending pattern,

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whose complete design is too large, too bold for the finite mind to grasp in its completeness. But what we can grasp is that this tapestry grows out of a union of three elements: the warp that localises it, the threads of all the separate lives of men and women, whose characters give it colour; and the crossing and recrossing of these threads, which make up the outline of action. Each of these elements is vitally dependent on the other two. The resulting pattern is dependent equally upon the colour of the threads and upon the weaving of them. And no pattern, however delicate and perfect, can remain real and tangible unless held firmly by the unyielding threads of the warp, fixed permanently upon a background of local setting, and colour and atmosphere. Out of this tapestry picture of real life, the novelist may select—not a whole pattern, because his own private little handloom is too limited for that—but a detail, a segment whose lines and colouring are just beginning to show what the ultimate design will be. Most pictures in the tapestry of life are too huge for the novelist's purpose; it is only by looking backward and forward for several generations that we become conscious of the ultimate symmetry of the pattern. Here and there, however, we find a little group of tangled threads that suddenly resolve themselves into a design of wonderful yet simple strength, such a design as gave to Poe or Maupassant the plan of just a few imperishable short stories. But for the most part, the novelist cannot hope for the symmetry of completed action. Even the greatest novels are to a large extent only a cross-section of a picture, a narrow strip cut from the unfinished upper margin of the weave. And in the biggest sense, symmetry and finality are not essentials in fiction, because no story ever really has an end. The thing essential for an author to recognise is that in order to endow a written story with life, the frame of plot and the flesh and blood of character must grow and expand and take form together, one and inseparable, like the flesh and blood and bones of any other living creation.

Study the plots of the world's great novels, and you will find that the recognition or the neglect of this simple principle makes all the difference between the plots that count and those that do not. It does not matter how ingenious the mystery may be, how thrilling the danger and the escape, how startlingly unexpected the climax; if you calmly sit down and take the characters of the book one by one, and mentally replace them with creations of your own of radically different types, and if, having done this, you realise that you have not needed to change the plot, that the action would develop just as surely, just as cleverly, just as convincingly with one set of puppets as with another, then you may assign it with assurance to the big category of plots that do not count and never will. A story which centres its interest in the mere moves of its characters is not a study of life, but simply a species of clever game which cannot at best hope to rival the absorbing intricacy of chess. A Wilkie Collins story possesses the attraction of a new gambit; his characters, with few exceptions, show the calm impersonality of so many pawns; his stage setting is for the most part as immaterial as the particular make of a chessboard. Played anywhere, with any set of men, the whole interest of *The Woman in White, The Law and the Lady, The Moonstone* lies not in who the people are, but in how the game comes out—who will win and who will lose. In this particular class they are, of course, quite wonderful. But in the novels which really do count there is no game apart from the people who play it. To get anything like a parallel to them in the realm of games, you must imagine a chess set miraculously endowed with life, knights and bishops and castles that take the matter into their own hands and move in the opposite direction to that in which you intended them to move. In the history of the birth and growth of almost every big novel there has come a moment when certain characters have suddenly proclaimed their independence; a moment when the author, no matter how carefully he has planned certain scenes, realises that he cannot make his characters enact it, because some instinct tells him that they are living creations, with a will of their own, and that their will is not his will, but

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something radically different. And when an author awakens to this consciousness, he knows, or ought to know, that he has breathed into his book the breath of life.

"The Broken Road"

It is not easy, among the average monthly output of fiction, to find volumes which are good enough to serve as illustrations of what is here meant by Plots that Count. It happens, however, that there are this month at least three novels which, although they do not deserve to be called really big, are excellent cases in point. The first of these is *The Broken Road,* by A. E. W. Mason. The germ idea of the plot is that of racial inequality. Two men, an Englishman and a Hindoo, love the same woman, and are both rejected by her; and the ultimate outcome is that the Englishman grips his destiny in both hands and achieves success, while the Hindoo loses his grip on life and sinks into pitiful degradation. If the story were just this and nothing more it would still be readable, still suggestive of many things. As a matter of fact, it is a great deal more than this. In the first place, you are made to feel that the setting of the story is necessarily and inevitably India; that the special clash of colour on which the whole plot hinges would be impossible outside of the land of Hindoo mysticism and British red-tape. We get some wonderfully grim and vivid pictures of rebellious tribes and heroic garrisons holding out against hopeless odds in the heart of the Himalayas, where the new road, destined to be the key of the Indian situation, broke itself against the wall of native fanaticism. Furthermore, the two main figures of the story are not merely a certain Englishman and a certain Hindoo; they are the one Englishman and the one Hindoo, whose peculiar inheritance and education could make the story possible. Linforth is an exception even among the men who give themselves heart and soul to the English service. From childhood his one purpose has been to fit himself some day to take up the Broken Road at the point where it had cost his father's life, and carry it to completion. From the first Linforth, who had conceived and planned it, the Road had become a sort of family religion, to which the latest representative of the name dedicated himself with an almost fanatical fervour. Shere Ali is the son of the reigning Prince of Chilchistan, where the Broken Road has come to a stop; and both he and his father, unlike the tribe over which they rule, profess the religion of the Road. Shere Ali has been sent to England. Eton and Oxford have done their utmost for him, and to all intents and purposes he feels himself an Englishman; the colour line is a thing forgotten; the traditions of centuries have dropped from his shoulders, and then he meets Mrs. Latimer, the type of woman who goes through life receiving and never giving; she receives Linforth's homage as freely as she receives Shere Ali's strings of pearls without the slightest intention of ever making return. Mrs. Latimer is the beginning of Shere Ali's downfall. When he returns to India the process goes on rapidly; he finds that out there the colour line is not forgotten, that he can never be in the eyes of the white man on a higher plane than the meanest of his subjects. And partly because of racial antagonism, partly because he and Linforth are rivals for Mrs. Latimer's affection, they become opposing forces regarding the Broken Road, Shere Ali reverting to barbarism for the sake of rousing his people to oppose the hated Englishman. There is no question that the book has a certain definite bigness, a deep understanding of racial types and fundamental human relations.

"Mafoota"

Another story where the whole plot is built up from the slow modification of character under the influence of a new and strange environment is *Mafoota,* by Dolf Wyllarde. In speaking of this author, it is only fair to recognise that her books contain much that is apt to repel many readers not ordinarily over-sensitive regarding the so-called sex-problem novels. And yet there is a frank, almost virile recognition of the big truths of life together with a power of portrayal and analysis that must appeal to any critic who appreciates good art

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in fiction. The fundamental purpose of *Mafoota* is to show that there are women who wreck their lives not by marrying the wrong man, but by marrying the right man at the wrong time—before they have reached that wise understanding of vital truths, that broad-minded indulgence for human weaknesses, on which to found substantial happiness. To Ellice Hillier, marrying she scarce knew why, her husband's sudden business trip to Jamaica, cutting short their honeymoon, came as a relief. And when some weeks later she starts to join him, she is still full of revolt against fate and hopes vaguely that something will happen to postpone their meeting. It is in the hotel parlour at Kingston, just after landing, that she overhears some current gossip about her husband and his mode of life in Jamaica that sets her cheeks on flame and flashes upon her the sudden knowledge that she cannot, will not, go back to him. Fate this time plays rather curiously into her hands; she has made the voyage in company with another young woman, an invalid, who was on her way to visit her uncle somewhere in the interior of the island. The young woman had died on the voyage, and by some blunder her name has become confused with that of Mrs. Hillier; so that the latter found herself not only recorded as dead, but also in possession of the dead girl's trunks. The temptation to accept the situation, to drop out of her old life and into the new one, to find a home waiting to receive her in this remote jumping-off place of civilisation where it would hardly be possible to trace her—all this assails her too strongly to resist. The uncle had not seen his dead niece since she was a small child, he would have no suspicion, the whole thing seemed absurdly easy. And so this prim, conventional, somewhat narrow-minded young Englishwoman finds herself within twenty-four hours settled in her new home and received with open-armed affection by a lovable and lonely old man. And here her education begins—not the education of books, but the more vital education of real life. The careless laxity of moral standards that prevails all around her among the negroes and mulattos flaunts itself in her face daily. Conditions which at first in her inexperience she does not grasp, little by little force their meanings upon her and awaken her to a painful self-consciousness. Of its kind this picture of a girl's three-year education at the hand of nature, in the midst of the open air freedom and beauty of the tropical island, is rather wonderful in its clear-sighted understanding of a human soul. And when at last fate does the unexpected thing and brings the woman and her husband together again, you know without being told that all will be well with them, because the woman has learned to understand and to accept the great truths of nature.

"The Crucible"

The Crucible, by Mark Lee Luther, is another book in which the whole plot depends fundamentally upon development of character. Briefly summed up, it is a study, and a searching incisive study at that, of the influence of a reformatory upon a proud, sensitive girl, unjustly placed there. Jean Fanshawe is not a vicious girl at heart; she is simply the outcome of an unfortunate home training, a rebel against the authority of a mother who has never forgiven her for not being a boy. The quarrel which brought Jean into the police court was no worse than dozens of other quarrels; the only difference was that in the heat of anger she caught up a knife threateningly. The point grazed her sister's flesh by accident, the frightened mother called for help, and a purblind judge sentenced Jean to a term of three years. The earlier chapters of the book, picturing the harsh routine of the reformatory, the unsympathetic matrons, the sense of degradation that came from herding with a mass of vulgar, brazen women, is easily the best part of the book. Jean's first impotent rebellion, her gradual loss of courage, and then finally her crafty plot for escape and its accomplishment are all told in a way that make you believe them true. At this point we get the first bit of pure romanticism and yet we cannot deny that it might have happened. Fleeing all night through a woodland district, Jean finds herself the next morning beside a stream

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where a young man is fishing. A careless cast lands the hooks in her dress; the young man, trying to extricate them, notes the regulation, prison uniform, their eyes meet and she appeals to him for help. He need only go to the nearest town and bring her back the frock and shoes and hat that will assure her success. Because this is a romantic chapter the young man willingly, even eagerly, promises to do this. Yet before going, he warns her that she would do better to return, because if she escapes, the shadow of that unfinished term will haunt her throughout life. When he returns with the new clothing the girl has gone back to the reformatory. The memory of this man stays with her, and gradually strengthens in her a resolution to save her life from wreck. Yet when her term is over the stigma of the reformatory follows her through sweatshop and department store, wherever she seeks for honest work, making friendship difficult, and robbing her of the chance of honest marriage. It is here that Mr. Luther's romantic vein once more gets the better of him. The hero of the fishing episode reappears, overlooks the girl's antecedents and ultimately endows her with his fame and fortune. The pure melodrama of the closing chapter, including a murder and a suicide, mars what is otherwise a book of serious intent.

"Sheaves"

Sheaves, by E. C. Benson, purposes at the start to be a study of discrepancy in age between husband and wife. It needs no argument to show that the story of a marriage between a man of twenty-seven and a woman of forty-four must depend for whatever interest it has upon development of character. Only in the rare case where the man and woman are by some freak of fate strangely fitted for one another in every respect save that of years, that a problem of this kind is worth the working out. Hugh Grainger and Edith Allbutt are two people thus miraculously intended for each other. In both the dramatic and artistic temperaments are highly developed. Hugh has a voice which in *Lohengrin* sets all musical Europe aflame. Mrs. Allbutt is the author of a new play which has taken London by storm. With the blindness of a dreamer Hugh refuses to look ahead; Edith looks ahead, but, because her early life has been embittered and she is hungry to snatch a little joy from the years still left her, she defies the future. Mr. Benson is undeniably a careful worker. He builds up character with a leisurely thoroughness and a clear-eyed appreciation of the value of little things that one often misses in writers of larger calibre than he. For this reason one regrets to see him deliberately shirk his responsibility in this book. The one purpose of the story, the one justification for its existence, is to follow down these ill-assorted lives for ten, fifteen, twenty years, and show in what particular form the inevitable tragedy will take place. Instead of doing this, Mr. Benson falls back upon the rather cowardly expedient of letting the heroine develop a weakness of heart and lungs and, after lingering for a few months between hope and fear at the famous consumptive resort of Davos, suddenly sink during her husband's brief absence to London and pass away almost before he could return to her. In a somewhat over-subtle way Mr. Benson apparently holds the difference of years responsible for the wife's death. He seems to argue that her morbid sensitiveness causes her to fear constantly that her young husband will become bored if tied too long to a frail invalid in a health resort. Accordingly, she forces herself to persuade him to go to London, thinking she is acting most wisely for both; but it is really the lack of the daily stimulus of his presence that robs her of her last chance of recovery. In this sense the death may be called logical, but Mr. Benson ought to have remembered that it is even a bigger thing to make his characters live logically.

"The First Secretary"

The First Secretary, by Demetra and Kenneth Brown, belongs in general design to that particular type of modern melodrama best represented by *Beverly of Graustark.* There is at the outstart a brave impetuous young American, who falls madly in love with the unknown beauty whom he sees riding in

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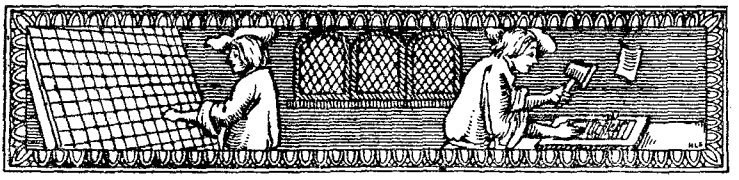
one of the royal carriages; and because she is a damsel in distress and appeals to his chivalry to aid her, he is ready to risk not only his own neck, but those of the entire embassy to which he is attached. What gives the book a value far in excess of the type to which it belongs, is the fact that its stage-setting is not Graustark or Zende, but Constantinople; that the royal carriage was one of those which each week follow the Sultan to the Mosque, to the Yildiz Kiosk, and to the beautiful unknown princess, one of the veiled inmates of a Turkish harem. The peculiar conditions of harem-life from an inside point of view, the almost insufferable difficulties which confront any effort for freedom on the part of a Turkish girl, the thousand and one little touches which only a long and intimate knowledge of Constantinople can give—these are the qualities which give its value to this swift, romantic tale of a new Lochinvar.

"The Little City of Hope"

Among the few Christmas stories that really count, Mr. Crawford's charming little volume *The Little City of Hope* deserves a conspicuous place. It shows this practiced story-teller at his very best, for it is instinct with tenderness and bravery and sympathetic understanding. It is simply the story of some crucial hours in the life of an inventor, a man who has given his best years to the perfecting of a new air-motor. Failure after failure has followed him, dollar by dollar his small fortune has dwindled away. The brave wife who still believes in him has gone away to earn her own living, so as not to be a burden upon him; the little son who remains to share his poverty patiently accepts all hardships for the sake of that glorious hope that some day he will see the wheels of that mysterious motor revolve. Meanwhile the boy comforts his lowliness by manufacturing a toy model of the town where he was born and where his father and mother had lived through happier years. Every stray scrap of rubbish finds its way into this model as a house front, a church steeple, the windows of a store. One day in his hour of deepest despondency the father comes across this model and marvels at its accuracy; it brings back to him so clearly the happier years that he feels himself inspired with new force and courage and he then and there christens the model The Little City of Hope. He has it brought into his laboratory to stand side by side with the model of the motor and every night thereafter he and the little boy work together for an hour enlarging and perfecting the Little City of Hope. How the success of the motor is at last achieved and how this achievement is intimately associated with the Christmas spirit; how it happens that those wheels which so long stubbornly refused to move suddenly begin to spin like things possessed on the dawn of Christmas morning—all this should be left for Mr. Crawford himself to tell in his own inimitable way. It is one of those rare gems of fiction of which an author has more reason to be proud than of many a more serious and ambitious effort. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Intelligence of the Flowers. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

An essay. Translated by Alexander Teixiera de Mattos. Attractively illustrated and decorated by Edgar Fisher.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.

Containing studies of Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Swineburne, based upon a course of lectures given at the Universities of Wisconsin, Kansas, and Chicago. The author treats of the relation of these great poets to the world of thought and action.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Wordsworth and His Circle. By David Watson Rannie, M.A.

A biographical and critical study of Wordsworth in relation to his contemporaries and his companions.

The Queen of Letter Writers. Marquise de Sevigne, Dame de Bourbilly, 1626-1696. By Janet Aldis.

Through the medium of Madame de Sevigne's correspondence is given an account of the aristocratic life of Paris and Verseilles during the last half of the seventeenth century. Events in the world of literature, art and politics, with the petty intrigues, spites and follies of the day, are also portrayed.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators. By Elbert Hubbard.

A volume of biography, criticism and appreciation, with a chapter devoted to each of the following orators: Pericles, Antony, Savonarola, Luther, Burke, Pitt, Marat, Ingersoll, Henry, King, Beecher and Phillips.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Hindu Literature; or the Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed, A.M.

A chronology of the ancient books which go to make up Hindu literature, showing where they belong in the world's history, together with a summary of their teachings and specimens of their literary style.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Essays: Speculative and Suggestive. By John Addington Symonds.

A reprint. The volume contains some of the author's best writings. It includes papers on "Some Principles of Criticism," "Relation of Art to Science and Morality," "Notes on Style," "Democratic Art," "Nature Myths and Allegories," and other essays.

The Novels of George Meredith: A Study. By Elmer James Bailey.

Showing the analogies between Meredith's work and that of the earlier novelists and illuminating the growth and aims of his work.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The South Americans. By Albert Hale, A.B., M.D.

The story of the South American republics, their characteristics, progress and tendencies, with special reference to their commercial relations with the United States. The author is a member of the Geographical Society of Rio Janeiro, and he states that the book has been written with a North American pen, but that he has looked through South American eyes while writing it, believing that twenty-four years of intimate connection with South Americans and extended residence there, as well as travel over much of these countries and other parts of the world, give him authority to speak.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Greece and the Ægean Islands. By Philip Sanford Marden.

The author has made several visits to Greece and has written a volume of travel and description which will be of special interest to those who anticipate a trip through the Grecian archipelago and who are desirous of knowing what should be seen there.

The Pulse of Asia. A Journey in Central Asia Illustrating the Geographic Basis of History. By Ellsworth Huntington.

The author's chief aim has been to show the relation of geography to history and the related sciences, and the great influence which changes of climate have exerted upon the history and character of the human race. He describes the country through which he travelled in his journey over Central Asia, and also the habits and customs of its people.

L. C. Page and Company:

Among Old New England Inns. By Mary Caroline Crawford.

The author narrates tales of the days

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when Washington and Lafayette made their stopping-places famous, reminiscences of the famous Boston inns and other Revolutionary taverns, and also tells of the inns of Portsmouth, Newbury, Ipswich and many other New England towns.

Mexico and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter.

An account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history and advancement of the Mexicans, and the development and resources of their country.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Tabular Views of Universal History. Compiled by George Palmer Putnam, A.M., and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones and Simeon Strunsky.

A series of chronological tables presenting, in parallel columns, a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1907.

History of the People of the Netherlands. By Petrus Johannes Blok.

The fourth in a series of five volumes narrating the historical events in Netherland history from the earliest times to the days of modern Holland. Part IV starts with the first years after the truce with Spain, and finishes with an account of the Netherlands at the end of the seventeenth century. It tells of Frederick Henry, John de Witt and William III.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Across Widest Africa. Two volumes. By A. Henry Savage Landor.

An account of the country and people of eastern, central and western Africa as seen during a twelve months' journey from Djibuth to Cape Verde.

Nooks and Corners of Old England. By Allan Fea.

A guide to some out-of-the-way places in England, giving an account of wanderings through many English counties. It is well illustrated from photographs.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

A King in Rags. By Cleveland Moffett.

A present day story of New York City in which the hero works as a master diver of a wrecking company. Being interested in the poor surrounding him and desirous of aiding them to better their condition, he engages in street preaching and various forms of philanthropic work. Through the influence of a man for whom he does a service, Philip Ames is granted an interview with John J. Haggleton, one of the richest men in Wall Street. He proves to be the young philanthropist's father, from whom Philip has been separated since boyhood. The wealthy man becomes interested in some of his son's work of reform. Margaret, the heroine, is a young girl who, though reared in luxury, finds it necessary after her father loses his fortune to earn her own living, and this she does as a hospital nurse.

The Raid on Prosperity. By James Roscoe Day, LL.D., D.C.L.

In which the author gives his views on the question of corporations with regard to the State and the individual, and criticises certain incidents in the administration of the government which he believes are destructive to the liberties of the people and the progress of commerce.

When Men Grew Tall: The Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A biography of Andrew Jackson given in the form of a story. It tells of his early days, his home life, the rough frontier existence of the time, and of his years as President of the United States.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Holly Tree Inn and a Christmas Tree. By Charles Dickens.

Two sketches from the famous "Christmas Stories." With illustrations in colour and line by George Alfred Williams.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

An Interrupted Honeymoon. By Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

A story of conflict between a man and a woman who became acquainted with each other and with the realities of life and love four years after they were married.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

On the Trail of the Arabs. A Story of Heroic Deeds in Africa. By Herbert Strang.

The scene is laid in the British Congo. The hero is taken captive by the natives and lives among them. He conducts himself in such a manner as to become a great favourite, and in this way is enabled to do valuable service for his flag and his king.

His Wife. By Warren Cheney.

The scene is laid in a Russian frontier post of Alaska. Luka Antonovitch Struck, the principal character, upon the death of his wife becomes mentally unbalanced. He wanders from the post to search for his lost one among the living, while the whole village knows that she is dead. He fancies he has found her

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in his brother's promised bride. The woman loves him and he carries her off despite the quarrel with his brother. After an illness he is restored to his right mind and realises that the beautiful Lisa is not the wife he has lost. The interest of the story centres about the working out of their own happiness by these two people, who met in such an unusual manner and were so strangely bound together.

Brentano's:

Lucy Gort. A Study in Temperament. By Alice and Claude Askew.

The heroine is a young girl who, finding life in a country town too narrow and prosaic, secures a position as companion to a society lady of London. Here she comes in contact with a modern cosmopolitanism that charms and captivates her, but at the same time is the means of bringing much trouble and unhappiness into her life.

Nicolete. By Evelyn Sharp.

A story of the life of Nicolete, one of a large family of boys and girls. It tells of her childhood, with her sage speeches and warm-heartedness, and of her life in her aunt's home, where the children are sent upon the death of their mother, and where all Nicolete's philosophy and cheerfulness are needed to make life endurable. The story of her life is continued as she grows up and mingles with the world, and the author describes the most congenial companionship existing between Nicolete and her father. The girl develops into a strong woman—fearless and original—with a heart full of love for humanity. The story of her own love affair is also told.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Prince Karl. By Archibald Clavering Gunter.

In which the German prince, two American widows, who are in love with him, and a villainous Chicago stock broker are the principal characters. It has been novelised from the play by that name in which Richard Mansfield appeared.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Feminine Finance. By Frances Crouch.

A bachelor farmer is visited by two women on two separate days in an endeavour to collect money due a third, on a note. An amusing story is told of what resulted from these visits.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Brushwood Boy. By Rudyard Kipling.

A new edition. Bound in a decorative cover with coloured illustrations by F. H. Townsend.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Spinners' Book of Fiction. Collected by the Book Committee of the Spinners' Club.

Tales of adventure, mystery, love, humour and pathos by Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Geraldine Bonner, Mary Halleck Foote, Eleanor Gates, James Hopper, Jack London, Bailey Millard, Miriam Michelson, W. C. Morrow, Frank Norris, Henry Milner Rideout, Charles Warren Stoddard, Isobel Strong, Richard Walton Tully and Herman Whitaker. With a Dedicatory Poem by George Sterling. The illustrations are in colour from paintings by seven well-known Western artists.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Mistress of Bonaventure. By Harold Bindloss.

A story of early settlement life in the prairie lands of the Canadian Northwest. It tells of the life and the hardships of the ranchers and also of the social life at Bonaventure Ranch.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Twenty-three Tales. By Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude.

A collection of the best of Tolstoy's short stories. Tales for children, some allegories and popular stories, and some fairy and folk tales are included.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Dance of Love. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.

A romance of England and France in the Middle Ages, with Pepin, youngest son of a Kentish knight and a lady of Southern France, as the hero. Pepin is a youth of twenty. His father is dead and he is spoiled by his mother, who at one time told him that there was one woman in the world for him and that she carried the key of his heart on a chain around her neck. He leaves his father's castle and travels to his mother's country in search of the "one woman." The story tells of his many adventures and of the women he meets in his "Dance of Love." Failing in the object of his search, and having grown older and wiser, he returns home and there finds that Alice, a young English girl, wears the key to his heart.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Admiral's Light. By Henry Milner Rideout.

The scenes of this romantic love story are laid on the sea-coast borders of New Brunswick and Maine. A young Canadian boy, living at the lighthouse with his grandfather, falls in love with a girl, brought up by Yankee gypsies.

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J. B. Lippincott and Company:

The Settlers of Karassa Creek; and Other Stories of Australian Bush Life. By Louis Becke.

The volume contains three stories of adventure in the South Sea Islands. In writing these tales the author has had the experiences of his own nomadic career among the strange peoples of that part of the world to draw from.

The Affair at Pine Court. By Nelson Rust Gilbert.

A story of love and mystery at Pine Court, the Adirondack residence of a rich New Yorker, Mr. Carr. Upon taking possession of the place he turned off the squatters, stopped poaching and killing of game out of season, for all of which these farmers turned against Carr and declared vengeance. The story opens with a house party. Among the guests is a man claiming to be a German count and possessing what he represents as being a wonderful lens of great value. A servant gossips about this among the enemies of Carr, which, added to their hatred of the rich owner of the large estate, results in a regular forest war. Telephone wires are cut down and every one who attempts to leave the house is shot at. Carr himself is in danger of assassination. The lens mysteriously disappears and great excitement is caused, the owner accusing the other guests of theft. After days spent in an endeavour to clear up the mystery it is learned that the so-called German count is not just what he represented himself to be. He had been sent to Mr. Carr with a joking letter of introduction, and the lens was a worthless piece of glass. Various love affairs add to the excitement of the story.

Holly. The Romance of a Southern Girl. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Holly is a young orphan girl who lives on a Florida estate owned at one time by her father, but which after his death passes through various hands. She and her aunt are allowed to remain on it until the last owner, a Northerner, who is broken down in health, comes to visit it. He falls in love with Holly, and despite the disparity in their ages they discover that they were intended for each other.

Tales of a Small Town. By One Who Lived There.

A series of short stories telling of quaint characters and happenings in a small American village.

The Angel of Forgiveness. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

The story tells of the life of Githa Darnell in her home and of the close relations between herself and father. On her seventeenth birthday she learns that the dear friend whom she has visited each year as Cousin Yvonne is in reality her mother, who became estranged from her father when Githa was very young. After great suffering on all sides, the daughter has the happiness of reuniting the family.

John Smith, Gentleman Adventurer. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.

The story of his career before and after his connection with the Jamestown expedition. The book is in two parts, the first relating to his experiences as a soldier of fortune and the second to his trials after he joined the company that was granted a charter by James I. for the colonisation of Virginia.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Lisheen; or the Test of the Spirits. By Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D.

A wealthy landlord, being instilled with the ideas of Tolstoy and other reformers, grows dissatisfied with the state of affairs among his Irish tenantry. In order to study the existing conditions he determines to go and live as a common labourer among the peasants. His various experiences are related.

The Macmillan Company:

The Crimes of the Borgias, and Others. By Alexander Dumas.

The first of a series of four volumes of Dumas's "Celebrated Crimes." It deals with the crimes of the Borgias, the Cenci, Joan of Naples, and the Countess of St. Geran.

Comrade John. By Merwin-Webster.

A story of the present time. The principal character, Herman Stein, is a man of determination, power, and personal magnetism, who, after repeated failures, has achieved fame as the author of a book and the founder of a religious organisation. Another prominent character is John Chance, a young architect. The story centres around the struggle of these two determined men for the possession of a young woman, whom John Chance had seen for the first time in Paris when he rescued her from a mob and whom he next meets as a disciple of Herman Stein, with whom he has also become associated.

The John McBride Company:

The Golden Horseshoe. By Robert Aitken.

A tale of adventure, love and mystery, the scenes of which are laid in an imaginary South American republic. An old mission with many secret passages, and other secrets connected with it, has been turned into a private mansion for the president of the republic and is called "The Golden Horseshoe." The love story is an exciting one, the heroine being the cousin of the president, who kidnaps her from New York on his

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yacht and plots to marry her against her will. The hero, who is in love with the girl, follows her to South America with the hope of rescuing her. Mr. Aitken, having taken part in two South American revolutions, has many experiences to draw upon in the writing of this tale.

The McClure Company:

Wards of Liberty. By Myra Kelly.

The second volume of Miss Kelly's tales about "Little Citizens." In these stories the young life of the Ghetto is pictured as the author came to know it through her experience as a teacher and worker in the thickly populated districts of New York's "East Side."

Kilo. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The story of Eliph Hewlett, a book agent, who goes to a small Western town in his effort to sell Jarby's Encyclopædia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art, Comprising Useful Information on One Thousand and One Subjects, including a History of the World, the Lives of All Famous Men, Quotations from the World's Great Authors, One Thousand and One Recipes, Et Cetera." From this on all possible occasions he quotes in an entertaining manner. As a result he not only makes a success as a book agent but wins his bride.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.

Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens.

The Prairie Classics. A series of handy uniform reprints of the standard writers of fiction.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

D. Appleton and Company:

Earthquakes. An Introduction to Seismic Geology. By William Herbert Hobbs.

The author shows here how theories in regard to earthquakes have changed. He gives observations made of recent earthquakes and describes the series of shocks in 1811 and 1812 in western Kentucky and Tennessee, which changed the entire aspect of the surrounding country.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Story of Joseph. As Told in the Old Testament. With an Introduction by Fletcher Harper Swift, and Descriptive Essay and Illustrations by George Alfred Williams.

In the introduction Mr. Swift points out the reasons for the lasting beauty of this story, and Mr. Williams's essay tells of life in Egypt during Joseph's time.

Eaton and Mains:

Poems with Power to Strengthen the Soul. By James Mudge.

A collection of about twelve hundred poems bearing on noble living. They are classified under such heads as Duty, Service, Peace, Love, Hope, and Faith.

Fordham University Press:

Makers of Modern Medicine. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

A series of biographies of the men who have made important advances in the development of modern medicine.

The Macmillan Company:

The Philosophy of Common Sense. By Frederic Harrison.

A volume intended to supplement *The Creed of a Layman,* which dealt with what the author calls "The Religion of Common Sense." The purpose of the new book is to throw light on the philosophical basis of that religion.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Natural History of the Ten Commandments. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

An original interpretation of the Ten Commandments in their relation to the lives of wild animals.

The Creed of Jesus and Other Sermons. By Henry Sloane Coffin.

A volume of sermons each based on some lesson derived from close contemplation of Christ's precepts, practice and personality.

Epochs in the Life of Jesus. A Study of Development and Struggle in the Messiah's Work. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D.

The various chapters in this volume were delivered as lectures at a summer Chautauqua to an audience of ministers and other Christian workers. Their aim is to present the career of Jesus in the light of modern knowledge and in full sympathy with the position given to Christ in the Gospels.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Duffield and Company:

Shakespeare's Holinshed. The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared. By W. G. Boswellstone.

Robert Laneham's Letter. Describing a Part of the Entertainment Unto Queen Elizabeth at the Castle of Kenilworth in 1575. Edited, with Introduction, by F. J. Furnivall.

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The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth: Awdeley's "Fraternitye of Vacabondes" and Harman's "Caveat." Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Viles and F. J. Furnivall.

Lodge's "Rosalynde." Being the Original of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by W. W. Greg, M.A.

Greene's "Pandosto," or "Dorastus and Fawnia." Being the Original of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." Newly edited by P. G. Thomas.

The first volumes in the Shakespeare Library. Under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz.

Ginn and Company:

The History of Music to the Death of Schubert. By John K. Paine, Mus.D.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Paine requested Mr. Albert A. Howard to edit the work. As he found the later manuscripts so unfinished as to make the author's intent and views uncertain, Mr. Howard thought best to close the book with the death of Schubert.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Daughter of Jorio. A Pastoral Tragedy. By Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Translated from the Italian by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola and Alice Henry.

The first English translation of the famous play. The volume contains a portrait of D'Annunzio and pictures representing some of the scenes from the Italian production of the play.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Art of the Prado. By C. S. Ricketts.

A survey of the contents of the great Spanish museum of art, together with detailed criticisms of its masterpieces and biographical sketches of the famous painters who produced them.

Portraits and Portrait Painting. By Estelle M. Hurll.

In this volume is shown by many examples and descriptions what has been contributed to the art by each age and by each nationality, represented by the most notable portrait painters. There are also anecdotes of the people who have been the subjects of these famous portraits.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Masterpieces in Colour. By S. L. Bensusan.

Reynolds.

Velasquez.

These volumes contain reproductions of the masterpieces of the great artists in the beauty of their original colour. In each volume is given an account touching upon the chief events of the painter's life and showing the force which influenced his art, his development, his aims, and the meaning of his work.

The Great Opera Series.

Faust. Gounod.

Tannhauser. Wagner.

Edited by J. Cuthbert Hadden.

An outline of the plot is given, an analysis of the music, and an account of the circumstances of the writing of the opera, with a sketch of the composer's life.

JUVENILE

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Little Travellers Around the World. Visits to People of Other Lands. Pictures by George Bonawitz and Descriptive Text by Helen Coleman.

An instructive volume for the very young reader. It tells what is to be seen in the different foreign lands and gives a history of their people.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Jewelled Toad. By Isabel M. Johnston. Pictures by W. W. Denslow.

A fairy tale about Majesty, the selfish king who lived in a large palace in the "Garden of Sweetmeats," a very lovable little girl named Towsey, and Verus, a knight whom the cruel king had transformed into a toad. Angered by the king's actions, the toad secured the brightest jewel from the royal crown and wore it in his forehead. The king thinks Towsey a witch and attempts to catch and imprison her, but the toad is always on hand to prevent.

Brentano's:

When Hawkins Sailed the Sea. By Tinsley Pratt.

A boy's story of adventures at sea in the time of Drake and Admiral Hawkins.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Milly and Olly. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The first edition of this story printed in America. It is a children's story, the scenes of which are laid in the picturesque and romantic Lake Country of England.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll.

A new edition, illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Remarkable Adventures of Little Boy Pip. By Philip W. Francis.

A story for young children, relating the journey of Little Boy Pip over the

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meadow to the "Place Where the Sky Comes Down" and his adventures in the "Enchanted Swamp" on an excursion personally conducted by the "Welsh Rabbit." The volume is illustrated in colour.

Dana, Estes and Company:

On Tower Island. By Earl C. McAllister.

A story for boys dealing with yachting adventures along the coast of Maine. The discovery of a conspiracy and the pursuit of the criminals add to the excitement of the tale.

Harper and Brothers:

Electricity Book for Boys. Written and Illustrated by Joseph H. Adams.

A volume intended to give to boys a practical working knowledge of electricity. It gives directions for the constructing of home-made batteries, motors, switches, insulators, coils, etc.

Fire Fighters and Their Pets. By Alfred M. Downes.

The story of the New York fire department. It describes some of the large fires that have occurred and tells what the firemen do. The training, discipline and every-day life of the engine-house are set forth and stories are told of the pet mascots of the fire companies.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Treasure of the Canyon. By Joseph B. Ames.

A story of adventure for boys. The young heroes search for hidden treasures in Arizona and the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

With Fighting Jack Barry. By John T. McIntyre.

Jack Barry, the fighting Irishman, is the central figure of this story for boys, which tells of the conditions existing between English and American seamen just before the Revolution. The search for a famous ruby bearing in its setting a list of a number of colonists who intended to appeal to the King of France for aid against the King of England lends excitement and adventure to the tale.

Three Girls from School. By L. T. Meade.

A story of three girls, Priscilla, thoughtful and intellectual, Annie, bright and pretty, and Mabel, good-natured, rich and a great favourite. It tells of their life at a fashionable school known as "Mrs. Lyttleton's."

The Queen's Company. By Sara Hawks Sterling.

A story dealing with the studies, the games, the pranks and plays, and the ambitions and achievements of a group of high-school girls. The chief event of the story is a "grand, all-star performance" of *As You Like It*, given at the close of the term for the "Queens," who are the favourite teachers.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Tales of Troy and Greece. By Andrew Lang.

A volume for young people telling of the heroes of the Trojan War, of the wanderings of Ulysses, of Meleager, Theseus and Perseus. The volume is illustrated and also contains a map.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Boyhood Days on the Farm. By Charles Clark Munn.

Telling of the routine of work and the recreations and adventures of a young boy on a farm, with sketches of fishing, swimming, "parties," school exhibitions, the "town meeting," "sugaring off" and "husking bees," as well as of hunting, trapping and camping out.

Treasure Seekers of the Andes; or American Boys in Peru. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The fifth volume of the Pan-American Series. Five young boys with their tutor travel up the Maranon River and then to the sea coast. They visit Truxillo, Lima and numerous other points of interest. From the coast they travel again into the interior and have several adventures while in quest of game. One of the boys obtains possession of a secret regarding an ancient Spanish treasure said to be located in the heart of the Andes Mountains. In their hunt for the treasure he and his companion are lost and a searching party is organised.

Dorothy Dainty at Home. By Amy Brooks.

The sixth volume of the Dorothy Dainty Series. More about the sunny little girl Dorothy (this time in her beautiful country home) and her faithful friend, Nancy Ferris.

Five Little Peppers in the Little Brown House. By Margaret Sidney.

The eleventh volume of the famous Pepper books.

Kitty-Cat Tales. By Alice Van Leer Carrick.

Impy, little Dorothy's pet black kitten, entertains her mistress by telling as a good-night story some fairy tale about a cat. There are nine stories, one for each of the fabled lives of the cat.

The Kenton Pines; or Raymond Benson in College. By C. B. Burleigh.

Another volume in the Raymond Benson Series. In this is told the story of

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the young man's life at Kenton College (or Bowdoin College, from which the author was graduated in 1887), his athletic abilities, which make him prominent among his fellow-students, and his hard work and triumphs. It also gives a picture of the fraternity life of the students, their associations and their social occasions.

Helen Grant, Senior. By Amanda M. Douglas.

The fifth volume of the Helen Grant Series. It is a picture of the college life of the modern American girl.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding. By Annie Fellows Johnston.

In this, the ninth and closing volume of the Little Colonel Series, Lloyd Sherman (called "Little Colonel" because as a small girl she resembled an old-school Kentucky gentleman) meets her true knight, or her old friend Bob. She weds her prince, and with her father's blessing rides away to start her new life near her old home.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions. By Howard Pyle.

The third volume in the series of the Stories of King Arthur and His Knights. The narrative of this volume is in seven parts—"Sir Launcelot as the Chevalier of the Cart," "Launcelot and Elaine the Fair," "Sir Gareth of Orkney," "The Madness of Sir Launcelot," "Sir Ewaine and the Lady of the Fountain," "The Return of Sir Launcelot" and "The Nativity of Galahad."

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Laurie's Mémoires d'un Collégien. Edited by J. L. Borgerhoff, Associate Professor of Romance Languages, Western Reserve University.

A story of school life which is well adapted for reading in American schools. It furnishes a good idea of the work and play of a French schoolboy. The volume contains explanatory notes, exercises for translation from English into French and a complete vocabulary.

Elements of Biology. By George William Hunter, A.M.

This course presents a correlation of botany, zoology and human physiology, and combines in excellent proportion text-book study, laboratory experiments, field work, and work for oral recitation.

High School Algebra. By J. H. Tanner, Ph.D.

The publishers state that this volume meets every real need encountered in the teaching of elementary algebra and embodies only those features and those methods of presentation which agree with the views of the best teachers.

The Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village. Goldsmith. Edited by James Arthur Tufts.

The two famous masterpieces of Goldsmith are here edited with especial care to make them clear, interesting and helpful to those beginning the study of literature. The introduction contains a sketch of the early development of the English novel, an account of Goldsmith's life, and criticisms of his writings, by contemporary, as well as later, authors.

Explorers and Founders of America. By Anna Elizabeth Foote and Avery Warner Skinner.

Another volume in the series of Eclectic Readings. It gives attractive biographical sketches of thirty-four prominent characters in the history of America from the days of the earliest adventurers down to the Revolutionary War. Each sketch gives details that will interest children. The material has been put in the form of short sentences expressed in early colloquial style. The sketches are all followed by suggestive topics for oral or written composition.

The Adventures of Deerslayer. Adapted from J. Fenimore Cooper's *Deerslayer* by Margaret N. Haight.

This is in the series of Eclectic Readings. It is intended for supplementary reading in the fifth or sixth grade and is a thorough abridgment of Cooper's famous story, in which all lengthy descriptions, tedious conversations, moral reflections, and other unnecessary details have been carefully omitted.

A Short History of Greek Literature. By Wilmer Cave Wright, Ph.D.

A general survey of Greek literature from Homer to Julian. The publishers state that it is written rather from the literary than the philological standpoint, and contains such helpful features as numerous parallels quoted from English literature, lists of standard translations, and references to modern essays dealing with the Greek masterpieces. At the end of each chapter is a bibliography of the more important literature of the topic treated.

Stories from French Realists. Edited by Lester Burrell Shippee and Nelson Lewis Greene.

This volume contains representative stories by Zola and De Maupassant, suited for school reading. The publishers state that they have been carefully chosen to give the student some conception of the spirit which has dominated

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the literature of modern France, as exemplified in the work of the two chief exponents of the modern realistic school. The book contains helpful notes, exercises for retranslation, and a full vocabulary.

Müller's Neue Marchen. Edited by W. F. Little, Principal, Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.

The publishers state that the text in this volume is an excellent example of pure colloquial German, full of every-day expressions and idioms; that it is interesting and easy, and admirably adapted for beginners.

Selections from Irving's Sketch-Book. Edited by Martin W. Sampson, A.M.

In the Gateway Series of English Texts. It includes fifteen of the best papers from Irving's well-known work. A short sketch of the author's life is given, and the introduction deals with his style and with the subject matter of the essays which follow.

A Book of Plays. For Little Actors. By Emma L. Johnston and Madalene D. Barnum.

A volume intended to train school children in expressive oral reading and in intelligent silent reading. It contains a series of little plays based on familiar nursery rhymes and stories, such as "Mary and Her Lamb," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Spider and the Fly," "Old Mother Hubbard" and many others.

The Second Fairy Reader. By James Baldwin.

In the series of Eclectic Readings. It is intended for supplementary reading in the second or third grades. Each story represents the folklore of a different country.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by Albert Henry Smyth.

The latest addition to the Gateway Series of English Texts. It tells the story of the rise of a great man from obscurity to splendour. In the introduction is given a sketch of Franklin's career and achievements, and the notes furnish needed help to the student.

Outline for Review in English History. By Charles Bertram Newton, A.B., and Edwin Bryant Treat, A.M.

A summary of the chief events of English history in a convenient form for reference and in chronological order. The index groups battles, laws and wars both alphabetically and chronologically, and at the end of the volume are typical college entrance examination questions.

A Text-Book in Physics. For Secondary Schools. By William N. Mumper, Ph.D.

The publishers state that this volume meets equally the needs of students who are preparing for the most exacting college entrance examinations, and also those other students who are not going to college.

Famous Pictures of Children. By Julia Augusta Schwartz.

Intended for reading in the third or fourth grades. The book contains seventeen of the most famous pictures of children by noted artists. The story of each painting is given, and also a biography of the artist. It is in two parts, the first describing pictures of "Some Children of Long Ago" and the second "Paintings of the Christ Child."

The Story of Two Boys. Retold by Clifton Johnson.

A volume in the series of Eclectic Readings. It has been prepared for use in the third and fourth years of school and is based on the childhood classic *Sandford and Merton,* which has been retold in a modernised form.

D. C. Heath and Company:

Handbook of Composition. By Edwin C. Wooley, Ph.D.

A compendium of rules regarding good English, grammar, sentence structure, paragraphing, manuscript arrangement, punctuation, spelling, essay writing, and letter writing.

Henry Holt and Company:

French Short Stories. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by Douglas Labaree Buffum, Ph.D.

A collection of short stories chosen from representative authors of the nineteenth century. A few remarks have been made in connection with each author in order to point out his place in French literature. A summary of the more important works of each writer is also given.

Ma Sœur Henriette. By Ernest Renan. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by William F. Giese.

For the student of French literature. The introduction contains a sketch of the author's life.

Meister Martin der Kufner und Seine Gesellen. By E. T. A. Hoffmann. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Robert Herndon Fife, Jr., Professor in Wesleyan University.

For the use of young college students in the study of German literature. In the introduction is given a sketch of Hoffmann's life and character.

Plant Physiology and Ecology. By Frederic Edward Clements, Ph.D.

A volume which is intended for use by classes in the second-year botany course in college and university. In the

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preface the author states that the text of his present book is based largely upon his *Research Methods in Ecology*, though most of the matter is new or rewritten. He also states that the manner of treatment is essentially the same, but that the subject matter has been rearranged and broken up into a large number of chapters.

Atlas of European History. By Earle W. Dow.

An aid to students of general history. There are about one hundred maps and an index of places with directions for finding them.

The Macmillan Company:

Theories of Style. With especial reference to prose composition. Essays and excerpts arranged by Lane Cooper, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Cornell University.

A volume which will be useful to classes in English prose composition, as well as to more advanced students of literary criticism.

Differential and Integral Calculus. A First Course. By William F. Osgood, Ph.D.

The preface states that the chief characteristics of the treatment of the calculus in this volume are the close touch between the calculus and those problems of physics, including geometry, to which it owed its origin; and the simplicity and directness with which the principles of the calculus are set forth.

Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism. Chosen and edited with an Introduction and Notes by William T. Brewster.

A college text-book in literary criticism, teaching, by analysis of a variety of critical pieces, the principles of the art of criticism.

A Student's History of Greece. By J. B. Bury, M.A. Edited and prepared for American High Schools and Academies by Everett Kimball, Ph.D.

A revision and abridgment of Bury's History of Greece for use in secondary schools in the United States. The volume is illustrated and contains a series of new maps.

Linguistic Development and Education. By M. V. O'Shea.

In this volume is recorded a series of experiments relating to the teaching of languages. It contains a record of careful observations of a child from the beginning of expressive activity until he acquired a mastery of his mother tongue.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard, Major-General United States Army. 2 vols.

The work deals with the boyhood of General Howard, his part in the Civil War, the Reconstruction, Military Departments, Indian Campaigns, Literary Work and the Founding of the Lincoln Memorial University.

The Grafton Press:

Recollections of My Life. By Hermann Krusi.

An autobiographical sketch supplemented by extracts from his personal records and a review of his literary productions, together with selected essays.

Reminiscences of Richard Lathers. Edited by Alvan F. Sanborn.

Sixty years of a busy life in South Carolina, Massachusetts and New York.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

John Greenleaf Whittier. A Sketch of His Life. By Bliss Perry.

This little volume, commemorating the centenary of Whittier's birth, contains a sketch of his life showing the chief influences which determined his career and the character of his poetry. The poems are chosen to illustrate the successive periods of his life.

Life and Public Services of William Pitt Fessenden. By his son, Francis Fessenden, Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

General Fessenden in this biographical work gives the history of his father's career as a lawyer and a statesman, describing the active part he took in the affairs of the nation during its most trying period. He was United States Senator from Maine from 1854 to 1864, then Secretary of the Treasury for one year, after which he again represented Maine for four years.

John Lane Company:

Abraham Lincoln. By Robert G. Ingersoll.

A volume of appreciation. Besides the regular cloth edition, there is a Collector's Limited Autograph Edition, bound in three-quarter crushed Levant. It contains photogravure portraits of Lincoln and Ingersoll.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Last Empress of the French. By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A.

A story of the life of the beautiful Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III.

François Rabelais. By Arthur Tilley, M.A.

The third volume of the French Men of Letters Series. Each volume contains a biographical and critical study of its subject.

The True Patrick Henry. By George Morgan.

The life and career of the great Ameri-

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can orator. The publishers state that as Mr. Morgan had access to the accumulated Henry papers of a hundred years, including many unused Wirt originals, he has availed himself of the opportunity to put much important new historical matter into the book.

The Last Days of Mary Stuart, and the Journal of Bourgoyne, Her Physician. By Samuel Cowan.

A domestic rather than a political or daily record. A summary is given of the voluminous correspondence between Queen Mary and her confrères, and Elizabeth, and the leading ministers and secretaries of the Crown of England.

The Macmillan Company:

Theodore Roosevelt: The Boy and the Man. By James Morgan.

A story of his life up to the present time. It tells of the President's boyhood days, his life at Harvard, and follows his career through his choice of a profession, narrates how he came to enter politics, follows him in his hunting and ranching experiences, depicts his work at the head of the New York police, tells the facts of his Rough Riders, and leaves no page unturned in his life story down to the present time.

The Seven Ages of Washington. A Biography. By Owen Wister.

From Washington's own writings and from anecdotes and contemporary records Mr. Wister has written a biography of the man as he was in every-day life and showing that his achievements were the natural result of his individual character. The work is divided into seven parts, namely, the ancestry of Washington, his childhood, frontier life, Mount Vernon, the Revolution, the Presidency and Washington's immortality.

James Pott and Company:

Madame de Lafayette and Her Family. By M. MacDermot Crawford.

A record of the life and virtues of the wife of the famous general. It is the story of a life begun in brilliancy, but destined to be filled with sorrow and affliction.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Life of Louis XI, The Rebel Dauphin and The Statesman King from His Original Letters and Other Documents. By Christopher Hare.

A biography founded on many of this famous king's personal letters and state papers which have been recently brought to light.

Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne. 1815-1819. Volume II. Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoullaud.

These memoirs cover an eventful period in French history—from the end of the Revolution to the downfall of Napoleon. They give pictures of high life in France and of life and people in England, where her father, Marquis d'Osmond, was French Ambassador.

A. Wessels Company:

The Real Sir Richard Burton. By Walter Phelps Dodge.

What Sir Richard Burton did during his lifetime, between 1821 and 1890, is briefly summarised in this volume. The book is intended to compete with the various *Lives* of the explorer.

MISCELLANEOUS

Henry Altemus Company:

How to Invest Your Savings. By Isaac F. Marcosson.

A book of interest to men and women with funds to invest. It gives information in regard to bonds, stocks, real estate, mortgages and other forms of safe investment. The volume is based on a series of articles which have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title "Your Savings."

Richard C. Badger:

Galahad, Knight Errant. By May E. Southworth.

A retelling in prose of the legend of the Holy Grail.

The Negro. A Menace to American Civilisation. By R. W. Shufeldt, M.D.

The author's aim in this volume is to point out the effect that the Ethiopians have had upon the progress and civilisation of this country in the past, and what their continued presence means in the future.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Days and Deeds. Compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson.

A prose sequel to a volume of the same title, but devoted to poetry, which appeared last year. All the holidays of the year, special occasions and the birthdays of many great men are included. Appropriate prose selections are given for each.

The De Vinne Press:

Types of the De Vinne Press. For use of compositors, proof-readers and publishers.

Specimens of the various faces of type used by the De Vinne Press, and gathered by that printing house from the leading foundries of Europe and America.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Making of a Successful Wife. By Casper S. Yost.

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A companion book to *The Making of a Successful Husband*. John Sneed in this new volume writes ten fatherly letters to his daughter, in which he gives her the results of his own experience and observation. His advice is sage and practical.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The First Nantucket Tea Party. Illustrated, Decorated and Illuminated by Walter Tittle.

A letter supposed to have been written by Ruth Starbuck Wentworth on September 20, 1735. It tells of the arrival of the first tea in Nantucket. It also tells of the arrival of a certain sea captain and of the romances that followed.

Paul Elder and Company:

Betel Nuts. What They Say in Hindustan. Rhymed in English by Arthur Guiterman.

These "nuts" are proverbs of the Orient. The collection consists of typical sayings—wise, witty, sarcastic, passionate and sentimental—from all parts of Hindustan.

The Sea Fogs. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A vivid description of the most beautiful phenomenon known to the Western coast. This is the first volume of the Western Classics, a series to consist of worthy selections from the literature of the Pacific coast and to be issued as examples of bookmaking.

101 Desserts. Compiled by May E. Southworth.

A book full of ideas for preparing dainty desserts.

Doggerel Dodgers. Designed for Den Decoration. By Albertine Randall Wheelan.

Humorous animal studies, brightly printed in quadri-colour, with tints. Mounted on brown vellum cards 9 1-2 by 11. There are six in the set.

The Quite New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1908. By Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner.

Its new feature is a lexicon of legal phases explained in little drawings by Mrs. Grant.

Forbes and Company:

Thoughts on Business. By Waldo Pondray Warren.

A collection of business editorials written from the standpoint of experience and personal observation. These have appeared in the columns of a daily paper and have received the approval of prominent business men.

Ginn and Company:

Whose Home Is the Wilderness. By William J. Long.

Some studies of animal life by one who for many years has spent his vacations in the wilderness watching wild animals and trying to understand their ways. Dr. Long's aim in this volume is to show the individuality of the inhabitants of the wilderness.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Cheerful Year Book. By F. M. Knowles.

For the recording of engagements and other serious matters, accompanied by philosophic and moral aphorisms for the instruction of youth, the inspiration of maturity and the solace of age.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Home, School and Vacation. A Book of Suggestions. By Annie Winsor Allen.

A book for parents and persons interested in the education of children. Some of the topics discussed are: The Parent and the Expert, The Nature of Schooling, A General Scheme of Education, A Few Simple Facts, Pedagogic Theories, Discipline, Amusements and Occupations, Home Teaching and Reading.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Children's Books and Reading. By Montrose J. Moses.

A volume of interest to parents, teachers and librarians. It is a practical guide to juvenile literature. Besides the chapters giving the history of children's books from early times to the present and dealing with the general purpose of the books, there are classified book-lists.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Gods and Heroes of Old Japan. By Violet M. Pasteur. Decorated by Ada Galton.

These stories are taken from the sacred writings and ancient histories of Japan.

A Book of Quotations. Edited by W. Gurney Benham.

A collection of quotations from British and American authors, ancient and modern; with many thousands of proverbs, familiar verses and sayings from all sources, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian and other languages.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of Nov. and the 1st of Dec.:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Susan Clegg, and a Man in the House. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Adams Clay. Hamilton. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Golden Horseshoe. Aitken. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Beau Brocade. Orczy. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Rosalind of Redgate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Beth Novell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man Who Rose Again. Hocking. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Knight of the Silver Star. Brebner. (Fenno.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.
3. Empire Builders. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Horseshoe. Aiken. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Powers and Maxine. Williamson. (Empire Book Co.) $1.50.
5. The Welding. McLaws. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Where Red Volleys Poured. Dahlinger. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Dr. John McLoughlin. Holman. (Clarke.) $2.50.
6. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Money Magic. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. The Spinners' Book. Compilation short stories. (Elder.) $2.00.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Winston of the Prairie. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Under the Crust. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

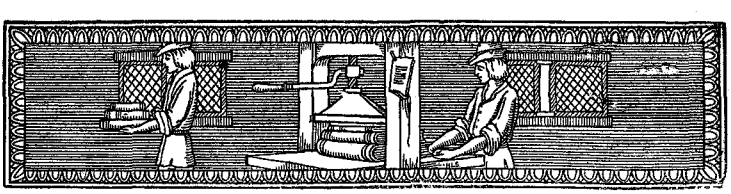
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st on any list		receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.	289
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.	270
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50	188
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	102
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.)	80
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.)	69



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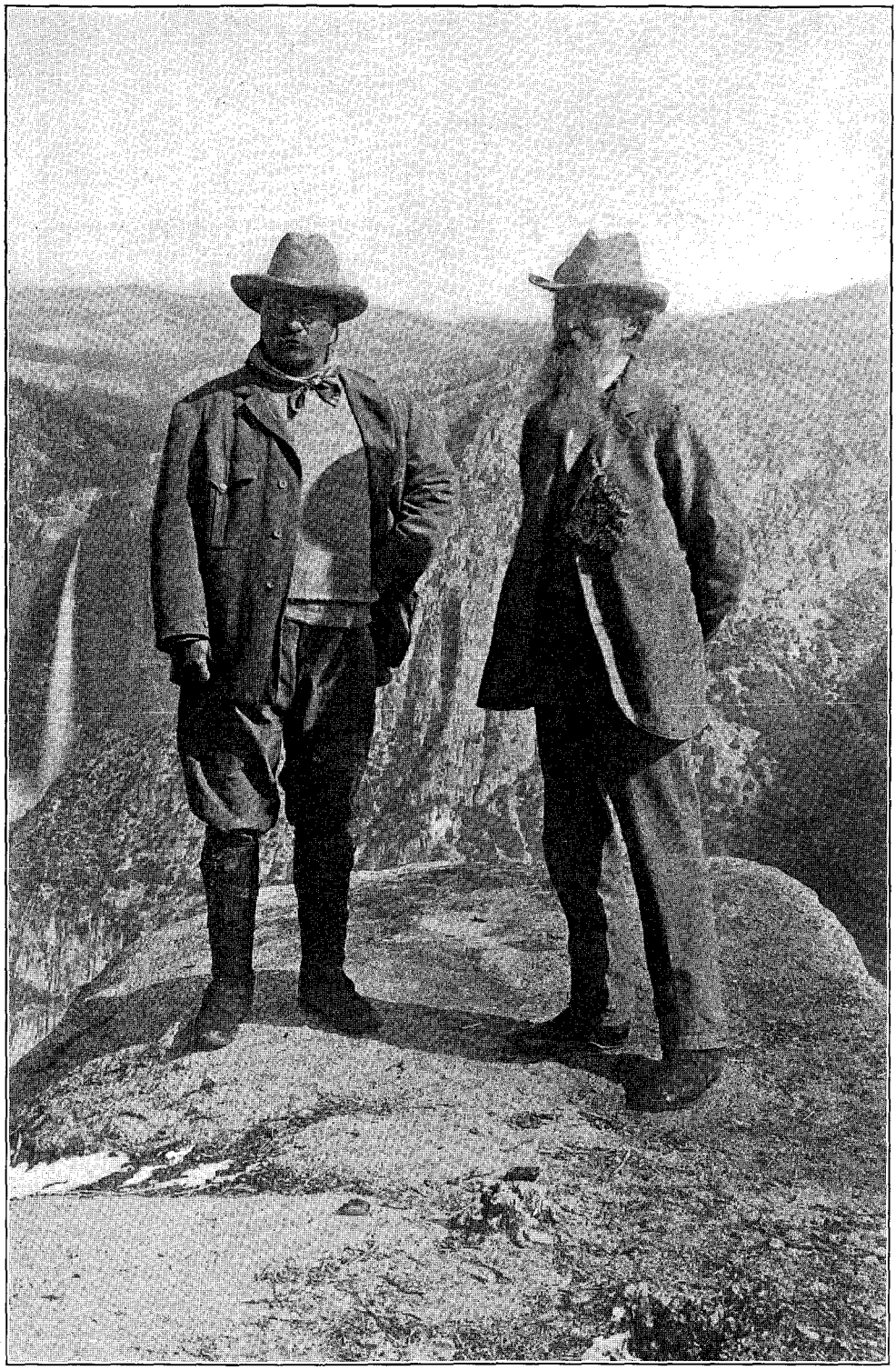

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND JOHN MUIR ON GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY

(See article "A Skyland Philosopher."

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